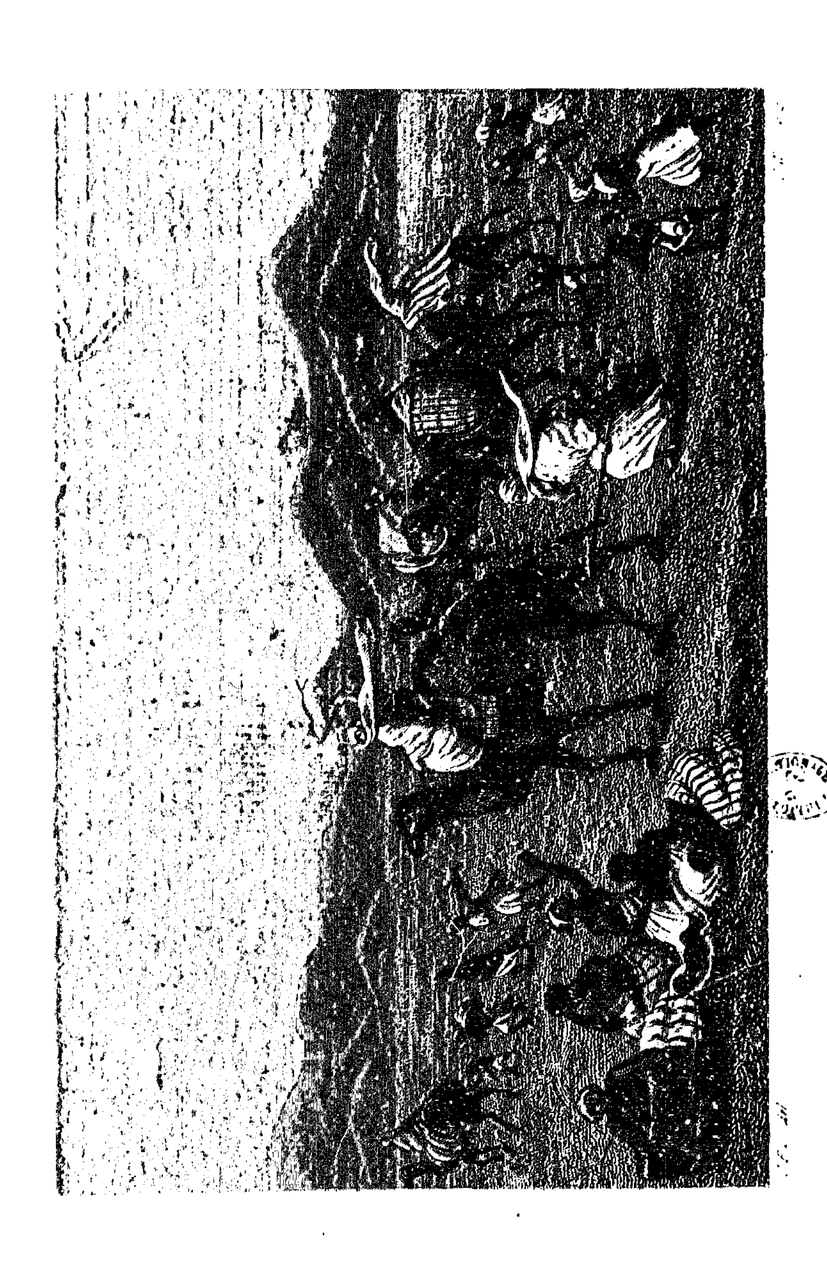


TRAVELS

IN

THE GREAT DESERT OF SAHARA,

IN THE YEARS OF 1845 AND 1846.

CONTAINING

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL ADVENTURES, DURING A TOUR OF NINE MONTHS THROUGH THE DESERT, AMONGST THE TOUARICKS AND OTHER TRIBES OF SAHARAN PEOPLE;

INCLUDING A DESCRIPTION OF

THE OASES AND CITIES OF GHAT, GHADAMES, AND MOURZUK.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON

Φωνὴ βοῶντος ἐν τῇ ἐρήμῳ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.
M.D.CCC.XLVIII.

LONDON:
HARRISON AND CO., PRINTERS,
45, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

TRAVELS

IN

THE GREAT DESERT.

CHAPTER XVI.

RESIDENCE IN GHAT.

Arrival at Ghat, and reception by its Inhabitants.—The Cold of The Sahara.—Haj Ahmed, the Governor, and Sheikh Jabour.—Distribute Presents to the Governor and Jabour.—Visit the Sheikh Hateetah, styled the British Consul of Ghat.—Make the acquaintance of the Tripoline Merchant Haj Ibrahim.—The Ghat Rabble.—Ouweek arrives in Ghat.—A Visit from Touarick Women.—Arabs begging from me by force.—Arrival of Kandarka from Aheer.—Bel Kasem's account of the Slave Trade.—Visit to Haj Ahmed, the Governor; his Character and Establishment described.—Bel Kasem's Sick Slave.—All classes of People attempt to convert me to Mohammedanism.—Bad effect of an European Tourist assuming the Character of a Mahometan.—Touarghee mode of Saluting.—Miserable condition of Slaves on arriving from Soudan.—Soudanese Merchants friendly to me.—Visit from the Governor.—Report in The Desert of Christians Worshipping Idols.—Make the Acquaintance of a young Touarghee.—Slave Trading and Kidnapping Slaves up The Niger.—Economical Bill of Expenses of Journey from Ghat to Soudan.

15*th.*—Rose two hours before daybreak in order to arrive early at Ghat in the morning. About ten A.M., the palms of Ghat were visible through the scattered blocks of rock in the valley, for the plain became now

contracted and assumed the shape of a deep broad valley, on the one side a low range of sand-hills, and on the other the high rocky chain of Wareerat. But the first sight of the oasis, after nineteen weary days of Desert, affected me with only disagreeable sensations. The affair of Ouweek, though pretty well got over, had shaken my confidence in the Touaricks. Indeed, the painful forebodings of the last forty hours had seriously deranged my plans, and made me think of returning, availing myself the most of my unsuccessful tour. This suffering of thought day after day is intense and worries me, and will soon make me an old man, if not in years. It was the sudden shock of the affair just after receiving the messenger of peace from Ghat. I saw at once that there was a great deal of insubordination in the lesser chieftains, which made travelling in this country very insecure. I remembered the remark of my taleb, "All the Touaricks are the Divan, and each has his own opinion, and carries it out in spite of the Sultan."

We were now met by the friends of the Ghadamsee merchants, but with the exception of Essnousee and two or three others, I received few salutes of welcome; and when we got up to the gates of the city (at noon), not a single person of our caravan offered me the least assistance, either in interpreting or otherwise. I felt myself in a most deplorable predicament, but I reflected that all men must each one look after his own business, so our people were now each one occupied with his own affairs. I felt much the want of a good Moorish or Arab servant. Said was of no use whatever in this case. Strangers and loungers crowded and clamoured round me, anxious to look at the face of "The Christian." It

was covered with my travelling handkerchief, and when I untied my face to gratify their curiosity, they burst out with the rude and wild expression of surprise, "*Whooh! Whooh! Whey!*" Amongst this mob I at once distinguished a number of the Aheer and Soudan merchants. These showed the greatest curiosity, but my outer dress being entirely Moorish, there was little novelty in my appearance, nay, scarcely any to point me out from the rest of the caravan. Several of the Ghat people then asked me what I wanted. I told them, the Governor of Ghat. I was not understood. At last came up to me a young Tripoline Moor of the name of Mustapha, who volunteered his services as Touarghee and Arabic interpreter, but, of course, our conversation was always in Arabic. Amidst a cluster of Touaricks and Ghat townsmen, the Governor was pointed out. Several Sheikhs were present, but it appears they gave precedence to the Governor's son from a feeling of shamefacedness. Haj Ahmed's son is a very nice polite young gentleman, as smart as a Parisian dandy. After a little delay he conducted us to a house, in which some of his father's slaves were living. It was a dark dreadful dilapidated hovel. The young gentleman most earnestly apologized, protesting, "The town is full of people, merchants, and strangers. We have nothing better left in the town. Perhaps you will come and live in our house out of the town." We looked out our baggage, which had been conveyed for us by Arabs of our caravan, and were astonished to find it scattered about outside the city gates, the caravan people having thrown it down there. However, nothing was lost, and this at once impressed me with the remarkable honesty of the Ghatee people. I

took up my quarters in a small room built on the terrace, without window or door, but very airy. A roof of mud and straw was now a luxurious and splendid mansion to me. At least a dozen slaves were occupied in carrying my baggage from outside the gates to my domicile, each carrying some trifle. No camels or beast of burden are allowed to enter the city gates, all goods and merchandize are carried by slaves in and out. Like the porters at the different traveller-stations in Europe, each of these slaves seized hold of the merest trifle of baggage, a stick or a bit of cord, in order to make an exorbitant demand of the value of a shilling. The Desert furnishes a parallel for every circumstance of civilized life.

The last night or two I had found it very cold, and the wind too high for tents. I may observe here, conveniently, the cold was so great in this portion of Sahara, that I never could undress myself for dread of the cold. After loosening my neckcloth and shoes, I lay down in the dress which I wore during the day. My bed was a simple mattress laid over a piece of matting, which latter was spread on the hard earth or sands of The Desert, as it might be, with a small sofa cushion for a pillow. After I had laid down the mattress, I then covered myself up with a large woollen barracan or blanket, very thick and heavy, and over this was also drawn a dark-blue European cloak. The cloth distinguished my bed from those of the merchants, and the nagah always knew the encampment by the sight of this Christian garment. When I wore it in the day she was immediately sensible of the presence of her master. I did not pitch a tent, for we could not, but formed a sort of

head-place of the two panniers of the camel, over which we arranged camel's gear, forming a small top. Under this I placed or poked my head, so that, at night, if turning over my face, I found a little shelter from the naked cold heavens. In this way I lay enveloped in a mass of clothing. I usually waked a couple of hours before daybreak with the intensity of the cold. Said slept closely by me on a lion's skin, and rolled himself up in the slight canvass of the tent. Like myself he never undressed himself at night. When he wished to confer a favour upon any of his negro countrymen, or the poor slaves, he would take them and roll them up with him in this canvass. He would have sometimes half a dozen at once with him, the confined air of their united breathings keeping them mutually warm. The poor Arab camel-drivers had nothing but their barracans which they wore in the day to cover themselves up at night, whilst the bare earth was their couch of down, and a heap of stones their luxurious pillow. All these Arabs were wandering wayfaring Jacobs of The Desert. El-Aïshi says, speaking of the bleak wind of The Desert, "The north wind blows in these places with an intensity equalling the cold of hell; language fails me to express this rigorous temperature." The Mohammedans believe that the extremes of heat and cold meet in hell. Some have thought there is an allusion to this in the words, "Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth," (the teeth chattering from cold.) Milton has also enumerated cold as one of the torments of the lost. The tormented spirits passed—

"O'er many a frozen, many a fiery, Alp."

I had not been many minutes in my new apartment before the Governor himself came in. I had been addressing the young Ghatee as the Governor himself, like Goldsmith harangued a duke's footman for the duke himself. Haj Ahmed, his father, welcomed me with every demonstration of hospitality. He sat chatting with me until the arrival of the Sheikh Jabour, who also welcomed me in the most friendly manner. This was the Sheikh who had dispatched his slave to the well of Tadoghseen to meet me. Two or three other Touaricks of distinction came in with my friend Essnousee. They then questioned me upon the conduct of Ouweek, the news of which had now spread over all the town, and thanking Jabour for sending his slave, he replied, smiling, "Ouweek was joking with you." And then all joined in a laugh about Ouweek's affair. Jabour, ashamed of the business, took this method of easing my mind. The Governor now began to ask me about news and politics, and how Muley Abd Errahman was getting on with the French. The burning of the French steamer on the coast of Morocco after she grounded, had been transformed by The Desert reports into a victory over the French, in which the French had lost 70,000 men and several ships. The Governor had also heard the Maroquine war had recommenced. I excused my ignorance by saying, I had been a long time in Ghadames, and had heard nothing. Odd enough, the Governor asked me, "Which was the oldest dynasty in Europe?" I told him the Bourbons of France. The Sheikh Jabour here interposed, that his family was more than three thousand years old! The pride of an hereditary *noblesse* is deeply

rooted in these Touarghee chiefs. The love of ancestral distinction is co-extensive with the human race. I have given but the substance of our conversations. I give some of it in detail:—

Interrogation, *by the Governor.*

His Excellency.—"What did Ouweek to you?"

"He was saucy to me."

His Excellency.—"Have you seen lately Muley Abd Errahman (Emperor of Morocco)?"

"No."

His Excellency.—"He has conquered the French, destroyed their ships. They have lost 70,000 men. If you had told Muley Abd Errahman you had been coming here, he would have sent me a letter by you."

"I have no doubt of it."

His Excellency.—"How is your Sultan?"

"Very well, thank you?"

His Excellency.—"When did you last see Sidi Abd-el-Kader?"

"Not very lately."

His Excellency.—"He is a prophet." (To which I said, Amen.)

Interrogatory, *by Sheikh Jabour.*

The Sheikh.—"What did Ouweek to you?"

"He was very rude."

The Sheikh.—"Ouweek was playing with you, trying to frighten you because you are a stranger. He's a fool himself."

"Oh, it's no matter now."

The Sheikh.—"How's your Sultan? Does he doubt we shall utterly destroy the Shânbah."

"Oh, not the least."

The Sheikh (in reply to the Governor).—"My fathers were princes before all the Christian kings, thousands of years ago."

"I dare say they were."

My visitors now took leave of me, Jabour shaking hands with me, and saying, *Mă-tăhăfsh,* "don't fear." Afterwards had a great many curious visitors of the lower classes, all raving mad to see the *Roumee* ("Christian"). And amongst the rest, the son of Ouweek! who is a young harmless fellow, and said his father would never hurt a great Christian like me. He begged hard for a piece of sugar, which I gave him. He asked me if his father was coming to Ghat. For supper I received a splendid dish of meat and sopped bread, but very highly seasoned with pepper and cloves. It is the Soudan pepper, a small quantity of which possesses the most violent, nay virulent strength.

16*th.*—After taking a walk in the morning, I returned the visit of the Governor. He received me very politely, and presented me with a lion's skin, brought from Soudan. His Excellency shewed me his certificate of character and rank, certified by a huge seal of the Emperor of Morocco. He pointed out with conscious pride the name of Marabout, with which sacred title the Emperor had dubbed him. Muley Abd Errahman is an immense favourite here amongst the Moorish townsmen. They call him their Sultan. The Turks they fear and detest. They expect them one day at Ghat. In the afternoon I sent the Governor, according to the advice of Musta-

pha, two loaves of sugar (French), a pound of cloves, and a pound of sunbul*. Cloves—*grunfel*, قرنفل—are greatly esteemed, especially by the women, who season their cakes, cuskasous, and made-dishes with them. The sunbul (leaves) is made into a decoction, or wash, and is used by fashionable ladies in Sahara as eau de Cologne in Europe.

Afterwards I paid a visit to Sheikh Jabour. The Sheikh has a house within the town, which very few of the Sheikhs have. Jabour received me friendly. I could not see the features of the Sheikh very well, on account of his litham. Jabour, however, is a perfect aristocrat in his way, with a very delicate hand. He is tall and well-made, and his simple and elegant manners denote at once "The Marabout Sheikh of the Touaricks," of the most ancient and renowned of Touarghee families. I took the Sheikh a present of a loaf of sugar, three pounds of cloves and sunbul, and a shasheeah, or fez. Jabour received them very graciously, and repeated his *ma-tahafsh*, "don't fear," several times, promising me, at the same time, to use his influence with his friends to get me safely escorted to Aheer and Soudan. The Sheikh's followers and other distinguished Touaricks repeat the same, but the Governor I find more cautious in his speech. On my return home, the Sheikh sent to know if the handkerchief, in which the present was wrapped, were also a present, and whether the bearer of the present had purloined it, for he had taken it away

* *Sunbul*—سنبل—(literally "stalks"). According to French Oriental botanists, it is "*Nard, spina celtica.*" An immense quantity of this fashionable plant is brought into The Desert. No present is made to a man of family without sunbul.

with him. I immediately sent the Sheikh back the handkerchief, informing the Sheikh the bearer was not told to leave it. All Saharan people are immoderately fond of a handkerchief. I recommend travellers in Sahara to supply themselves with a good stock of very cheap coloured cotton handkerchiefs. My house is thronged all day long with visitors. I am obliged to exhibit myself to the people like the Fat Boy, or the American Giant. It is Richardson's Show at Ghat instead of Greenwich. The rest of the ghafalah, which we left behind, arrived to-day. My friend, El-Besher, to my regret, had turned suddenly back and gone to Touat, where his brother had arrived from Timbuctoo. It is reported that a quarrel had taken place about his brother amongst the Timbuctoo caravan, in which affair ten people had been killed. So all Saharan caravans do not travel in such harmony as we did. The Ghadamsee caravans are certainly the most pacific. But the Timbuctoo people have everywhere a bad character.

17*th*.—In the morning went to see the Consul of the Europeans, as the Moors call him. This is the Sheikh Hateetah, of whom very honourable mention is made by the Denham and Clapperton party. Hateetah himself assumes the distinction of "Friend," or Consul of the English. I found him stretched on a pallet upon the ground floor, extremely unwell with fever, and surrounded by his friends. He has just come from the country districts. He asked me, "Is the Consul well? Are his daughters well? Is the King of England well?" Hateetah had some years ago visited the Consul and his family at Tripoli, under British protection, for Touaricks dare not approach Tripoli. He has in his possession, after a

dozen years, a fine scarlet burnouse and coat, braided with gold lace, and also a gun, which were presented to him by Colonel Warrington, on the part of our Government, for his services to our Bornou expedition. The Sheikh told me he had besides a written certificate from the Consul, but it was in the country. I am the first person whom he has had an opportunity of serving since his return from Tripoli, where he formally engaged, on the part of the Touaricks, to give British subjects all necessary protection in the Ghat districts. For this reason he is styled, "The friend of the English." All strangers here are placed under the care of one Sheikh or another, to whom they make presents, but not to the rest. Hateetah resides in the suburbs.

During the past night was taken dreadfully ill, in the stomach, by eating the high-seasoned dishes of the Governor. After drinking olive-oil and vomiting, found myself much better. People say oil is the best remedy in such cases. The Governor was troubled at my illness, and sent to ask whether he should send me some senna tea. Wrote to-day to Mr. Alsager and Colonel Warrington. The letters were to have been dispatched direct to Tripoli, but the Touaricks would neither allow one of their own people nor an Arab courier to go, giving as the reason that Shafou, the Sultan, was not arrived. Touaricks have a horror of Turks, and cannot bear to have communication with them, and do everything in their power to prevent others from communicating with Tripoli. Not acquainted with Mediterranean politics, they imagine that, because the Turks have retaken possession of Ghadames and Fezzan, so long quasi-independent of Tripoli, they must necessarily invade the

Touarick territory, and seize upon their wee town of Ghat, but to them the metropolis of The Sahara. This evening Jabour hinted, in Hibernian style, to one of the slaves waiting upon me, that his present of sugar was rather small. I forthwith sent him two loaves more, which rejoiced him so much that he exclaimed, "Thank the Christian by G—d. Tell him he has nothing to fear in Ghat, and he shall go safe to Soudan." Felt better to-night. The Governor sent his last dish this evening. A stranger of distinction is supplied with food for three days. I have had my share of honour and hospitality, and am glad of it. I shall now be cautious what I eat. But I find everything is exceedingly dear, the number of strangers, foreign merchants, and slaves, is so unusually great as quickly to devour all the food brought here.

Yesterday I made the acquaintance of Haj Ibrahim, a Moorish merchant resident in Tripoli, but a native of Jerbah. When in Tripoli he acts as Consul for the Ghadamsee merchants; his brother is now in charge. Mustapha came with him direct from Tripoli, not passing through Mourzuk, but *viâ* the oases of Fezzan to the west. So an European agent established at Mourzuk, cannot well collect a statistical account of trade, on account of few Ghat caravans travelling the Mourzuk route. Haj Ibrahim promises to be useful to me, and has already sent a letter for me to Ghadames. This merchant has brought the largest amount of goods to the Souk, about forty camels. The whole of the Soudan ghafalah has not yet arrived from Aheer. It comes in by small detached parties. As there is nothing to fear on the road, people prefer travelling in small companies,

which facilitates their march, not being detained at the wells waiting for the running of the water.

I have *cut* in a certain way my old friends of the Ghadamsee ghafalah. This has done them good, for they now begin to return to me, and are polite. Before they were all so frightened at the Touaricks, that I knew if I did not cut them, they would cut me. Now, when seeing the Touaricks are friendly, they are also friendly; —such is the world of Sahara, as well as the world of Paris or London. When a man has few friends he gets less, when many he gets more. On the principle, I suppose, that money gets money, and friendship friendship. The Moors of the coast, of whom there are a few here, exhibit more courage, and a bolder front to the Touaricks. The worst of this place is, *The Rabble.* It is the veritable Caboul, or Canton *Rabble.* Here's my "great difficulty." They run after me, and even hoot me in the streets. Were it not for this rabble, I could walk about with the greatest freedom and safety, and alone.

18*th.*—Went to see Haj Ibrahim. Sent the letter to Mr. Alsager *viâ* Ghadames, the only letter I wrote from Ghat during the fifty days of my residence here. In my absence a loaf of sugar was stolen out of my apartment. Suspicion falls upon a Fezzanee, whom I have employed, and to whom I gave this very morning a quarter of a dollar. These small loaves of French beet-root sugar sell for two-thirds of a dollar in Ghat. Ouweek arrived to-day from his district, after stopping for the rest of the caravan to get what he could in the way of begging by force. This is the cunning of the old fox bandit. He knows he can beg more effectually from the merchant

and trader in the open desert, than at Ghat, where people may refuse, and do refuse to satisfy his importunities. I have done so with the rest. He now pretends he was only playing with me, and that he would have let me pass through his district though I had given him nothing. Can we believe him? Jabour says in turn:—"I will make Ouweek restore the goods which he has extorted by violence from the Christian." There is no doubt Shafou will reprimand the bandit when he arrives. But I do not ask or expect the restoration of such a few trifling things. In this country, as the Governor says, "full of Sheiks," where authority is so divided, and the Sultan's power is so feeble, we must expect this sort of freebooting extortion. Such were the good and fine old days of chivalry in France and England, so much regretted by certain morbid romancers, Sir Walter Scott to boot, when a baron made a foray upon a neighbouring baron's people, and shut himself up with the booty in his castle, defying equally his plundered neighbour and his sovereign. But if in the comparison there is any declination of the balance, it is in favour of the Touaricks, for these Sheikhs, governing their respective districts with a *quasi*-independent authority, are now living in profound peace and harmony with one another.

Had a visit from some score of Touarick women, of all complexions, tempers, and ages. After staring at me for some time with amazed curiosity and silence, they became restless. Not knowing what to do with them, I took out a loaf of white sugar, cut it into pieces, and then distributed it amongst them. The scene now suddenly changed, joy beamed in every eye, and every one let her tongue run most volubly. They asked me,

" Whether I was married—whether the Christian women were pretty—whether prettier than they—and whether, if not married, I should have any objection to marry one of them ?" To all which questions I answered in due categorical form :—" I was not married—the Christian women were pretty, but they, the Touarick women, were prettier than Christian women—and, lastly, I should see whether I would marry one of them when I came from Soudan." These answers were perfectly satisfactory. But then came a puzzler. They asked me, " Which was the prettiest amongst them ?" I looked at one, and then at another, with great seriousness, assuming very ungallant airs, (the women the meanwhile giggling and coquetting, and some throwing back their barracans, shawls I may call them, farther from their shoulders, baring their bosoms in true ball-room style,) and, at last, falling back, and shutting my eyes, placing my left hand to my forehead, as if in profound reflection, I exclaimed languidly, and with a forced sigh, " Ah, I can't tell, you are all so pretty!" This created an explosion of mirth, some of the more knowing ones intimating by their looks, " It's lucky for you that you have got out of the scrape." But an old lady, close by me, was very angry with me :—" You fool, Christian, take one of the young ones; here's my daughter." It is necessary to explain, that the woman of the Touaricks is not the woman of the Moors and Mussulmans generally. She has here great liberty, walks about unveiled, and takes an active part in all affairs and transactions of life. Dr. Oudney justly remarks, " The liveliness of the women, their freeness with the men, and the marked attention the latter paid them, formed a striking contrast with other Moham-

medan States." Batouta mentions a Berber tribe of Western Sahara, as having similar manners. He says:—"This people has very singular manners. So the men are not at all jealous of their women. The women are not at all embarrassed in the presence of the men; and though they, the women, are very assiduous at their prayers, they appear always uncovered." He adds, that certain women, of free manners, are shared amongst the people without exciting the feelings of jealousy amongst the men. It is the same with the Touaricks, but it is the absence of this Mussulman, or *oriental* jealousy, of husbands of their wives, which distinguishes the Touaricks from other Mahometans of North Africa, and connects the social condition of the Touaricks more with European society. On departing, I gave the Touarick ladies some pins, and they, not knowing how to use them, (for pins are never imported into The Desert, though needles in thousands,) I taught them a good practical lesson by pinning two of them together by their petticoats, which liberty, on my part, I need not tell the reader, increased the mirth of this merry meeting of Touarghee ladies prodigiously. I certainly felt glad that we could travel in a country and laugh and chat with, and *look at* the women without exciting the intolerable jealousy of the men. I think there is not a more dastardly being than a jealous husband. Amongst the Moors a traveller does not know whether he can venture to speak to a man's wife or not, or whether he can make her the most trifling present in return for the supper which she may cook.

Afterwards had a very different visit of four Arabs, who came with the evident intention of getting something out of me by main force. I resisted to the last, and to

their astonishment. I told them, all my presents were now for the Touaricks, and if they did not leave the house I would get them bastinadoed on their return to The Mountains. The worst class of people which I have met with, since I left Tripoli, are *some* of these Arabs, who are the most dogged brazen-faced beggars and spongers, banditti in the open day. Yesterday arrived the powerful Aheer camel-driver and conducteur Kandarka Bou Ahmed, the *Kylouwee,* whose arrival produced a sensation. Some call him a Sheikh. He usually conducts the Ghadamsee merchants between this and Aheer, and as far as Kanou. It is an established custom or law, in The Desert, that the people of each district or country shall enjoy the privilege of conducting the caravans. The Touaricks of Ghat conduct the merchants from Ghadames to Ghat, and the Touaricks of Aheer the merchants from Ghat to Aheer, and so of the rest of the route, as far as Kanou, the final destination of the Soudan caravan.

My Ghadamsee friend Bel Kasem came up to me today, and whispered in my ear the question, "If slaves would be allowed to be sold now in the market of Tripoli?" I answered frankly in the affirmative, but added, "I did not think it would last much longer." All the merchants now look upon me as an anti-slavery agent. The affair of Silva and Levi, if it prejudice the people against me on one side, gives me some consequence on the other, on account of the steps which the British Consul took against those merchants, or caused them to take. I went to see Bel Kasem in the evening, who is but a mere trader. He gave me this account of his slave-dealing:—"I have purchased five slaves at forty

mahboubs each. At Tripoli I shall sell them at sixty. The Pasha takes ten duty, and I have only ten for profit and the expenses, of conveying the slaves from Ghat to Tripoli, feeding them as well here as there. What, where is my profit?" I echoed, "Where?" This is a fair specimen of the market. He complains of the dearness of the slaves, although an unusual number, more than a thousand, have been brought to the Souk or Mart. Haj Ibrahim and some other large purchasers have greatly and unexpectedly increased the demand. He says Haj Ibrahim purchases large quantities of goods on credit, or for bills of six and nine months from European merchants in Tripoli. These he exchanges against slaves in Ghat, and then returns and sells his slaves, and pays the bills as they come due. In this way, it will be seen, the Desert slave-traffic is carried on upon the shoulders of European merchants. Haj Ibrahim considers his profits at twenty per cent. The people say he gets more. My friend, the Arab of Derge, called late, to borrow five dollars of me. He said, "I have purchased a slave for twenty-five dollars; at present I have only twenty. You and I, Yâkob, have been always friends. Lend me five dollars and I will pay you in a few days. The slave is a little old but cheap, he is to work in the gardens at Ghadames." I then explained to him the law of England on slavery, which greatly surprised him. The next day this Derge Arab brought in another fellow to ask me to lend him money to buy a slave, just to see whether I should make the same reply to him also.

19*th.*—Rose early, and better in health. I begin to feel at home in Ghat, amidst the redoubtable Touaricks.

I find them neither monsters nor men-eaters*. Nevertheless, all the swaggering Arabs and Arab camel-drivers are here very quiet and civil amongst their masters, the Touaricks. I frequently bully them now about their past boasting and present cowardice. Two of the Arabs who had attempted to extort a present from me I met at Haj Ibrahim's house. I lectured them roundly, telling them I would report them to the Pasha, for they were greater banditti than the Touaricks. This had a salutary effect. I was not troubled afterwards with these brazen-faced begging Arabs.

This morning paid another visit to Haj Ahmed, the Governor. Found him very friendly. He talked politics. I explained to him the circumstances of the war between France and Morocco, suppressing the most disagreeable parts for a Mahometan. In the course of conversation I was surprised to hear from Haj Ahmed, "Now, since these twelve years, Tripoli belongs to the English." I used vainly all my eloquence in Arabic to convince him of this error, which has been propagated since the removal of Asker Ali from the Pashalic of Tripoli at the instance of the British Consul. I then spoke to his Excellency of the necessity of sending some trifling presents to the Queen of England, as a sign of friendship, begging him to speak to Shafou. He replied, "The

* Nor are they *Anthropoklephts*, as a late Yankee Consul, in his "Notes on North Africa," &c., calls them. Before Mr. Hodgson stigmatizes the Touaricks as men-stealers, he should see that his own States are pure. The reader will agree with me, after hearing further of the Touaricks, that these free sons of The Sahara have every right to say to Mr. Hodgson, and all American Consuls—"Physician, heal thyself: do not charge us with men-stealing when you buy and sell and rob human beings of their liberty."

Touaricks have nothing but camels." The Governor has a tremendous family. First of all, he has seven wives and concubines, then nine sons and six daughters. One of his female slaves repeated to me all their names, a complete muster-roll. When I visited the Governor again, I congratulated him upon having so large a family. He observed smiling, with great self-complacency, "Why, Yâkob, do you call this a large family? What is a large family with you?" I told him eight and even six children was a large family. At this he affected great surprise, for he had heard that generally European females have three or four children at a birth. Haj Ahmed is a man of about fifty, rather good-looking, stout and hard-working, but inclining to corpulency, very unusual in The Desert. He is not very dark, and is of Arab extraction, and boasts that his family came from Mecca or Medina. He pretends that his ancestors were amongst the warriors who besieged Constantinople, previous to its capture by the Turks. He is a native of Touat, but has been settled here twenty years, where he has built himself a palace and planted large gardens. He is a shrewd and politic man, and has, in a certain degree, those jealous feelings of Christians which are peculiar to the Moor. He dresses partly in the Moorish and partly in the Touarick style, indeed, like all the Moors of Ghat, who are called Ghateen. He is, perhaps, not very learned, but is assisted by his nephew, a young Shereef of great learning and amiable manners. I asked some of the Ghatee people, who was their Sultan? They replied, "Haj Ahmed; Shafou is not our Sultan." The Touaricks, however, have absolute control over all affairs, and Haj Ahmed stands in the same relation to Shafou, being

governor of the town, as the Sheikh El-Mokhtar, who is governor of Timbuctoo, under the Sultan of Jinnee. But, Haj Ahmed, himself, disclaims all temporal authority, he repeatedly says in our conversation, "I am not Sheikh, or Kaëd, I'm only Marabout. All the people here are equal. When you write to the Consul, tell him I'm only Marabout." The fact is, there are so many Sheikhs here that it is no honour to be a Sheikh. The honour is too cheap to be valued, and is as much repudiated as a French Cross of the Legion of Honour. Haj Ahmed repudiates being a Sheikh most stoutly. Notwithstanding this repudiation, the Marabout is obliged to decide upon the affairs of the city, even when Shafou is in town. The Marabout pretends he does not receive presents like the Sheikhs, but he always received what I offered him, and which was more than what I gave to some of the Sheikhs. His palace stands west, two-thirds of a mile from the city walls. Here he reigns supreme, priest and king, as Melchisedech of patriarchal times, surrounded with his numerous family of wives and concubines, and about fifty male and female slaves. Some of the slaves live in huts near his palace, or in the gardens. The Marabout is the largest landed proprietor of Ghat, but he also trades a good deal, and is now sending some of his children to Soudan to trade in slaves.

Yesterday evening Mohammed Kāfah sent me a bowl of sopped bread, fat, and gravy, garnished with two or three little pieces of meat. This is the first act and specimen of hospitality on the part of the townsmen. Kafah is a considerable merchant, and one of the three or four grandees of the place. Bel Kasem called out to me to-day, for he lives next door, "Yâkob! Yâkob!

Aye! for God's sake, one of my slaves is ill, bring me some medicine to purge him, quick, quick, he'll die." I had nothing to give the poor creature but a worm-powder, ordering half the quantity, all my medicines being distributed, except those for the eyes. Undoubtedly many of the slaves must die before they arrive in Tripoli. They are mostly fed on dates, the profit of the commerce is so small as not to allow wholesome food being given them. The slaves are brought from countries teeming with plenty of meat, grain, and vegetables, whilst they are fed with herbage and dates *en route* from Aheer to Ghat. What wonder then they die?

Every body, as was the case at Ghadames, high and low, rich and poor, young and old, wishes to convert me into a good Mussulman, being mortified that so quiet a Christian should be an infidel. An old Sheikh paid me a visit to-day, and began, "Now, Christian, that you have come into this country, I hope you will find everything better than in your own country, and become a Mussulman, one loved of God. Come to my house, leave your infidel father and mother. I have two daughters. I will give you both for wives, and seven camels besides. This will make you a Sheikh amongst us. You can also be a Marabout, and spend your life in prayer." I excused myself, by saying, "I had engagements in my country. My Sultan would brand me with disgrace, and I should be fetched out of this country by the Turks, who were always the friends of the English." The Sheikh sighed, raised up his aged body, and departed, mumbling something, a blessing or a curse, upon my head. A younger son of Haj Ahmed came in and addressed me, "Why not say, 'There is one God, and

'Mahomet is the prophet of God?'" I told him a Christian was prohibited from making such a confession. On paying a visit to Mohammed Kafah, who sent me the supper, I found his house full of slaves and Soudan goods, and he himself very busy in the midst of them. He received me very friendly, and, after a little, said, "It would be better for you if you turned Mussulman. Do you not wish to go to Paradise? A slave of ours is better than you, and your estate." To turn the conversation, I observed (which I knew would excite his mercantile lust, despite his orthodox zeal), "I hear you are vastly rich, the richest merchant in Ghat." "Ah!" he replied, distending into consequence, "but the Christians have all the money." I rejoined, "If there were a better Government in Tripoli, the Mussulmans would have more money." Asking about the arrival of Shafou, he observed, "Haj Ahmed is our Sultan. I'm not a Touarick. God help if I were a Touarick." He then took me by the hands, and led me to the women's apartments to show me to his wife and daughters. The good wife, after handling my hands, which were a little whiter and cleaner than what are generally seen in The Desert, for to have hands with a layer of dirt upon them of several months' collecting, is an ordinary circumstance,—exclaimed, "Dear-a-me, dear-a-me, how wonderful, and this Christian doesn't know God!" Her husband shook his head negatively. The court-yard of his house was soon filled and crammed with people, who rushed in from the streets, and the friendly Ghatee was obliged to send me home quick, lest I should be smothered by a mob of people. The affair of Silva and Levi had reached him, and the report will soon get to Soudan and Timbuctoo,

for the merchants carry everything with them which interests their commerce, making additions as they go along. Here, as at Mogador, it was reported that I was commissioned by the Sultan of England to buy up and liberate all the slaves. On returning home, I had another posse of visitors, and some of Haj Ahmed's sons, who came with the fixed determination to convert me. One said, on my admiring his Soudan coloured frock, "If you will become a Mussulman, I will give you one." I now felt myself obliged to rebut some of this impertinence, and answered, "If you would give me all the frocks of Soudan I would not change my religion." I then addressed them sharply against wishing to alter the decrees of God, turning the dogmas of their religion upon themselves, and quoted the Koran,—

"Thou wilt not find out any means of enlightening him whom God delivers over to error."

Immediately, this unexpected style of argument struck them dumb. After recovering their senses they became restless to leave me, and began to beg a few things. I gave them some sugar and cake, and we parted apparent friends. On going out, they could not forbear asking Said if he was a Mussulman. Like many other Moslemites of Sahara, they said, "The Turks are not good Mussulmans." I replied, "Mustapha, the Bey of Ghadames, is a better Mussulman than any of the Ghadamsee people."

The reader may disapprove of my conduct in these my frequent evasions of the question of religion; but when they reflect that it required, during my residence in Ghat and other parts of Sahara, the whole strength of my mind, and the utmost tact, to maintain a simple

and consistent confession of myself as a Christian, and that to have said a word, or even to have breathed a syllable of disrespect for Mahomet and his religion, would have exposed me to be torn to pieces by the rabble, and perhaps murdered in my bed, they will probably feel less disposed to censure my conduct. If there be any doubt of this critical situation of an European who travels openly and avows himself a Christian in The Sahara, all I can do is to beg of the doubter to make the experiment himself. The reader will also be pleased to recollect, that the Denham and Clapperton party, though they travelled the safest routes of Sahara, were protected by the Bashaw of Tripoli, and their safety was guaranteed solemnly to our Government, as being the immediate agents and representatives of the British nation; and, finally, they had a large escort of Arab cavalry from Fezzan to Bornou. Yet these tourists, surrounded with such protection, were actually circumcised at Tripoli by Dr. Dickson*, and were accustomed to attend the mosques and perform prayer as Mussulmans. Colonel Warrington certainly told me the people saw through all the mummery, and laughed, or were angry. As to the Frenchman, Caillié, his eternal tale of fabrication, repeated every day, and every hour of the day, to every Sheikh, and every merchant, camel-driver, and slave of The Desert, produces a very painful impression on the mind of the reader. Caillié's falsehood, as lie begets lie, begat many others. He was obliged to tell the people, that Mahometans were not tolerated in Christian countries. He told the Africans,

* I speak on the authority of Mr. Gagliuffi, our Vice-Consul at Mourzuk.

also, that slavery was abolished in Europe, at the time even when England had her thousands of West Indian slaves. In this way, whatever service Caillié has rendered to geography, he has damaged the moral interests of the world. The African Mussulmans might say to future tourists, "If Christians tolerate not us, why should we Mussulmans tolerate you," and assassinate the luckless European tourist. Whatever, then, were my evasions on the question of religion (and I sincerely confess I do not approve of them), I never stooped to such folly, and so far disgraced my character as an Englishman and a Christian, as to adopt the creed and character of a Mahometan. I moreover, on reflecting upon the tremendous question, which I often revolved in my painful journeying over The Desert—determined at all events, at all costs, come what might, I would never profess myself a Mussulman, if it were even to save my head. I thought the least I could do was to imitate the noble example, which The Desert reports of Major Laing —Sooner than forswear my religion, be it good or bad, it was better to die! "Mental reservation" may be good for the Jesuits and papists*, who misquote the conduct of Jacob to Esau, but it is neither fit for a Christian, or a patriot, or, at any rate, for an honest man, who was, is, and ever will be,

"The noblest work of God."

Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. A Ghadamsee came in who attempted to frighten me from going to

* And even those who take an oath of *et ceteras* at the National Universities! And others who subscribe to creeds which they do not read, or if read them, do not comprehend them.

Soudan. Haj Ibrahim has the same prejudices as the rest of the people of Tripoli respecting the supposed wealth of the Ghadamsee people. "They have plenty of money but conceal it. Sheikh Makouran has abundance of gold, but he cunningly professes himself a poor man." I have lately read in a work published by the French Government, that once upon a time, a son of old Yousef Bashaw sacked Ghadames and carried off "several camel-loads of gold."

The Touarick mode of saluting is very simple and elegant, but cold, colder than that of the English. A Touarghee elevates deliberately the right hand to a level with his face, turning the outspread palm to the individual, and slowly but with a fine intonation says, "*Sălām Aleikoum.*" This is all. When using his own language, a few words are added. How strikingly contrasted are the habits of different people. Amongst the Moors and Arabs this mode of saluting is their way of cursing. With the outspread hand menacingly raised, a man or woman puts their enemy under the ban and curse of God. A vulgar interpretation is, that it means "five in your eye;" but this custom of cursing is so remote as not now to be explained. The door-posts and rooms of houses are imprinted with the outspread hand to prevent or withstand "the eye-malign" from glancing on them and the inhabitants its fatal influence.

20th.—Rose early, felt better in health to-day. Am, however, annoyed, but from what cause I cannot tell. Entertain many misgivings about the climate of Soudan, and having no medicine dispirits me. It is now too late to retreat. "Onward" is the only destiny which guides men, to good or evil. Had a visit from the eldest son

of the Governor. Gave him two cups of tea, a little sugar, and two biscuits, which made him my friend for ever; a cheap purchase of eternal friendship. Shafou, he says, will not come before the whole of the Soudan ghafalahs arrive, of which there are still some portions lagging behind. A Soudan caravan, as all Desert caravans, is an *omnibus;* it collects parties of merchants all along the line of route, and distributes them in the same way, but having a starting-post and a goal. Haj Ahmed's son wished to introduce the question of religion. "The world is nothing and Paradise is every thing." "Amen," I replied. "What do you think of Mahomet?" "The Mahometans have Mahomet, the Jews Moses, and the Christians Jesus, each for their prophet," I said, after which not very satisfactory answer to him, the conversation dropped. He now inquired if I had written to Tripoli to bring plenty of sugar and tea, with a latent desire for a portion of the spoil. I told him "No," very emphatically.

Called at my neighbour's, Bel Kasem, and found him doctoring a poor negress girl. She could neither eat nor drink, she vomited and purged, her bones were nearly through her skin, her stomach empty and dried up as a sun-dried water-skin. Bel Kasem was rubbing her all over with oil. He asked me for medicine. I said, "Give her something good to eat." He replied, "I have nothing." "What do you eat yourself?" I asked. "Bread and bazeen," he replied. "Give her that," I rejoined. He hesitated to reply, did not reply; I saw he considered such food too good for a slave, even to save its life. Such is but one dark sad picture of a thousand now being exhibited here! One would think

God had made one part of the human race to torment the other.

Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. A merchant in his house related that Noufee was now convulsed with a civil war. This country is now in the hands of the Fullans. He had often visited that country, and had seen English people there. A large caravan has this winter left Mourzuk for Kanou *viâ* Aheer. Haj Ibrahim pretends that the Touaricks of Aheer are better than those of Ghat, but the former are people of the country (or peasants), not towns. The Haj has not begun to dispose of his goods, but he will exchange them against slaves. He, however, as a subject of Tunis, is virtually prohibited by the Bey's ordinances.

My most friendly visitors are the merchants and traders from Soudan, Kanou, and Sukatou. I cannot help looking upon these people with profound pity. They bring their sable brethren, of the same flesh and blood, and barter them away for trumpery beads, coarse paper, and cloth, &c. They little think, that for such trifles, what miseries they inflict upon their helpless brethren! A Kanou merchant, in a friendly manner, recommended me not to go to Soudan, adding, "The Touaricks of Aheer would butcher me because I was a Christian." A similar recommendation is being given me by the Arabs, Ghadames people, and others. Still there is a great variety of opinions, *pros* and *cons*, on this subject.

21*st.*—Rose early, improved in health. A small bird, not much bigger than a wren, flits about the houses as our sparrows. This is probably the Jereed sparrow of Shaw, *Bou Habeeba*, or *Capsa*-sparrow, but I saw it at no other oasis except Ghat. It is of a lark colour, with

a light reddish breast, flitting about continually, twittering a short and abrupt note, but very sweet and gentle. Yesterday Haj Ahmed sent me a few dates and a little milk. To-day the Governor paid me a formal visit. He was polite and friendly. However, he observed, "If you, Yâkob, had brought a few presents for the Touarghee chiefs they would all have known* you, but you have come without any thing, with empty hands." I replied that I did not expect to come to Ghat when I left Tripoli. Nevertheless, if the Touarick chiefs were friendly, and would protect Englishmen in The Desert, both the people and Government of England would, I was quite sure, acknowledge the protection with suitable presents. He was satisfied with the explanation. Some of our caravan had told him I had come with nothing, and had overrated my poverty as some tourists have their riches overrated. But this report of abject poverty was a great advantage to me. He was greatly surprised when I told him the Sultan of the English was a woman. I explained, as I had done at Ghadames, when the kings of our country had no sons, but had daughters, the daughters became sovereigns. My vanity was somewhat piqued at the Governor's direct allusion to presents, and I determined, that he himself, at any rate, should have as large a present from me as he got from any of the foreign merchants. He then asked me if I was an English Marabout. I replied, "Yes;" for a Marabout, as in the Governor's own case, means sometimes a person who can tolerably read and write. In this sense I may claim the sacred title. I also dub myself occasionally

* That is, being on friendly terms with you.

tabeeb (doctor), but mostly *taleb*, a mere literary man or pretender to literature. I believe that coming without arms, and as poor as possible, has had a good effect upon the Touaricks. They see, if they were so disposed, they cannot maltreat a man in my circumstances with a very good grace. I have still left, very fortunately, a supply of eye-water, and am making presents of it daily. This solution keeps my medical diploma clean and fair in Ghat.

Had another visit from the family of the Governor. All aspire to religious discussion. Addressing me, "Which way do you pray, east or west?" said another of his sons. "I pray in all directions, for God is everywhere." "You ought to pray in the east." "No, for The Koran says, 'The east and the west belong to God, wherever you turn you find the face of God*.'" He continued, "You are idolators, why do you pray to images?" "The English people do not pray to images," I rejoined. As he doubted my word, I was obliged to enter into explanations of the customs of Romanists and Protestants. It is amusing or lamentable to think, as we may sneer at or regret the matter, that these rude children of The Desert should have ground for charging upon the high-bred and *transcendantaly*-polished nations of Europe, idolatry. But, if any one, determined to be an impartial judge, were to visit the Madelaine of Paris, and then pass rapidly over to Algeria, (a journey of a few days), and there enter the simple mosque, and compare its prostrate worshippers, in the plain unadorned temple of Islamism, with the bowing and crossing, going

* See Surat ii., intitled "The Cow."

on before the pretty saints and images of the Catholic temple of the Parisians, he could not fail to be struck with the immeasurable space which separates the two *cultes*, whilst the contrast, so far as the eternal records of nature, impressed upon and read in the page of creation, are involved, would be all in favour of the Moslemite deist, and pity and folly would be mingled with his ideas when appreciating the papistical *quasi*-idolator.

A young Touarghee came in with the party, whose eyes were very bad. After a good deal of persuasion, for he was at first quite frightened at me, he consented to allow me to apply the caustic. He is a follower of Sheikh Jabour, and employed near the person of the Sheikh. To show how smoothly things go after the first difficulty is vanquished, I may mention, that he visited me ever after whilst I remained in Ghat, sometimes coming every day, and always begging his eyes might be washed with the solution. I had another visit from the Soudan traders. They say people just like me come up to Noufee to where they are now returning. They speak Arabic very imperfectly, and are obliged to converse with signs. They describe thousands of slaves being carried away by men with white cheeks and hands like myself, putting their hands round their wrists and their necks to show how the slaves were ironed. These slaves are carried down the Niger to the salt water (Atlantic). I asked them how the slaves were obtained. One of them sprung up in an instant, seizing an Arab's gun. He then performed a squatting posture, skulking down, and creeping upon the floor of my room, and waiting or watching

in silence. He then made a sudden spring, as a tiger on its prey, with a wild shout. These wily antics evidently denoted a private kidnapping expedition. Many slaves are, however, captives of war, for the negro princes are as fond of war as the military nations of France and Prussia, and can play at soldiers as well as the King of Naples. Evening, as usual, paid a visit to Haj Ibrahim. Nothing new, except an economical bill of expenses, from Ghat to Soudan, chalked out for me by a Ghadamsee, in prospect of my journey, viz :—

Presents, *en route*, to various chiefs .	13	dollars.
Wheat and bread	5	„
Olive-oil and *semen* (liquid butter) .	1	„
Extras and unforseen expenses . .	3	„
Total	22	

This, I imagine, is about what it would cost him himself, though he pretended to allow a little more for me. These 22 dollars are to carry a person two months over Sahara and one over Negroland to Kanou. It will be seen there is nothing down for meat, or sugar, and tea and coffee, in which luxuries Saharan merchants rarely indulge.

CHAPTER XVII.

RESIDENCE IN GHAT.

Gloves an enigma of Wonder.—Visit Sheikh Hateetah.—All Men equal at Ghat.—Crowds of People surrounding my House to see me.—Violent Act committed on a Man at Prayer in the Mosque.—Extent of European Literature known at Ghat.—Continue unwell.—Ouweek's public Apology.—Dances of the Slaves.—A Saharan *Emeute*.—Arrival of Caravans.—Return the Visit of the Governor.—Europe, a cluster of innumerable Islets.—Who has most Money, Christians or Mahometans?—People more used to my presence in Ghat.—The Prophet of the Touaricks.—Visit from Aheer Touaricks.—The Governor's petty dealing.—The Shereef of Moorzuk.—Visit from Jabour.—Beginning Soudanic Cottons.—Visits from Kandarka and Zoleâ.—Route from Ghat to Alexandria, and its distance.—The Shereef of Medina.—Character and influence of Khanouhen, heir-apparent of the Touarghee Throne of the Azgher Touaricks, and his arrival in Ghat.

22*nd*.—HAVE considerable pain in my stomach with change of diet. Did not go out yesterday and the day before in the day-time, on account of the rabble who follow so close at my heels, that my guides and protectors can't keep them off. Sent a *shumlah* ("sash") to Haj Ahmed, the Governor, this morning. He expressed himself highly gratified. This makes the Governor's present about five dollars more than he gets from any of the merchants. The richest and most powerful merchants don't give more, and some of them not half this amount. I have already given away 20 dollars out of my extremely modest resources.

Nothing surprises the natives of Ghat and the

Touaricks so much as my gloves. I am obliged to put them off and on a hundred times a day to please people. They then try them on, look at them inside and outside, in every shape and way, expressing their utter astonishment by the most sacred names of Deity. Some, also, have not seen stockings before, and examine them with much wonderment. But the gloves carry the palm in exciting the emotion of the terrible. One said, after he had put the glove on his hand, "Ah! ah! Whey! whoo! that's the hand of the Devil himself!"

The *Souk* or mart has now fairly begun. Merchants are desperately busy buying and selling, chiefly exchanging goods against slaves. All complain of the dearness of slaves.

Afternoon visited Sheikh Hateetah, "Friend" or "Consul" of the English. Found him still unwell; he complains of pain in his bowels. This is the case with most people in Ghat, myself amongst the rest. It cannot be the water, for it is the purest and sweetest of The Desert. Prescribed a little medicine for the Sheikh, who promises to introduce me to Sultan Shafou when he arrives. Returned by another route, and in this manner made the tour of the town. Half an hour is fully enough to walk round the mere walls of the city, but then there are considerable suburbs, consisting of huts and stone and mud houses. At the Sheikh's I met a merchant just returned from Kanou; I put some questions to him, who, thinking I wished to have every one answered in the affirmative, gave me his terrible "yahs" and "aywahs" to all and everything demanded.

"Are there many people ill in Kanou?"

"Yes, many."

"Is the route to Kanou unsafe?"

"Yes."

"Are there banditti in route?"

"Yes."

"Is it hot in Kanou?"

"Very hot, very hot."

"Is there fever in Kanou?"

"Yes, always."

This I thought was good news. I fear we often get incorrect intelligence from these people, through their anxiety to answer all our questions in the affirmative, they not understanding that we put the questions to them simply to gain information.

All men are indeed equal here, as saith the Governor. There seems to be no ruling authority, and every one does what is right in his own eyes. Yesterday, although the Governor knew that some of his slaves or other people had stolen my sugar, he never condescended to mention the circumstance, by speaking to his eldest son about the theft; he said absurdly enough, "Oh, if we knew the thief, we would put him to death." On protesting against such punishment for the offence, he rejoined, "Oh, but we would cut off his hand." This is all stuff, and a proof of the weakness of the Governor's authority. Happily, however, there's no crime worth naming in the oasis.

Am obliged to keep the door shut to prevent people from rushing into the house by twenties and fifties at once. The Governor has sent strict orders to his slaves to keep the door shut, first, to prevent me from being pestered to death all day long, and, secondly, because

some of the people have got the habit here, as in Europe, of picking up little things. A young slave is crying out, "Bago! bago!" every five minutes, in answer to knocking at the door to see The Christian, which we interpret in European phrase more politely, "Not at home," but which signifieth in the original Housa, "No, no." However, a troop of the lower class of Touaricks managed to squeeze in as some of our people went out, but I got rid of them without angry words.

A Ghadamsee resident here, came in to-day, with a severe gash on his hands, and one of his fingers, to ask my advice and beg medicine. The gash was inflicted upon him whilst at prayer, by a vagabond Touarghee. The assailant alleged as the reason of his violent act, that the Ghadamsee had called him a thief amongst the people, adding, that he (the Touarghee) had stolen two skin-bags out of a house. For such violence, such a daring act perpetrated on a man whilst in the solemn performance of prayer, our Marabout Governor was obliged to give satisfaction to the injured party. His Excellency stripped the house of the Touraghee of all his little property, turned him out into the street, and ordered him immediately to leave Ghat. To the honour, and humanity, and morality of the inhabitants of this part of The Sahara, such acts of violence are extremely rare. The Ghadamsee had poulticed his hand with wet clay and camel's dung. I recommended a bread poultice, but he kept to his clay and camel's dung. The Saharans mostly prefer their own remedies, though they may condescend to ask you your advice. Bought some olive oil from the Arabs of Gharian. Before pouring it out they wished me to put sugar in the measure. I suspected

some trick, and refused. As soon as the measure was out of my servant's hand, they seized it, some licking it, others rubbing their hands in it, and then oiling their bread. They wanted to have a lick at the sugar, which would have settled down at the bottom; and were very angry with me because I did not take their advice of improving the oil with my sugar. These Arabs are really more greedy and rapacious than the Touaricks. The difference is, the Arabs are near Tripoli, see Europeans, and learn to be more polite to us than the Touaricks can well be.

A son of the Governor recited to me the following famous distich, begging me to tell him what it meant:—

"Tummora, tummora, tera,
Buon giorno, buona sera."

On inquiring how he learn it, he told me a Moor of Tripoli taught it him. This seems to be the extent of European literature acquired by the Ghateen.

23rd.—Continue to have pains in my stomach, and feel very weak. Am undecided whether I shall go or not to Soudan. However, Haj Ibrahim has kindly offered to let me have twenty-five dollars' worth of goods on credit, which, in the case of my going, will relieve me from every embarrassment as to money for the present, until I can get a remittance from Tripoli, for these twenty-five dollars will furnish the presents and expenses of the route, and allow me to retain some twenty or thirty dollars in my pocket. The reader will and must smile at this mighty statement of my financial affairs, worthy of a Desert Budget!

Essnousee called. Ouweek is a personal friend of his; Essnousee says:—"Ouweek has told us, he feared from

you (myself), for the English had never before been in his district. For the rest, he was only playing with you. He wished to see whether an Englishman was a man of courage. This you proved to be, for you sat down and ate dates and biscuit whilst he was threatening to kill you. It also proved that you knew that he (Ouweek) was playing with you, for how could you eat dates if you thought he was going to kill you." This is Ouweek's defence about town. I heard also a curious version about the slave who ran to the horse. Zaleâ says, the slave ran there to get Ouweek farther from me, giving me an opportunity, if I chose, of escaping to Ghat. This affair still occupies public attention, but Ouweek keeps his present, and evidently will not restore it despite the threats of Jabour. Essnousee tells me not to be afraid of Ouweek, for he has influence with the Sheikh.

A Souk of *little things* has just been opened, and provisions, with all sorts of small articles, the manufacture of Soudan and Aheer, are exposed for sale in the public square. Formerly, these matters were purchased at private houses. This is a step in the march of Saharan commerce.

Yesterday evening, the poor slaves danced and sung till midnight in the public squares. Ever-pitying Providence, so permits an hour of gaiety to suffering humanity, under circumstances the most adverse to happiness! The slaves of the caravan are, a few of them, permitted to join those of the town, and the exiled slaves sometimes obtain intelligence in this way of their country. Generally the slaves imported are from such a variety of districts in Negroland, and so widely apart, that the slaves of The Sahara can hear little of their native homes. I

asked Bel Kasem, if the slaves of the Ghafalah were prisoners of war. "No," he replied, "there is no war now in Soudan; these are captured with matchlocks at night by robbers (sbandout); the negro is frightened out of his wits at the sound of fire-arms."

Afternoon there was a tremendous hubbub in the public square or market-place, the Negresses flying in all directions from the scene of tumult. One of Haj Ahmed's negresses comes running to me: "Shut the door, shut the door, the world is upset, the world is upset! Haj Ahmed, my master, is no Sheikh, no Sultan. He can't keep the people quiet. I'm going, I'm going." "Where are you going?" "I'm going to another and quieter country, to Haj Ahmed, my master, to tell him the news." This is a very lively negress, her tongue never stops; she retails all the news of the country to me, and is a great politician in her way. Some of these Ghat negresses are actually witty, and crack jokes with the grave Touaricks. The Touaricks are too gallant to be offended with the freedom of even female slaves. I felt somewhat alarmed, thinking the discomfitted party might come and avenge their defeat upon the unlucky Christian stranger. We barricaded the door, and kept quiet, anxiously waiting the result, as people do in Paris, when an *emeute* is being enacted for the especial benefit of the Parisians. Afterwards I learnt the particulars of this strange tumult. There is an old half-cracked Sheikh, who goes every day into the public square, and strikes his spear into the ground, and retiring at a distance, exclaims aloud to all present, "Whoever dares to touch that spear I'll kill him!" To-day a young Touarick passed by, and seeing the spear sticking up

very formidably, as if challenging all passers-by, went near it, and said, "What's this?" and took hold of it. The crazy Sheikh was watching at some distance, and now was his opportunity to show the people his determined will and resolution. He rushes at the lad with his dagger in hand. In an instant the whole place is in wild tumult, cries and shouts rend the air, with a forest of spears brandishing over the heads of Touaricks, Arabs, Moors, slaves, men, women, and children, mingling together, and running over one another in a frightful *melée*. The boy is rescued, the people resume their lounging seats, the storm drops to a dead calm, and nobody is hurt, not even scratched. Such is a row amongst these untutored children of The Desert. How different to the Thuggee rows now being enacted in Ireland!

Afterwards paid a visit to Bel Kasem. He complained bitterly of slaves being dear. A slave is sold at from 40 to 100 dollars. The mediate price is 60 to 70, Two months ago good slaves were sold at 30 and 40 dollars each. The reason given is the great quantity of merchandize arrived direct from Tripoli, besides from the lateral routes of Ghadames and Mourzuk. The English Vice-Consul of the latter city has sent quantities of goods to this mart, but these are exchanged only for senna and ivory. This evening arrived another Tripoline merchant with twenty camels of merchandize. He came *viâ* Mizdah and Shaty, and was forty-five days *en route*. The Touat caravan (very small) has arrived, bringing Touat woollen barracans and Timbuctoo gold. The affair of the Timbuctoo caravan is differently reported. It is now said the people killed were the

inhabitants of Ain Salah. The Desert is a great exaggerator and misinterpreter. It is very difficult to get correct news.

24th.—Better in health this morning, after taking medicine yesterday. First thing, returned the visit of the Governor. When I go out early, find few persons about the streets. People are up as late in winter as they are early in summer. The Touaricks of the suburban huts do not come to town till very late in the morning, when the Souk begins. His Excellency treated me with three cups of coffee. He said, "You must take three, because it is the destined number of hospitality, and as many more as you choose." It was wretched stuff—hot water and sugar, blackened or diluted with a little badly-ground coffee. But his Excellency thought he was conferring upon me a vast favour. Few people drink coffee in this country, and it is considered a great luxury. A man from Bengazi, a visitor, was also treated with his three cups of coffee. These Saharans have strange notions in their heads respecting the geography of England, and the capabilities of its inhabitants in travelling. The Governor asked me, "If the English could travel by land?" I was astonished at the question, but I saw he imagined our country, and European countries generally, to be so many little islets in the ocean*. It is curious, likewise, how old this notion

* Is. xli. 1, 5; xlix. i. Whilst in Jer. ii. 10, Europe entire is presented to the prophetic vision by the designation of "the Isles of Chittim." Sometimes the whole idea of Gentiles and Gentile nations is represented by the isles of the sea. The Hebrew bards, standing on the heights of Lebanon, and looking westwards, saw nothing but innumerable clusters of islets in the dim and undefined distance of the waters of the Mediterranean.

is. The Hebrew prophets, who were bad geographers, depicted all western Europe as "the isles of the sea." The Governor continued, "But can you travel on land, when water is wanted, as in this country?" Before the French occupied Algiers, the Saharans thought it impossible for Christians to invade, or even to travel in, their country. This gave the French invading army such a vast prestige when they once got upon *terrâ firma.* The event was as unexpected and marvelled at as the immediate results were decisive and brilliant. I answered, "In travelling through Christian countries, water is met with every day. If it be necessary to carry water however, water is carried. The French carry it in Algeria, and the English in India, when the country is dry and desert, on the backs of camels." His Excellency, greatly surprised, "What! impossible! Have the Christians camels? God gave the camels only to the Faithful." I returned, "We have troops of camels." "And where do you get camels?" asked the Governor, with great seriousness. "The French buy camels from Mussulmans in Algeria, and the English keep camels in India." "Ah!" observed the Governor, "those French Mussulmans sell camels to infidels. They themselves are infidels." His Excellency now inquired about religion, and whether all Christians had books (*i. e.* books of religion). As before noticed, there is a prevailing opinion here that Protestants have no Scriptures, whilst, indeed, as we know, they are the Christians who only, *bonâ fide,* have the free use of the Scriptures. I saw that Haj Ahmed, though a Marabout, was sufficiently ignorant on the religion of Christians. His Excellency then asked about money.

"Who have the most money, Mussulmans or the English?"

I.—"The English. The Sultan of Constantinople has no money, or spends it faster than he gets it. Mehemet Ali has but little money. However, Muley Abd Errahman has some saved up in the vaults of Mekinas."

The Governor.—"Muley Abd Errahman belongs to us; we are his subjects. We have nothing to do with the Turks or the Touaricks. As the English have much money, why have not you much?"

This question—this home-thrust—was made in a peculiarly arch way.

"If I had brought much money," I replied, as pointedly, "I'm sure I should have been murdered before I got to Ghat. All my friends, and the Rais of Ghadames told me not to carry any money with me."

This clear and positive statement made the visitors, who were numerous, burst out laughing. His Excellency, taken by surprise, asked abruptly, "How? Why?" I added, "Two Englishmen have been murdered in The Desert, the one near Wadnoun (Davidson), and the other near Timbuctoo (Major Laing), and both upon the supposition of their having possessed much money." The Governor at once dropped the subject, thinking I was going to bring upon the tapis Ouweek. His Excellency often quizzes me about having no money, evidently not believing a word of my alleged poverty. I then asked the Governor what he thought of the great camel-driver, Kandarka, who conducts the caravans, and nearly all the Ghadamseeah between Ghat and Aheer. He answered, to my surprise, *Ma nâraf*, "I don't

know," for Kandarka has an excellent reputation. This was the jesuitism of the Moor.

I took leave, and was escorted to Hateetah by my young Touarghee friend, whose eyes I'm doctoring. On our way we met his master, Sheikh Jabour, who stopped to salute us. Afterwards, somebody hailed us from a hut. My Touarghee friend turned and said, "They want to see you." We went, and I found several of my Ghadamsee acquaintance and some Touarghee people of consequence, all squatting down on the sand in a gossiping circle. They soon began on the troublesome subject of religion, after they had gratified their curiosity in staring at me and through me. One said to the Ghadamsee people, "Tell the Christian to repeat, 'There's one God,'" &c. I was determined to risk an abrupt answer. I said, "This saying is prohibited to Christians." At this stop-mouth answer they burst out into a fit of hilarity. But one fellow, who wished to show some zeal, growled out, "Be off, be off." My good-natured young Touarghee quickly got up from the circle, where he had taken his seat, and smiling, took me by the arm, whispering in my ear, "Come along, Yâkob, these are brutish people." We found Hateetah better. I asked him seriously if there was danger in my going to Aheer. He observed, "Without a letter from Shafou you can't go, the merchants can't and won't protect you. Some of them are big rascals, worse than us Touaricks, and will sell you as a slave for a dollar." Many concur in this opinion. I found the Ghatee people more peaceable in the streets, now the novelty of my appearance is diminishing. When I pay a visit to a person of consequence I always put on my European clothes, which compliment

is perfectly understood, for I offended an old Sheikh with going to him with my burnouse on instead of my French cloak. He said to my uncouth cicerone, "This Christian doesn't pay me respect, why doesn't he dress himself in Christian clothes?" Hateetah always makes me promise to return by the eastern side of the city, where we meet with very few persons. Saw Haj Ibrahim on my return. He complains of the market:—"Slaves are very dear. What can we do? We are obliged to buy them; there is nothing else in the market. Only a small quantity of elephants' teeth and a little senna. Besides these, nothing else sells in Tripoli."

Returning from the merchants, "Whey! whey! whoo! whoo! whoo!" saluted my ears. This noise came from a group of people surrounding *En-Nibbee Targhee*, "The Prophet of the Touaricks." The salute was followed by a number of persons who rushed upon me, carried me by force into the presence of The Prophet. The Seer, seeing me discomposed, said in a kind tone, "*Gheem*," (sit down). Now there was profoundest silence, not a murmur was heard amongst a hundred people crowded together. The Seer stood up before me, and, assuming an imposing attitude, spoke in monosyllabic style, the usual address adopted by North African and Saharan prophets,—

"Christian, Ghat, good, you?"

Myself.—"Yes, the people are good to me."

The Prophet.—"Three! one!" (putting out one finger of the right hand, and three of the left hand.)

Myself.—"There is one God!" (knowing the prophet meant this, for it is the usual way of badgering Christians about the Trinity in North Africa.)

The Prophet.—"Good:" (then making the sign of the cross by putting his two forefingers into the shape of a cross.) "But you Christians worship this (the cross) of wood, stone, iron, brass. This is not good, not good."

Myself.—"No, we English do not worship wood, stone, iron, or brass."

The Prophet.—"You lie, you lie." (At this emphatic negative, up stepped one of my Ghadamsee friends to the Prophet, and told him that the English did not worship the cross or images like some other Christians.)

The Prophet.—"Good, right, sublime. What's your name?"

Myself.—"Yâkob."

The Prophet.—"You, dog, Jew."

Myself.—"No. This is the Arabic of my English name."

The Prophet.—"Good, good; Yâkob, do you steal?"

Myself.—"Please God, I hope not."

The Prophet.—"Yâkob, do you lie?"

Myself.—"Please God, I hope not."

The Prophet.—"Yâkob, do you strike?" (*i. e.* kill.)

Myself.—"Please God, I hope not."

The Prophet.—"Good, good, good. Have you seen the Kafers in Algiers?" (*i. e.* the French.)

Myself.—"I have."

The Prophet.—"Have they houses where women are kept, and twenty men go in and sleep with one woman in an hour?" (At this question, the multitude showed intense anxiety to hear the result.)

Myself.—"I don't know."

I had scarcely made answer when two women

rushed upon the Prophet and dragged him away crying, "*Yamout, Mat:* he is dying! he is dead!". As the Prophet was pulled away he turned to me mildly and said, "*Yákob, inker,* Arise, James." I inquired where he was being dragged to, and was told that the husband of the two women was just dead, and the Prophet was going to see whether he could raise him from the dead. The Prophet had already raised several people from death to life. It is a pity this barbarian prophet could not be transported from the sands of The Sahara to the marble pavement of the Vatican, where he might harangue Pope Pius IX. and his Cardinals in the style of an Iconoclast, and induce the Sacred College to abolish their scandal of image-worship. The Prophet wears a leathern dress, or dried skins, from head to foot. His repute of sanctity fills the surrounding deserts with its holy odours. The number of miracles he performs is prodigious. His leathern burnouse, like the Holy Tunic of Treves, is frequently carried about to cure the sick and work miracles.

Coming home, I had a visit from some Touaricks of Aheer. They were uncommonly civil, addressing me: "If you go with us, you have nothing to fear. In Aheer, people will not call out to you in the streets as in Ghat. We have a Sultan. Here there is no Sultan." They were amazed at my little keys. I promised one of them, that, in case of my arriving safe in Aheer, I would give him a little lock and key. This delighted him; and two pieces of sugar, one each, made these Aheer Touaricks excellent friends. Have visits from the Ghateen. Several of these people are going to Soudan with the return caravan.

In better spirits to-day. Have been suffering from "The Boree." Such a variety of discouraging influences press upon the mind, that it is very difficult to keep it buoyant. Poor Said, he gives way in tears. He is become terrified at the prospect of Soudan; he repeats, "The Touaricks will kill you, and make me a slave again."

Had another visit from the uncle of Sheikh Jabour, a poor old gentleman. I got rid of him by a bit of white sugar, which he munched as a little child. He says, "One thousand Touarghee warriors are going against the Shânbah after the mart is held." Was to-day astonished to hear, that a few dates, a little gusub, a few onions, and a few stones of dates, which a female slave offers for sale in the streets, belong to Haj Ahmed the Governor! His Excellency sends the poor woman every morning to sell this miserable merchandize, and she regularly pays into his hands the price and profits every evening. This is one of the wrinkles of the Great Governor Marabout, who lives in a palace, and reigns as king and priest of Ghat and the Ghateen*! What shall I hear next? I am not surprised, some of the Ghadamsee merchants sneer at the idea of Haj Ahmed being "a Marabout of odour." Essnousee sent me a little present of vermicelli and cuscasou, or *hamsa*. He certainly behaves better than the other Ghadamsee merchants resident here. I'm told, there will not be many Touarick visitors this year at Ghat. They have unexpected occupation to defend themselves against the sanguinary forays of the Shânbah. And then, the late rains having pro-

* A Moor of Ghat now and then goes to Tripoli. The Italian merchants call them the *Gatti*, "cats."

duced abundant herbage, they are also occupied in grazing the camels. The merchants congratulate me on these circumstances, and say I shall have less presents to distribute.

Met at Haj Ibrahim's a Shereef of Mourzuk, who pretends he is going to Soudan. This is a little thin fellow, who glides into people's houses through the key-hole, importunately begging on the strength of his being of the family of the Prophet, and lives by the same pretensions. He has a smiling face, with his head reclined always on one side from his habit of incessant importunities; of course, he has not a para in his pocket. But, nevertheless, he managed a few months ago to ally himself with the family of a rich merchant, marrying the sister of my friend Mohammed Kafah, one of the Ghatee millionnaires. Kafah is thoroughly disgusted with his sister's marriage, and gives them nothing to eat, or only enough to keep his sister from dying of starvation. One of the Shereef's items of importunity, is his incessant abuse of his brother-in-law, because he won't keep him in idleness. This little sorry shrimpy *quasi*-impostor can neither read nor write. He tells me it is quite unnecessary. The blood of the Prophet makes him noble, and fit for heaven at any time Rubbee may decree his death. He is professionally and continually begging from me, and says with a whining pomposity, "Put yourself under my protection, I will escort you safe to Soudan. No one dare lift a finger against a Christian under the protection of a Shereef!" But it's odd, these and such offers of protection come from many quarters. The camel-drivers and conducteurs look upon me as a good speculation. The Shereef pretends that there are

no less than two hundred of his family in Soudan, and some nearly black, on account of their intermarriages with negroes. One thing I like in the little wretch, he seems devoid of a spark of bigotry against Christians. It may be that his mind is too impotent for the malicious feeling. "Gagliuffi," he says, "is my friend. I'm the protector of the English at Mourzuk." Mustapha of Tripoli has cut me because I would not allow him to charge me double for the sugar, cloves, and sunbul, which I purchased of him. A pretty rogue is this; but I forgive him, for his voluntary and opportune services in interpreting for me on my arrival in Ghat.

25th.—Christmas Day! Not a merry Christmas for me—in truth, a sad, an unhappy one. And yet I ought to be content, having food and raiment, and enjoying the protection of God amidst strangers, in The Inhospitable Desert! It is better for a man to pray for a happy mind than for riches and celebrity. Weather has been mostly fine during the ten days I have resided here. But this morning broke angrily, followed with a tremendous gale, blowing from the east, prostrating all the palms, and filling the air with sand, as a thrice condensed London November fog. It is besides very cold, and is so far Christmas weather. I may add, the weather continued unusually cold this Souk. People had not had such cold for many a year. Received a visit from the Sheikh Jabour, who expressed himself uncommonly friendly, and said, "If anything unpleasant occurs, call for me." I showed him some cuts of a book, in which were drawings of Moors. He was wonder-stricken. The sight of a date-palm pleased him exceedingly, tickling the fancy of his followers who accompanied him.

The Sheikh promised me a letter for the Sultan of Aheer, and to send a slave of his own with me as far as Aheer. Jabour did not positively assert that Tripoli belonged to the English, and contented himself with asking, "If Tripoli were English?" I explained fully to the Sheikh, as he is a man of a fine ingenuous mind, that Asker Ali was recalled by the Sultan of Stamboul on the representations of the British Consul of Tripoli, the Pasha being a blood-thirsty tyrant, the enemy of the Christians as well as the Mussulmans; and that the Consul has influence in Tripoli, but Tripoli belongs to the Sultan. The Ghadamsee interpreter observed, "The English and the Mussulmans are the same." "Certainly," I replied, "without the English the French would soon eat up the Sultan of the West (Morocco), and the Russians the Sultan of the East (Turkey)." "That's good," observed Jabour; "Still, we in The Desert, fear neither Christians nor Sultan. And if the English require our assistance they can have it. Tell this on your return to your Sultan." This amiable prince then took leave. If there be a desert aristocract of gentle blood, it is unquestionably Jabour. A shoal of low Touaricks came to me afterwards, in the Sheikh's name, to beg. I saw through the *ruse*, and they were savage in being obliged to go off empty-handed. Some Touarick ladies now tried to squeeze in as the door was opened, and, in spite of the "bago, bago," got up stairs to the terrace. They had all the tips of their noses, the round of the chins, and the bones of their cheeks, blackened. At first I could not make out how it was. It was explained that the dye of the Soudan cottons, which they wore, produced this blacky tipping. These cottons begrime their

wearers sadly, the colour is not fast, the indigo being ill prepared. Some of the blue cottons are highly glazed. Men and women wear them, being cheap and light clothing for the summer.

26th.—Relieved from pain, but getting very thin, although my habits are now what are called sedentary. I rarely sit up when at home, mostly reclining. So far I am become a *bonâ fide* Saharan habitant. Kandarka called again to-day at my request. He professed to be very uncivil or very serious, and asked a large sum for conducting me to Soudan, like a real man of business, quite inconsistent with the present state of my finances. He asks no less than 150 dollars in goods, including camels for riding, and other attentions. This is more than he gets from all the merchants put together, in fact, nearly twice as much. But if it be necessary to strike the bargain, I'm sure he will come down to fifty. My health is breaking down very fast, and I have great hesitation on the subject of a farther advance into the interior. I have been thinking of continuing my tour to Egypt and Syria, and Constantinople, visiting all the slave-marts of the Mediterranean. Had a visit from Zaleâ, and found him the same man as *en route*. But he is always a little wild and playful. He is against my proceeding farther, and tells me to get off on my return before Shafou comes, that the Touaricks may not get all the money I have. I am at present, however, so satisfied with the Touaricks, that I would give them a camel-load of dollars if I had them. Shafou is still occupied in the neighbouring districts, enrolling troops for the Shânbah expedition. The Bengazi merchant persuades me to accompany him. From Ghat to the first oasis of Fezzan, there are 10 days;

from thence to Sockna, 10; from Sockna to Augelah, 10; thence to Seewah, 14 days more; and thence to Alexandria, 14 more days

Weather is dull to-day, but not very cold. All the Arabs and people of Ghadames abuse Ghat: it is assuredly a sufficiently wretched place. However, the scenery around is much more lively and picturesque than that of Ghadames. A great quantity of elephants' teeth arrived yesterday (not to be sold here), on their way to Ghadames. Also some Soudanic sheep for this market, selling as low as three dollars each. Had a visit from the eldest son of the Governor, and his nephew the Medina Shereef. This Shereef must be carefully distinguished from the little mad-cap impostor of Mourzuk mentioned before. I have not found so gentlemanly a person in all Ghat and Ghadames. He was born in Medina, but brought up here: he is the son of the Governor's sister, who is married a second time to the Sheikh Khanouhen, heir-apparent to the throne. The Shereef's mother is not a Touarick woman, and the Sheikh has another wife of Touarick extraction in the districts. Of course Khanouhen is strongly recommended to me by his son-in-law. "Khanouhen," he says, "has all the wisdom and eloquence of the country in his head and heart. Shafou is an old man, and talks little. Whatever Khanouhen plans, Shafou approves; whatever Khanouhen says in words, Shafou orders to be done." Had a visit from a Touatee, just arrived. He recommended me to go to Timbuctoo, and fear nothing. "What have the Touaricks of Ghat done to you, that you are afraid to visit the Touaricks of my country and Timbuctoo?" he added. Now came in two Soudanese

merchants. One of them said, "Say 'There is but one God,' &c." I answered "This is prohibited to us," which made them laugh out. They have not that fierce bigotry of the north-coast merchants. Visited Haj Ibrahim. He says, "Wait for me till next year, and we'll both go together to Soudan. I'll protect you." Certainly this Moor has hitherto shown himself extremely friendly to me. Khanouhen came in this evening from the country.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RESIDENCE IN GHAT.

Arrival of the Sultan Shafou.—Visit to His Highness.—Visit to Hateetah; his jealousy of the Sultan and other Sheikhs.—Visit from the People of the Oasis of Berkat.—Said sobbing and sulking.—A Night-School in The Desert.—Use of Sand instead of Paper, Pens, and Ink.—Mode of Touarghee succession to the Throne.—Women hereditary possessors of Household Property.—Negresses are Dramatic Performers.—Description of the Oasis of Ghat; Houses, Architecture, Gardens, and Surrounding Country.—Visit from the Heir-Apparent, Khanouhen.—Genial softness of the Weather.—Specimen of Retail Trade.—Case of administering Justice by the Sultan.—Early habit of Touarghee begging.—The *Bou-Habeeba*, or Saharan Singing Sparrows.—Alarm of Female Hucksters at The Christian.

27*th.*—A FINE morning. Feel better in health. The Touarghee Sultan, Mohammed Shafou Ben Seed, came in this morning from the country districts. His Highness is Sultan of all the Ghat Touaricks, or those of *Azgher.*

Arrived to-day another portion of the Soudan ghafalah. There was a false report this morning of the appearance of the Shânbah. Musket firing was heard in various directions, and the people ran together, some mounting the tops of the houses to see the fighting which was supposed to be going on between the Shânbah and Touaricks. The Arabs, with their matchlocks in their hands, ran after their camels to prevent them from being carried off. The hubbub was most singular and bewildering. I expected to have to report skirmish after skirmish, in the capture of Ghat, for the

benefit of The Leading London Journal. The true cause at length appeared in the arrival of the Sultan, the firing of matchlocks heard at a distance being done in honour of His Highness, and his coming to his town residence. So it is, in a little place like this a false report may work wonders in a few minutes. People are charmed with these rumours: they are their oral newspaper excitement. In the streets were now heard "Shafou! Shafou!" "It is Shafou! It is Shafou! It is Shafou!" "Shafou has come!"

As soon as the Sultan arrived, without waiting more than three or four hours, I determined to visit His Highness, and carry him a small present. I could not yet tell how the Sultan would look upon my projected journey to Soudan. Fortunately I found Essnousee in the streets, who volunteered his services as interpreter. Haj Ibrahim was also so good as to embrace the opportunity of going with us. This had a good effect, and served to give my visit consequence, Haj Ibrahim being the most respectable foreigner now in Ghat. He was also a stranger to His Highness as well as myself.

We found His Highness, at about a quarter of a mile's distance out of the town, sitting down by himself alone upon the sand, aside of, a large *hasheesh* house, or hut of date-palm branches. The attendants of His Highness, who were not very numerous, sat at a considerable distance off. In this primitive way and Desert style he had been receiving various personages ever since his arrival this morning. As soon as His Highness saw us approaching him, he bade us welcome by signs and salutations in the style of the Touaricks, slowly raising his right arm as high as his shoulders, and turn-

ing the palm of the outspread hand to us. Haj Ibrahim was first introduced, but the Sultan could not keep off his eyes from me. At last the Sultan made a sign to Essnousee to speak on my behalf. Essnousee explained very deliberately and minutely everything respecting me—where and when he saw me at Tripoli, how I went to Ghadames, came here from that place, and what were my intentions in proposing to go to Soudan. The Sultan then turned to me, and said, "Go, Christian, wherever you please: in my country fear nothing—go where everybody else goes." After this I presented my little backsheesh to His Highness, consisting of a small carpet-rug to sit or recline upon, a zamailah or turban, and a shumlah or sash, large and full, and scarlet, like the Spaniards wear. On giving the servant of His Highness the present, (which was covered, and not exposed before His Highness, as a matter of delicacy,) I said, through Essnousee, "This present is from me, and not from my Sultan, nor the Consul at Tripoli, nor any persons in my country; it is extremely small, and scarcely worth accepting. But, probably, if your Highness should protect Englishmen through your country, and allow English merchants to come and traffic in Ghat, a greater and richer present will be sent to you hereafter." His Highness replied, "Thank you; I'm an old man now, and want but little: we have a little bread, and milk of the nagah (she-camel), and for which we praise God. Don't fear our people—no one shall hurt you." Indeed, I saw the old gentleman was thankful for any trifle. My little backsheesh was, perhaps, of the value of ten dollars, and was the largest present I had yet made. I then asked His Highness

whether he would write a letter for me to the Sultan of Aheer, and one to the Queen of England, stating that he would give protection to all British subjects passing through The Touarghee Desert? The Sultan replied, "All that you want I will do for you, please God." I determined to risk a word on Desert politics. I said, "Your Highness must exterminate the Shânbah, for they are a band of robbers." The Sultan replied; "Please God we will; we are now preparing the camels to go out against them." Essnousee and Haj Ibrahim considered the words of the Sultan delivered in the most friendly spirit. Shafou was dressed very plainly and very dirtily; and yet there sat upon his aged countenance (for he was full seventy years of age) a most venerable expression of dignity. His Highness wore a dark-blue cotton frock of Soudanic manufacture, and black-blue trowsers of the same kind of cotton. On his head was a red cap, around which was folded in very large folds a white turban. He had, like all Touaricks, a dagger suspended under the left arm, but no other weapon near him, or on his person. By his side, on the sand, lay a huge stick with which he walks, instead of the lance. His mouth and chin were covered with a thin blue cotton wrapper, a portion of the *litham.* Around his neck were suspended a few amulets, sewn up in red leathern bags. His Highness was without shoes, and his legs were quite bare; his feet lay half-buried in the sand. He spoke very slow and under tone, scarcely audible, and at times the conversation was interrupted by the silence of the dead. All his deportment was like that of a Sultan of these wilds; and the ancient Sheikh felt all the consciousness of his power. The Desert

Genii hedge him in around. The Sultan is profoundly respected by all; and Louis-Philippe is a gingerbread Sovereign compared with Shafou of The Great Desert.

But the reader would not be prepared to find His Highness smoking his pipe during our interview, and striking a light himself, the materials for which he carried in a large leathern bag, or pouch, slung on his left arm, like all the Touaricks. On taking leave, we called the servant of the Sultan after us, and Haj Ibrahim gave into his hands a small present for the Sultan of the value of a couple of dollars, so that I maintain my position of also giving the best presents, in the case of the Sultan. To me it was a most pleasant and refreshing interview, after the serio-comic affair of Ouweek. I asked Haj Ibrahim what Shafou said to him. The Sultan simply told the merchant, "You may go to every part of the country now in safety: to Touat, to Aheer, wherever you will—don't be afraid of the Touaricks." I went home with the Haj, and spent the evening with him. The merchant determines to send eight camels of goods to Soudan. He has not sold a fourth of what he brought to this mart. A great part of the slaves, elephants' teeth, and senna which daily arrive here, are not for sale in Ghat, but are sent direct from Soudan to Tripoli by the correspondents of the Ghadamsee merchants at Kanou. The Ghat Souk is nearly closed, all the slaves are sold, and some of the people are thinking about returning.

28*th*.—Rose early and better in health. Pleased with the prospect of still seeing my journey to Soudan completed. Weather this morning very dull, sky overcast,

a few drops of rain falling. Early Sheikh Hateetah sent for me. Went and found the Consul of the English better in health. He shewed me his scarlet burnouse and gold-braided coat, given him by our Government. But as his object in calling me was only to express his jealousy of the other Sheikhs, and of the Sultan himself, and to beg another present, I was by no means pleased with my visit. He evidently wished me to give him all the presents as the "Friend" of the English. But this would have been both unjust and suicidal policy on my part. I could not have considered myself safe, at any rate, respected or esteemed, unless I had given a present to all the principal personages in Ghat and the surrounding districts. Hateetah besides annoyed me by saying the route of Aheer was full of bandits, against the concurrent testimony of all the merchants. He wishes me to take the route of Bornou, which would entirely defeat the object I have in view, of visiting new countries. However, by being firm with him, I got him to promise to procure for me a letter and servant from Shafou to go on to Aheer. I am to call again in a few days, and he is to show me his seal of office, done by the Consul-General of Tripoli. Hateetah is a man of more than sixty years, very tall, thin and attenuated, of extremely feeble frame. He is still labouring under fever, and does not leave his pallet. To-day, however, he got quite energetic on the subject of the presents, having heard what a fine present the Sultan had received from me. He begged me not to give a present to the *Oulad* ("people" or "followers") of Shafou, meaning thereby Khanouhen.

On my return, I found my door thronged with visitors

from Berkat, the village three miles distant, *en route* of Soudan. They had been waiting an hour or two for my return. At first I repulsed them, but hearing afterwards they had brought a young lad unwell, I let them in. The lad was covered with hard lumps, which had grown or festered under his skin, about the size of a nut. He had been so for a year. I prescribed a bath and opening medicine (senna, which they can get easily), but I question if they try either. I recommended them to send him to Tripoli, to the English doctor there, but they heard of the proposal with horror. None of these Berkat people have ever visited Tripoli. The Turks are their bugbear. They were not extremely friendly; rude and ignorant villagers as they were, they could not understand why I wanted to go to Soudan. I observed they were all well clothed and seemed to live in Saharan affluence. The term *Berkat*, بركت, signifies "a lake" or "lagoon," and probably the site of the oasis is the dry bottom of what was formerly a lagoon. The Berkat oasis is larger in gardens, and more fertile than Ghat, but possesses the same essential features. It has no Souk, and excites no attention from strangers visiting Ghat. The inhabitants are Saharan Moors, and some five or six hundred in number. Had a very friendly visit from Salah, eldest son of Haj Mansour, of Ghadames. He says justly, Kandarka and other camel-drivers exaggerate the dangers of the routes for their own private ends, to get more money out of me. Of the Touaricks and Ouweek, he says, "They have no knowledge, they are bullocks." He also added, "I have been reprimanding Ouweek for his bad conduct to you; I told him I would not give him my usual backsheesh, on account of his ill-treating you."

I am much bothered with Said. Like his master he is continually wavering, whether he shall return to Ghadames with the return caravan, or proceed with me. I leave him to his own choice and reflections, telling him I will secure his freedom by writing to Sheikh Makouran. I can't but pity him. I find him frequently in tears, or sobbing aloud, afraid the Touaricks will again make him a slave.

In the streets, I pass nearly every evening a Night-School, where there is a crowd of children all cooped up together in a small room, humming, spouting, and screaming simultaneously their lessons of the Koran, in the manner of some of our infant schools. This mode of simultaneously repeating a lesson has prevailed from time immemorial in the schools of North Africa, and I imagine, in The East likewise, and though it may be new in England or Europe, it is old in Asia and Africa. But I never saw before a Night-School in Barbary, and look upon this Saharan specimen of scholastic discipline as a novelty. It is probable, in this way, every male child of Ghat, as in Ghadamès, is taught to read and write. The pride of the Ghadamseeah is, that all their children read and write. The whole population can read and write the Koran. This Saharan fact of the barbarians of The Desert suggests painful reflections to honest-minded Englishmen. We may boast of our liberties, our Magna Charta, our independence of character, our commerce, our wealth, the extent of the world which Providence (too good to us) has committed to our care. But after all we cannot boast of what the barbarians of The Desert boast. We cannot, dare not, assert, that every male child of our population can read the Book which

we call the Revelation of God!' This deplorable, but undeniable fact, ought to throw suspicion upon our religious motives, as well as our pretensions to the love and maintenance of liberty,—unless it be argued, that our liberty is founded on our want of education, and we are free men because the half of our population cannot sign their own name! A Minister of the Crown (Earl Grey), in a late, and the last discussion of the House of Lords (of the old Parliament), had the hardihood, the intrepidity, to assert, that, "We (Englishmen) were the least educated people of Europe, nay, that we were behind the savages of New Zealand!" But this astounding declaration of the Minister produced no explosion of indignation, not a single expression of regret, not a hum or murmur of disapprobation from the Spiritual or Temporal Lords, to whom the words of shame and censure were addressed. And, as the Lords, so the Commons, so all classes of our society. The enunciation, the reiteration of this most extraordinary, most damning stigma, on our national character, does not even tinge with the most imperceptible hue of shame the national countenance. What is the cause of all this? It is the profound, incurable, and inextirpable bigotry of the English people, to which they will not hesitate to sacrifice the national honour, the public happiness, their own liberties, and their own consciences. . . . . . . If measures for education are proposed by Imperial Government, our people one and all will neither allow them to be adopted, nor will they themselves adopt measures for education. With the diverse sections of our society, no education is education unless it be based upon their own peculiar views and principles. In this way, the curse and

opprobrium of ignorance are maintained in our own country.

I observe that the little urchins of this Saharan School use sand in their first efforts to write. As sand abounds everywhere in the populated oases of Sahara, and the people are poor and cannot afford to buy much paper, it is constantly employed instead of paper, pens, and ink, in casting up accounts. I see all the Soudanese merchants casting up their accounts of barter and bargains in this way. Mostly the fore-finger is employed, and in careless conversation a long stick or spear is used to scratch the sand. But if the subject is serious, the speaker very distinctly marks the stops of his discourse, or illustrates it with flourishes, squares, and circles on the sand, or dust of the streets, smoothing over the sand when he has finished. There is a little bit of superstition attached to this smoothing over the sand. The Moors always tell me when I write in this way to smooth all over and never forget it. They invariably do so themselves, and never leave a mark, or stroke, or dot of the finger on the sand after they have done speaking or writing.

I was surprised to hear of the peculiar mode of the Touarghee succession for Sultans or reigning royal Sheikhs. It is the son of the *Sister* of the Sultan who succeeds to the throne amongst all the Touaricks. I have learnt since that the same custom prevails amongst the Moorish tribes of the banks of the Senegal. Batouta also mentions this singular custom as prevailing amongst the Berber people of *Twalaten*, ايوالاتن, in Western Sahara, in these words:—" The people call themselves

after the name of their maternal* uncles; it is not the sons of the fathers who inherit, but the nephews, sons of the sister of the father." He adds:—I have never met with this usage before, except amongst the infidels of Malabar (in India)." It would appear, these rude children of The Desert have not sufficient confidence in the succession of father and son, and think women should not be put to so severe a test in the propagation of a race of pure blood. Speaking to a Touarghee about it, he said:—"How do we know, if the son of the Sultan be his son? May he not be the son of a slave? Who can tell? But when our young Sultan is born from the sister of the Sultan, then we know he is of the same blood as the Sultan." There is besides another anomaly of the social system in the town of Ghat. Women here are the hereditary possessors and not men. The law of primogeniture is on the female side. The greater part of the houses of the town of Ghat, although the population is chiefly Moorish, belong to women, bequeathed to them or given them on the day of thier marriage by friends or relatives. These two cases of anomaly are more favourable to womankind than what we mostly

* Amongst the Servians the mother's brother was "a very important personage." Ranke says:—"Amongst the early Germans, families were held together by a peculiar preference on the mother's side; the mother's brother being, according to ancient custom, a very important personage. In the Sclavonic-Servian tribe, there prevails, to a greater extent, a strong and lively feeling of brotherly and sisterly affection; the brother is proud of having a sister; the sister swears by the name of her brother."—(*See* Mrs. Alexander Kerr's admirable translation of Ranke's *Servian History, &c.*, chap. iv., p. 56.)

find in Mahometan countries. I may not now scruple to tell the Touaricks, that the Sovereign of England is a female, for fear of giving them offence. It is a curious fact, and may here be added, that the son rarely goes, or travels, with the father, but always is pinned to his mother's knee, or trudges along at her side; at last, he loses all affection for his father, and concentrates his filial love on his mother. This alienation of the son from the father, is increased by the custom of the son inheriting nothing from his father, but all through his mother.

29th.—A fine morning; the sun high in the heavens scatters light and colour over all the Desert scene. In tolerably good spirits, but utterly at a loss which route I shall take. Visited Hateetah; he did not beg or annoy me to-day, but told me to resolve upon my route. Prescribed him some medicine, as also for another person, who had the ill manners to say, "God has made the infidels to be doctors for the Faithful." Yesterday evening, the slaves of Haj Ibrahim (about fifty) danced and sang and forgot their slavery. One young woman acted various grotesque characters, and, amongst the rest, *Bŏree*, "The Devil." When a Negro sulks, or is moody, he is said to be possessed, or to have got in him *Boree*, which agrees pretty well with our "*Blue-devils*." In these evening pastimes they fancy themselves in the wild woods of their native homes, and dance and sing to the rude notes of their ruder instruments of music, and feel as if free and like other mortals.

Went out this morning to have a commanding view of the oasis. Was accompanied by the uncle of Jabour, who took hold of my hand, and pulled me on, when we mounted the neighbouring piece of rock which com-

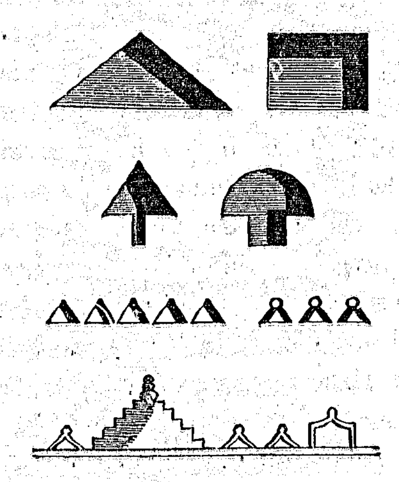
mands the oasis and scenery around. From this block of mountain, north of the city, we had a beautiful view of the town, the oasis, and adjoining palms, and all the Desert of the Valley of Ghât. To the south we saw the date-palms of Berkat. To the east, is the black range of mountains, throwing sombre shadows upon the scattered sand-hills, which lie like shining heaps of silver at their base. This range is higher than the average height of Saharan mountains. The Touaricks say the Genii built these mountains, to protect them (the Touaricks) and their posterity from the inroads of the Turks, and Gog and Magog, from the east. "These are," say they, "our eastern doors (barriers)." Scarcely any breaks or gorges are found in this chain. Beyond the suburb, begirt with sand groups, stands the palace of the Governor, which from hence looks like a line of fortifications, with a tower or two rising above its battlements. There reigns, king and priest, Haj Ahmed, the lord of all he surveys. Sahara around has a varied aspect of trees and plain, sand and mountains. The contrasts are striking, and spite the gloom of Wareerat range, it is a bright desert scene. The town is small, and the gardens are also extremely limited; the oasis is comprehended within a circle of not more than three or four miles. The palms are dwarfish, and half of them do not bear fruit, and their dates are of the most ordinary kind. A sufficient proof that the date-palm is not dependent on the quality of its water, otherwise the palm of Ghat should be the finest and its fruit the most delicious of The Sahara. On the contrary, in some of the oases of Fezzân, where the water is literally salt, the palm is a noble towering tree, catching the breathings of

highest heaven, and casting down most luscious fruit. Houses in Ghat have but a wretched appearance, and are as wretched within as without. They are not white-washed, or clean and bright and shining as Moorish houses of the coast, and though the city is surrounded with stones, and lime is procurable, they are nearly all constructed of sun-dried bricks and mud. A few days of incessant rain would wash many of them down. The wood of construction is, of course, that of the palm. The Desert furnishes no other available building wood. Only one mosque tower deserves the name of minaret. Besides, there is a huge building higher than the rest, but which is inhabited as other houses. The town is walled in with walls not more than ten feet high, but its six gates are miserably weak, and never so closed as to prevent their being opened in the night. The whole town is built on a hill, a portion of the blocks of rock from which we view it. This little place has one large square, called *Esh-Shelly*—الشلّي—the general rendezvous of business and gossip, and where Shafou and all the subordinate Sheikhs administer justice. Here is held the Souk, where everything important is done. But the town-councils and state-councils of the Sheikhs are generally held in the open air. Two or three palms within the town cast a grateful shadow, and make an angle of the streets picturesque, but no other trees are seen. On the south, without the walls, is a suburb of some fifty mud and stone houses. There are also scattered over the sand, on the west, a hundred or more of hasheesh huts, made of straw and palm-branches. In the gardens, besides the palms, a little wheat, barley, and

ghusub is cultivated. There are some fruit-trees, but no vines. Of water there are several large pits, and some warm springs, but nothing approaching to the hot boiling spring of Ghadames. There is, however, one large reservoir, partly surrounded with palm-trees, and the banks covered with rushes, except where the people go to draw. The whole of this is enclosed within walls. Water apparently oozes from a great extent of surface. The water itself is of the first quality, and is said not to produce bile or fever. The irrigation is the same in principle as that of Ghadames, but slaves are employed to draw up the water, whilst animals are used in Fezzan, and in Ghadames the water runs itself into the gardens. The places for burying the dead around the Saharan towns occupy more space than the abodes of the living. This is not surprising, when we reflect that every new grave occupies a new piece of ground, and many years elapse before the old grave is opened to place in it a fresh body. I saw but one grave whitewashed; it was that of a Marabout, the only "whitewashed sepulchre," and, strange enough, it is to denote superior priestly sanctity as in New Testament times amongst the Jews. The rest were small stones heaped up in the shape of a grave, a large piece of stone being placed at the head.

The style of architecture, both here and in Ghadames, is the same, except that of Ghadames is neater and more fantastically elaborated. Most of the walls are surmounted with a mud-plaster work, and the tops and terraces of the houses are surmounted with the same style of material, and generally very irregularly done, as seen in the annexed diagram. The cupboards cut out or excavated in the walls are of the shape of squares or

triangles, and the windows sometimes of the same shape, but occasionally varying as seen in the diagram. All the doors and beams of the houses, as before mentioned, are of the date-palm wood. The doors are the usual long squares, but some of them so low that you are obliged to stoop to enter through them. This is very troublesome to the Touaricks, who always carry their long spears with them, as we our walking-sticks. I have noticed here in The Sahara, as well as on the coast of Barbary, very ingenious wooden lock-and-keys. The key is a piece of wood six or eight inches long, and two broad, covered at one end with little pegs. The lock is fitted to these pegs by little holes. On the arrangement and fitting of these pegs and holes depend the secrecy and security of the lock. It is no easy matter at times to unlock these locks, and requires a very practised hand. The floors are covered with a thick layer of sand, even many of the sleeping rooms, which sand is clean or dirty according to the quality and cleanliness of the occupant.



According to my friend Mr. Colli, the original meaning of the term Ghat is *Sun* or *God*, in the Lybio-Egyptian language. The Arabic is غات, *Ghat*, but as people fancy, like the French, they hear in the pronunciation of the غ in *Ghat* the R, so our former tourists have sometimes written the name of the town Gh*r*at, and others Ghr*aa*t. The oasis of Ghat is situated in 24° 58′ north lat., and 11° 15′ east longitude.

This afternoon received a visit from Khanouhen and his brother, accompanied by Essnousee. This visit was perhaps the most friendly of all which I have received from the Touaricks. For evil or for good, it was, at the time, the preponderating motive for attempting the tour to Soudan. I felt more confidence in the Touaricks. Khanouhen is a man advanced in life, full fifty years of age. He has hard but intelligent features. Like all the Sheikhs, he is tall and of powerful muscular frame. His conversation consisted of a few words, but full of pride and courage, and also to the point. He said:—"I do not expect presents from a stranger who has come so far to claim my hospitality. I can give you assistance without presents. Cannot the man, who is to succeed Shafou, be generous without bribes? It is not generosity to render you assistance if you load me with presents. The heir of the Touarick Sultan receives no presents: he asks for none. We wish not to terrify strangers—even those who do not believe in Mahomet—by acts of extortion and plunder. I will write you a letter to the Sultan of Aheer, so shall Shafou, so shall Hateetah. The Sultan of Aheer must respect our letters. When he does not, we make reprisals on his people. I am now busy. I am going to exterminate the Shânbah. Our

maharees will soon overtake the robbers; not one of them shall escape. We scorn the assistance of the Turks. We are strong enough by ourselves. We want no letters, no advice, no arms, no horses, no guns, from the Pasha of Tripoli. All The Desert is ours; wherever you go you find traces of our power. Be happy here, fear nothing; for if you fear us, you lose our confidence, and become our enemy." I have picked out the sense and many of the exact expressions of this harangue, and the reader will see that the Shereef, his son-in-law, did not exaggerate his sense and fierce eloquence. Khanouhen, indeed, is called "The man of speech," رجل الكلام —by the merchants. The Sheikh was superbly dressed in the first style of the Touaricks, unlike his venerable uncle the Sultan. He wore a scarlet gold-braided coat, an immense red turban, and a huge black litham, covering the upper and lower part of his face, and nearly all his features. His arms were a dagger, a broadsword, and a ponderous bright iron spear, which on entering my apartment the Sheikh was obliged to leave outside.

Weather to-day is as soft and genial as Italy. The sky is overcast this evening, and rain threatens. Yesterday I saw it lighten for the first time in The Sahara. Flies live throughout winter here, and there is now enough of them to give annoyance. An article which I purchased to-day will give some idea of the retail trade in Ghat. This was a barracan, of light and fine quality, which cost me three Spanish dollars. In Tripoli, about forty days' journey from this, it cost two mahboubs, about a dollar and three-quarters. But I purchased it for money; had it been exchanged for goods or slaves, it would have been charged four dollars. This is nearly

cent. per cent. profit. Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. Shafou had returned the merchant's visit, and dined with him. The venerable Sheikh does not stand upon etiquette. An affair came off to-day, which admirably and most characteristically illustrates the mode of administering justice in Ghat. Mustapha, the young merchant of Tripoli, quarrelled with one of his Arabs, and came to blows. Shafou chanced to pass by at the time. His Highness immediately dispatched a servant to bring the pugilists before him. Shafou then harangued them and the bystanders, in this spirited manner:—"You see these men come here to disturb our country. What ungrateful wretches they are! Shall I suffer this? Don't I protect them? don't I allow them to gain money at our Souk? They return with goods and innumerable slaves to Tripoli. But they laugh at me and insult me to my face, and trample upon our hospitality, (*addressing a Sheikh*). Do you think, (*turning to the combatants,*) there is no authority or justice in this place? I'll let you know to the contrary. What do you think The Christian will say, if he comes and sees this? Now, you rascals, pay me each of you ten dollars." This was followed by a violent intercession on their behalf by the foreign merchants, some blaming one and some the other. His Highness was obliged to compromise the matter, accepting of a dollar from each. It is probable His Highness was more anxious to inflict the penalty than quell the tumult; but I was quite unprepared for such an eloquent address from the ancient patriarch of the country. Considering the great number of strangers, there are very few quarrels. "Ghat," as was said before I came, "is a country of peace." Were

a bazaar of this sort held in Europe (for example an English fair), there would be a row every day, and every hour of the day. Nevertheless, this does not prevent us from calling these Saharan people barbarians.

30*th*.—Very mild weather this morning, but overcast as if rain would soon fall. I have not been long enough in The Desert to read the weather signs, or become weather-wise. Keep the door shut, to prevent an influx of visitors. Now and then a few people get in. Whilst eating my supper this evening, I was surprised at the appearance of two little ragged boys. I asked what they wanted, they returned, "Eat, eat, we want to eat." I went out to see them, for they stood on the terrace in the dark. Here I found one of the audacious urchins flourishing a spear ten times as big as himself, menacing me with it. I pushed the little scoundrels down stairs into the street. I could not however help remarking upon their audacity, and the early infant habits of Touarghee "begging by force." The Ghadamsee people have always been the fair game of the Touaricks. Asking one day a Ghadamsee, "What occupation the Touaricks followed?" he replied indignantly, "Beg, beg, beg, this is their trade! When they get money, they bury it, and beg, beg, beg!" This perhaps, is overstated, still it is curious to witness this first lesson of "we want to eat," repeated by children of very tender age, with a tone of command and insolence. Khanouhen does not send for his present, and I hear, he will not receive presents. I shall have the more to give away at Aheer.

31*st*.—Fine morning. I am surprised at my simplicity; but, apparently, the only thing which I enjoy with pure feelings, is the song of the little birds, the *boo-*

habeeba, which frequent my terrace and the house-top, as sparrows familiarly in England. With these I feel I can hold free converse and interchange an unadulterated sympathy. The innocent little creatures remind me of my days of childhood, when I revelled in the woods and corn-fields of Lincolnshire, listening to the song of birds in early fresh spring morn, or bright summer day. Here was the tender chord of childhood associations touched, and no wonder that memory should come in to the aid of sympathy in these unsympathizing deserts. How little at times contents the heart, and fills the aching vacuum of the mind! In this we cannot fail to see an arrangement of infinite wisdom. If only great things could satisfy the mind of man, how prodigiously our miseries would be increased, for how few are the things deserving to be called great! Called this morning on Hateetah. Put him in a better humour, by telling him I would give him an extra present. On returning, stopped at a stall, where were exposed for sale, onions, trona, dates, and other things. The women immediately caught alarm, afraid I was going to throw a glance of "the evil eye" on their little property. They cried out, "There is one God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God!" I made off quick enough from this unseemly uproar. Saw afterwards the Governor. Called to ask him to allow his servants to make me some cuscasou, which request his Excellency granted immediately. He said:—"In travelling to Soudan adopt the dress of the Ghadamsee merchants, and let your beard grow." The Governor refuses to say anything of Kandarka. Probably they have quarrelled. Our merchants give the Tibboos a bad character, and the caravans are afraid of them.

CHAPTER XIX.

ABANDON THE TOUR TO SOUDAN.

Violent Act of a Touarick on Slaves.—Visit to the Princess Lilla Fatima.—Mode of grinding Corn.—Dilatoriness of Commercial Transactions.—Grandees of Ghat Town.—Khanouhen refuses his Present.—Rumours of the Conquest of Algeria spread throughout Africa.—Small Breed of Animals in Sahara.—Queer circumstance of unearthly Voices.—The Cold becomes intense.—Arrival of Sheikh Berka.—Hateetah in good Humour.—My Targhee friend, Sidi Omer.—Visit from Kandarka; his Character.—Visit to the aged Berka, and find the Giant.—Hateetah's Political Gossips.—At a loss which Route to take, and how to proceed.—Superstitions connected with the Butcher.—Zeal of an old Hag against The Christian.—Out of Humour.—Reported departure of Caravans.—Jabour calls with a Patient.—Visit Bel Kasem, and find Khanouhen.—Political Factions of Azgher Touaricks.—Giants in The Desert.—Fanciful analogies of origin of Peoples.—Hierarchy of the Sheikhs.—Population, Arms, and Military Forces of the Ghat Touaricks.—The Mahry or Maharee.—Camels named from their Fleetness.—Touarghee Court of Justice.—Amphitheatrical style of Touaricks lounging.—Amount of Customs-Dues paid by Ghat Traders.—Free Trade in Sahara.

1*st January*, 1846.—YESTERDAY I saw two slaves, both of whom had gashes on their arms and legs, the blood flowing from one poor fellow profusely. I asked,

"Who has done this?"

The Slaves.—"A Touarghee."

"What for?" I continued.

The Slaves.—"Nothing."

I found afterwards the slaves were doing some work in the gardens which the Touarghee thought should have been given to him. Touaricks seldom get into passion,

but when the blood boils the dagger is immediately had recourse to for the arrangement of their quarrels. The Touaricks have many slaves, but male slaves, for they rarely mix their blood with the negro race. Called upon Hateetah with his extra present of four dollars' value. He then began in an excited humour, "To-morrow come to me, Shafou will be here. We must arrange to send a maharee to the English Sultan." I suggested his brother should take it to Tripoli. He sprung up from his bed with joy, "Yes, good, Shafou and I will arrange everything. Nobody else must come here but you. It must be all done in secret." Hateetah is frightened of Khanouhen, and knows the Sultan has no will of his own unless kept apart from that powerful prince. Touaricks, when something is to be had, soon get excited, like the rest of us.

Afterwards, Said and I carried the present for Khanouhen to the prince's house. I spoke to the Governor, who recommended me, by all means, notwithstanding the Sheikh's protestations, to send him a handsome present. I submitted to the Governor's opinion. Khanouhen resides in some apartments of the Governor's palace; this is the prince's town residence. We were conducted to the apartment of his lady, Lilla Fatima, (the prince being out,) by her nephews. Her Royal Highness received us courteously, and the interview was extremely amusing. I began by apologizing for the top of "the head of sugar*" being broken off. This made the lady almost faint. "What!" she protestingly exclaimed, "Khanouhen is The Great Sultan! Shafou is compared

* The merchants call these loaves of French beet-root sugar, *Ras*, *i. e.*, "head."

to him like the sand! (taking up a little sand from the floor and scattering it about with her hands.) My husband is lord and master of all the Touaricks. He has the word ready; from his lips, all the Touaricks, all the merchants, all the strangers, all the Christians who come here, receive their commands and instantly obey them. And you bring him a loaf of sugar with the head knocked off! Oh, this is not pretty! This is not right, and I am afraid for your sake." I pleaded inability to find another loaf this morning, but promised to bring one to-morrow. Her Royal Highness then begged for more things. "You see the *grunfel* (cloves) is not for me; it is for Khanouhen's other wife in the country. Khanouhen will take it all away to her, and leave me none. Now you must, indeed, bring me some *grunfel*." I then recommended her to get it divided, at which she laughed heartily, adding, "Ah, Khanouhen likes her in the country better than me." I then put Her Royal Highness in a good humour by telling her I would send her some beads, and if I should return to Tripoli, and come back to Ghat, I would bring her several presents. She added, "My husband Khanouhen related to me all the things which you intended to give him, which you showed him in your room. Also, you said you would give him a little lock and key, where is it?"

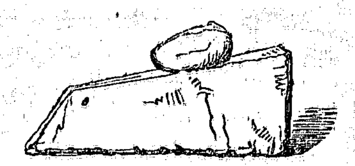
This I had not brought with me, thinking the Sheikh would not accept of such a trifling thing, but I was mistaken. The Touaricks will take everything you offer them, and not hurt your self-complacency of conferring a favour by refusal. I must finish with this lady, whose tongue ran along at a tremendous rate, by adding, that to show her regard for me, (and for herself likewise,

wishing me to return to Tripoli to fetch her some nice presents,) her Royal Highness gave me this advice: "For God's sake don't go to Soudan. You'll die there soon. How can you, a Christian, live there with such a white skin? The people who go there are all black, and have large swollen faces, (imitating them by blowing out her cheeks,) they are puffed out and nasty, they become as ugly as the devil himself." The town wife and lady of the Sheikh, who is heir-apparent to the Touarghee throne of Ghat, is herself a comely bustling body, rather stout, of middle size, about thirty-five years of age; and were she dressed in European style, she might, with her fine black eyes, look as well as some of our courtly dames. Her Royal Highness had nothing on but a plain Soudan black cotton gown, with short sleeves, and a light woollen barracan, as a sort of shawl, wrapped round her shoulders, partly covering her head. She had a few charms and some coloured beads adorning the neck; two gold bracelets on her wrist, and two thick hoops of silver round her ancles. A pair of coloured-leather sandals, made in Soudan, were bound on her feet. She had no colour, save the usual sallow of Moorish ladies, on her cheek, but she had no disfigurement of tattooing or other marks upon her, so common in Saharan beauties.

After the delivery of the present I called to see the Governor, the lady's brother. Told him of my sudden resolution of abandoning the journey to Soudan the present year. He highly approved of my resolution, and seemed relieved of a great embarrassment, for, although very cautious in what he said, he always considered himself responsible more or less for my safety. I found his Excellency, but not to my surprise, pur-

chasing half a dozen slaves, young lads. The Marabout merchant does not scruple to deal in human beings. The fact is, his Excellency scruples at no kind of trade, by which he may "turn a penny," or "save a penny." Returned home and wrote to Tripoli; but when the letter was finished the courier was gone. As often happens, was glad afterwards the letter did not go.

The mode of grinding corn here, if I may use the term grinding, is of the most primitive character possible. It is nothing more or less than rubbing the corn between two stones, the lower stone being large and smoothed off on its surface, with an inclined plane, and the upper stone very small compared to the lower. Thus—



A small basket catches the meal as it falls off, or is pushed off by the person, who holds the upper stone in his hands, and works it up and down over the surface of the lower stone. Slaves and women so grind wheat, barley, ghusub, &c. The meal is scarcely ever winnowed. In Aheer, a large wooden pestle and mortar are used for grinding, rather pounding, the corn. The slaves living with me have a huge wooden pestle and mortar, and we frequently use it. It requires great tact in the pounding, otherwise the grain will be continually flying out. I pounded dates with it, which with a little olive oil, and roasted grain pounded with them, adding a few grains of Soudan pepper and a little dry cheese, make very nice

cake, or it is esteemed nice cake in Ghat. Corn and ghusub are given to day-labourers intead of money. A slave will have about a quarter of a peck of barley, or other grain, given him for a day's work; occasionally is added to it, a few dates or a little liquid butter: on this he must live.

The Souk of Ghat, thank heaven, is nearly closed. The business, which has been transacted here during the last month, would have been done in England in one or two days at most. But our Saharan merchants are determined to do everything, *be-shwaiah, be-shwaiah,* "by little and by little." The greatest trial of patience for an European merchant frequenting this Souk would be the dilatoriness with which commercial transactions are carried on. A month usually passes before the Souk opens, and six weeks more are consumed before a merchant can or will get off, although, as his merchandize consists chiefly of slaves, his delay is all against himself, eating him up and his profits. The details of the traffic are really curious. A slave is heard of one day, talked about the next, searched out the day after, seen the next, reflections next day, price fixed next, goods offered next, squabblings next, bargain upset next, new disputes next, goods assorted next, final arrangement next, goods delivered and exchanged next, &c., &c., and the whole of this melancholy exhibition of a wrangling cupidity over the sale of human beings is wound up by the present of a few parched peas, a few Barbary almonds, and a little tobacco being given to the Soudanese merchants, the parties separating with as much self-complacency, as if they had arranged the mercantile affairs of all Africa.

2nd.—Visited this evening Hateetah. He says, the Sultan and himself will call upon me to-morrow, and arrange the present which is to be sent to Her Majesty. Afterwards called upon the Governor, to ask him where Haj Abdullah of Bengazi resided. He leaves for Fezzan in eight or ten days, and has offered to take me with him. Called afterwards on Mohammed Kafah. Found him friendly, but he, assisted by his brother, began again to annoy me about Mahomet, Paradise, and hell-fire. I told them, "All good people, whatever their creed, must be blessed with the favour of God. Such was the native sentiment in all our hearts." Kafah said, "Many English have turned Mussulmans." I told him very few, and those mostly good-for-nothing runaways. He asked why we did not repeat their formula? I told him we all did the first part, "There is but one God;" but the second was prohibited by Christians. I left them very angry. It is next to impossible to induce Saharan Mahometans to think favourably of Christianity. If Christianity ever be propagated here, it must be through the means of youth and children. The merchants Kafah and Tunkana, the Kady Tahar, and Haj Ahmed the Governor, are the knot of personages and grandees in this little Saharan town. All the rest are sorry traders, camel-drivers, and slaves. The Touaricks are only town visitors, and always retire to their country districts at the close of the periodic marts.

Weather to-day is excessively cold, the wind blowing from the north-east. Everybody is frightened at the wind, and there is no Souk, or market, till very late. I myself feel the cold extremely, so I am not surprised to see the Soudanese people all shut up in their houses

crowding over a smoking fire, with the rooms full of smoke, and nearly suffocating the inmates.

To my great surprise, and contrary to every expectation, Prince Khanouhen has sent his present back in a great rage, not directly, indeed, to me, but to my neighbour Bel-Kasem, saying, with a thousand different remarks, embellished with oaths, "I will not accept of such a miserable present." Bel Kasem calls upon me in a prodigious fright, prostrate under the ire of the incensed Chieftain, and thus pleads in his favour: "Khanouhen considers himself a greater Sheikh even than Shafou the Sultan. He is greatly dissatisfied with so small a present; increase it a little for God's sake—if you are going to Soudan, you must add something considerable: if not, just a little to pacify him. Khanouhen has got a large belly; pray satisfy him, for he can do more for you than any other Sheikh in Ghat. Indeed, Khanouhen is very angry with you for sending him such a trifle, and for taking it to his wife. Why did you take the present to his wife? Now, take my advice: the Sheikh just dropped out, if you will give him ten dollars in money, he will send you the present of goods back. Send him only the value of the goods in money, and then he will be satisfied. Khanouhen has got a stomach bigger than that of all the Sheikhs. He rages against you like fire: satisfy him for Heaven's sake."

I immediately sent back Bel Kasem to find the Sheikh, and to propose to him to take back the goods, and give him money instead, or add a little money to the goods. So then this is the great bravado of Khanouhen, that he could not soil his fingers by taking presents! I expect I shall soon be stripped. There

are, unfortunately, so many Sheikhs, that to give handsome presents to them all, would amount to a large sum. A burning jealousy rankles in their breasts about these Souk presents. Each wishes to be the greater man, in order to have more presents, though all acknowledge Shafou on the principle of "right divine," or "the right of the Genii." There is a controversy going on about Haj Ibrahim, as to which of the Sheikhs is his friend, or protector, to whom he is to send his little present of tribute. Of course I feel extremely annoyed and disheartened to have a quarrel of this sort with the man who has the greatest influence in the country. But I must hold out, since my situation is not yet desperate. As something agreeable, in counterpoise, I may mention that Haj Ibrahim, on visiting the Sultan, found His Highness reclining on the carpet-rug which I gave him. His Highness said to the merchant, smiling with satisfaction, "See, this is what The Christian gave me." It is the present given to the Sultan which has excited the jealous indignation of his nephew. But the Sheikhs have broken through the rule, or I have myself, for Hateetah only has the right of a present from me.

3rd.—A fine morning, and warmer, but the wind is still high. Over the open desert is a sort of a dirty-red mist, which people tell me is the sand.

Since Shafou and Hateetah did not come this morning as promised, I called on Hateetah to know the reason. Hateetah had a cold in his eyes, and could not go out. He added, "Shafou is busy in enrolling troops for the Shânbah expedition." Hateetah had many visitors whilst I was there. A Ghatee, to my surprise, asked me, "How long slaves would be allowed to be sold in

Tripoli?" I answered, "Some time yet." He had heard of my being connected with abolition. Another, just returned from Soudan, said :—"The people of Soudan say the Emperor of Morocco has taken possession of Algeria." I was unprepared for such a rumour in the heart of Africa, and coming from The South, instead of going to The South. Of this irregularity the Saharan newsmongers never think. But the fact is, the conquest of Algeria by a powerful Christian nation is felt in every part of The Desert, and reaches the farthest peregrinations of the merchants. These wars and rumours of wars, however, are turned whenever possible in favour of the Mussulmans. It is probable the attempted invasion of Oran by the son of the Emperor, was immediately transformed into the conquest of that province by desert reports. Another person asked me, "Whether the Government of Constantinople was that of the Sultan himself, or the Christians?" I observed :—"The Sultan's Government is very much influenced by Christian Powers." It has long been the opinion of Barbary Moors, that the late Sultan Mahmoud was a Greek in the disguise of a Mussulman; and the same stigma sticks to his son. This opinion has acquired strength and obtained general currency by the European reforms which the Ottomans have lately introduced into their administration. Many questions of this kind were asked, and, in the presence of Hateetah when no insolence would be tolerated, the people seemed less bigoted. This is the advantage of having an English agent, if possible, in these remote districts, like Hateetah. Passing through the gardens, I saw some horses and bullocks, and was surprised at their dwarfish dimensions. In Central

Africa, horses are frequently found of a very dwarfish breed. The horses were unwhisped and sorry-looking ponies, with their bellies pinched in. The bullocks cut an equally queer figure. I have noticed that fowls here are very small, but very lively, catching the fire of a long Saharan summer. The cocks, which are so many bantams, are indeed all fire, attacking you with fierceness. Two of the Governor's sons called at noon. One flourished a spear, which he said was "to beat Christians with." I pushed him out of my apartment down stairs. With such customers it is the only plan. Another son called a short time afterwards, and asked me to lend him three dollars, which, of course, I refused. His Excellency knows nothing of the tricks of these young gentlemen, or they would soon be put to rights. Two Arabs, just returned from Soudan, called and said:—"Go to Soudan, there's not much sickness, go *vià* Aheer. The road *vià* Bornou is not safe now." This is what I conjectured, after hearing of the skirmishes and the retreat of the son of Abd-el-Geleel before the Turks up to Bornou.

Late this evening, on descending to the lower rooms of the house, which were nearly dark, very little light indeed penetrating the lower part of the house at any time of the day, I found the street-door open, and two long huge figures scarcely visible in the gloom, standing up against the wall on opposite sides of the large room. I retreated back a few paces in alarm. The slaves were all out, as also Said. Presently I heard two gruff voices begin from the different parts of the room, in long and measured and doleful accents. One repeated, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God." The words were repeated very slowly and

solemnly, and at considerable intervals, "La - - lillah - - ella - - ellaha - - wa - - Mo-ham-med - - ra-soul - - ellaha!" The other voice uttered in equally grave and solemn accents, "Bor-nou-se! Bor-nou-se! Bor-nou-se!" The first voice appalled me, for I did not know but what I was going to receive the stroke of a dagger through the deep gloom, in case of my refusing to comply with repeating the Mahometan formula, or confession of faith; but the second voice reassured me, I felt the parties were begging in the style of Ouweek, "Your money or your life." I besides recognized at once the parties to be some low fellows of the Touaricks. The street-door was wide open, though no one was passing by. As soon as I could distinguish the import of these strange unearthly voices, which seemed to rise from the ground like the mutterings of the wizard, I saw the only course before me was, as all the servants were absent, to rush out into the street. I made a spring right by one of the Touaricks, leaving a portion of my slight woollen bornouse caught by the hilt of his dagger. I went off to Haj Ibrahim, but said nothing about it, not knowing correctly what might have been the intentions of the Touaricks. I always found the Touaricks displeased, even the Sheikhs, when any complaints were made against them. Shafou, himself, always told me, "My people will be as kind to you as I am," and would not hear of complaints. I comprehended the course before me, and complained of no one. On my return home I heard nothing, and said nothing. I took the precaution, however, of not allowing Said to leave the house when the Governor's slaves were out. I may mention now, that Ouweek's affair was entirely smuggled up, and never even alluded to by the Sultan or

Khanouhen. The policy of Khanouhen is not to allow a suspicion of this sort to be whispered abroad. In his own words :—"We are hospitable, we are men of honour, of one word, and we cannot commit a dastardly action." The reader will hereafter see the result, so far as my visit amongst the Touaricks was concerned.

4th.—Awfully cold this morning, and can scarcely bear my miserable apartment, which affords very little shelter from the wind and cold, having neither door nor window-holes closed up. No one to be seen in the streets; all "struck upon a heap" with the cold, and shut up in the houses. At noon, when the sun began to be felt, went out to see Bel Kasem, and was pleased to hear that Khanouhen would compound with me, and receive five or six dollars in cash, instead of the present. The sugar and cloves, beads and looking-glasses were not to be returned, but to be left for the Sheikh's ladies. I felt much relieved; it was not very pleasant to be in a contest with the actual Sultan of the country.

Berka, the most aged and venerable Sheikh of the great families, arrived yesterday from his district, bringing with him numerous followers.

Called upon Hateetah, and gave him an additional present, the whole now amounting to eight dollars. He is, of course, in a very good humour, and considers I have treated him like the English Consul. He proposed to me that I should get him officially appointed British Consul by the Queen. His pretensions are not exhorbitant; he would be contented with fifty dollars a year. He might be useful. The difficulty would be official correspondence. The Touarghee Consul would be obliged to employ an Arabic Secretary.

My young and kind Touarghee friend Sidi Omer, called this afternoon. He is more like an English acquaintance of years' standing than a Desert Touarghee whom I saw but yesterday. I asked him to take cuscasou with me. He observed, "No, that must not be; a little sugar I'll take, a little perfume for my wife I'll take, but I must not eat your cuscasou, for you are a stranger. You ought to eat my cuscasou. The Touaricks must not eat the cuscasou of strangers, and so friendly like you." I offered to take him with me to Tripoli. He answered, "No, not now, I must first go and fight the Shânbah. Then I'll return and come to you in Tripoli, God willing; nay, I'll visit you in your country, and you shall show me your Sheikh." In fact, this young man is free from those fanatical prejudices disfiguring so many of his countrymen. He is most amiable and gentle, too gentle for these Saharan wilds. Occasionally he escorts me about the town, and always keeps off the rabble. After my friend, Kandarka called on me. I did not know the fellow, he having twisted a white turban round his head. Strange, this Aheer camel-driver visited me before I called upon him and sent for him, and when he came I did not recognize him again, on account of his assuming such Protean shapes. To-day I was much pleased with his intelligence and the frankness of his conversation. I opened my journal, and showed him his name written in it, that he might see, if I did not recognize him, yet he occupied my attention, for his name was already inscribed with Christian letters in my book. He was so delighted at the sight of his name in the book, that he sprung up, made a summerset on the terrace, took up his sword and flourished it in the air,

and then sat down again, staring and grinning in my face as if he had been imbibing laughing gas. There is more negro blood and negro antics in him than the ordinary Touaricks of Aheer. He represents Noufee as a great country of trade, and inhabited by Pagans and Mohammedans. Kandarka introduced religion, but finding the English prayed and acknowledged a God, he was satisfied and dropped the subject.

Kandarka.—"English, pray?" (bending his forehead to the ground.)

"Yes, yes."

Kandarka.—"Sultan English, cut off plenty heads," (making a stroke with a sword).

"Yes, yes."

Kandarka.—"Sultan English, plenty wives has he," (making an indecent sign).

"Yes, yes."

Kandarka.—"English women, plenty fat—big all round," (describing a lady's bustle).

"Yes, yes."

Kandarka.—"English, slaves, slaves!"

(I shake my head.)

Kandarka.—"How? How?"

(I shake my head.)

Kandarka.—"Where are you going?"

"I don't know."

Kandarka.—"Come to Aheer with me, I fear no one. You fear no one when you come with me."

"I don't fear any one but God."

Kandarka.—"G— it's the truth!" (seizing hold of my hands to embrace me.)

I cannot but lament my feeble powers, to depict the

character of my various visitors, and to represent their ideas in English. I am obliged to be content with a bald outline of their characters, and a miserable translation of their thoughts into English dress. This Kandarka is in himself a complete character, and a study for the tourist.

This evening paid a visit to Berka, the most aged Sheikh. It was dark when I arrived at his date-branch hut. I entered; it was a large enclosure. I found the aged Sheikh with several of his brothers, and they and their children sitting round a flickering fire. One of them was dressed in white. I asked the reason. The Sheikh told me he was a Marabout. The French Government writers of Algeria have distinguished Touaricks into white and black Touaricks, from the white and black clothes which they are said to wear. I never heard of this distinction. Now and then I have seen a Touarick dressed in white cottons, or woollens; it seemed to be a matter of caprice. All dress in black and blue-black cottons of Soudan; it is the national colour. And here we have a new case of contrarieties in Mussulman nations living near neighbours, for the Moors and Arabs detest black as much as the Touaricks admire black. The Touaricks seem to have caught the infection from the colour of their country, which is intersected with ranges of black mountains. In one of the early skirmishes of the French in Algeria, an officer describes the appearance of the enemy, as covering the mountain's side, whence they sallied, with a white mantle, the Arabs were so thick and their burnouses so white. Berka was very gentle and affable, like every man of a good old age. "You are welcome in this country," he

addressed me; "this is a country of peace." Whilst conversing with the old Sheikh, I heard a gruff heavy whisper from the farther end of the hut, *Hash-Hālik*, "How do you do?" I turned round, and to my no small astonishment, I saw the Giant Touarick, stretched along the full length of the very large hut, sweltering in the fulness of his might. The reader will remember the honourable mention made of The Giant in Ghadames. He then raised up his massy head and Atlantean chest, and put out his brawny sinewy arm, and clenched my hand: "Yâkob, the Shânbah have murdered my little son, *they* are the enemies of man and God, not *you* Christians. I am going to cut them all to pieces. Last year I killed eight with my own good sword. When you come back from Soudan, you will not hear any more even the name of the Shânbah." The Giant groaned out this in bad Arabic. He was greatly afflicted for the loss of his son. The Shânbah brigands fell upon a troop of Touaricks, in whose care he had left his little son, a child of very tender age. I presented Berka with a fine large white turban, and we parted good friends. The Giant is the nephew of Berka.

5th.—Called upon Hateetah. He had, as usual, many visitors. Conversation turned upon politics. They were anxious to know the relative amount of the military forces of the nations of Europe, and of the Stamboul Sultan. I always tell them France has plenty of money and troops. This keeps down their boasting, for the French are near, and they are alarmed, and they think, as an Englishman, I must tell the truth when I praise the French. If I abused the French they might suspect me, but I have no inclination to do so. At the same time,

I'll defy any traveller to write fairly and justly upon the late history of North Africa, without filling his pages with *boná fide* and well-founded abuse of the French and their works in this part of the world. They emphatically stink throughout Africa. Hateetah vexed me by begging a *backsheesh* for his brothers. I positively refused; there's no end to making presents. All the Sheikhs, as Bel Kasem said of Khanouhen, have "a large belly." On returning home, I determined to keep the door shut to prevent people coming to annoy me. Now that I have no sugar or dates left, I have nothing wherewith to get rid of them. Every visitor who leaves me, without a small present, however trifling it may be, considers himself insulted by me, or that I don't like him.

Still at a loss to know what to do, whether to proceed to Soudan, or return and finish my tour of the Mediterranean. Sometimes I fancy I'll toss up, and then, checking my folly, I'll try the *sortes sanctorum;* a feather would turn the scale. On such miserable indecision hangs the fate of man!

Bought half a sheep for a Spanish dollar. It's not much of a bargain, for it is one of the Soudan species, and very thin and bony. Touarick flocks are nearly all this kind of sheep. When the Arab, who was "halves with me," divided the carcase, he took two pieces of wood, and then sent Said down stairs. One of the pieces he gave me, and the other he kept. He now, taking back my piece, called Said to return, and told him to put each piece of wood on each half of the sheep. My piece determined my half, and his piece his half. This is the Arab *sortes sanctorum.* The butcher had sprinkled

his hayk with the blood, a drop or two were on it, and he was distressed to wash them out lest they should prevent him saying his prayers. A portion of the entrails, the spleen, he applied to his eyes as a talisman for their preservation.

There is an old woman very fond of annoying me; let us suppose she must be a witch; she always calls out after me when I pass her stall, "There is but one God and Mahomet is the prophet of God." To-day, words would not suffice; the old hag ran after me and thumped me over the back, to show her zeal for Mahomet, who, begging pardon of his Holiness, has not, after all, been so very kind to the ladies in his religion, unless it be the compliment which he has paid them, by placing all the imaginable felicity of Paradise in their embraces. I took no notice of the virago. I find it's no use. I was glad, however, to hear she was not Touarick, and only a Billingsgate Mooress of the place. I am also happy to tell my fair readers, she was not fair but very ugly. A large party of people followed me home, hooting me, to give them something to eat. This rabble fancies they have the right to insult a Christian, unless he gives them something to eat or to wear. To bear all this, and ten thousand little delicate attentions of the rabble of Ghat, requires, as Mr. Fletcher hints, "Conciliation," with an occasional dose, I should think, of that most necessary of all Saharan equipments, in travelling through The Desert, PATIENCE.

6th.—Sulky with the insolence of the rabble, and determined not to go out till the evening. A brother or cousin of Hateetah called to beg, and being in a bad humour, I told him I was just going round the town to

ask for a few presents myself, in return for those I had given to the people. He was not abashed, but answered, "Good, good." He waited half an hour in silence, for I got to my writing, and went off much pleased, I should imagine, with his visit. One of the slaves of the Governor came in, and said sharply, "What's that fellow *douwar* (*i.e.* go about seeking)?" "He wants you to give him some of your *gusub* (grain.)" "*Kelb*" (dog), he replied. This slave himself was a brazen-faced beggar, and a bit of a thief, but withal a droll fellow. I asked him how he was captured? He answered, naïvely, "You know Fezzan, you know Ghat;—well, these two countries make the war, and catch me a boy." "How do you like Haj Ahmed, your master?" "He has plenty wives, plenty children: we slaves must plenty work for all these. Now, I like to eat. Haj Ahmed, he Governor, but he gives me nothing to eat. I work for him six hours—I work for others six hours. The people give me to eat, not Haj Ahmed."

This is the character of slave-labour in Ghat. The masters have half of their labour for nothing, or because they are their slaves: with the rest of their labour they support themselves. The *meum et tuum* is not, and indeed cannot be very strictly observed by the poor people who have to support such a precarious existence; and when Said went down to bring up the meat to cook for supper, he found this young gentleman had carried it nearly all off to cook for his own supper, leaving what remained for us to make the best of.

It is now reported that every stranger will leave Ghat in five or six days, one ghafalah going to the south, another to the north, one to the east, and another to

the west. To these five or six days ten or twenty may be added. This is ordinary calculation of Desert time.

Afternoon, Jabour called with a young man, who had a bullet lodged in his arm, which he had received in a skirmish with the Shânbah. I could only recommend a surgical operation, and his going to Tripoli. At this Jabour was alarmed, and asked "What would the Turks do to the young man?" begging of me medicine. I offered to take him under my protection, but it was of no avail. The amiable Sheikh was as friendly as ever. I asked him to write a letter to England. Jabour replied justly, "You are my letter; I have written on you. You can tell your Sultan and people the news of us all." "Don't be afraid to return, there are no banditti in that route. The Shânbah are in the west," he added. I promised, if ever returning to Ghat, I would bring him a sword with his name engraven upon it. He said, "I know you will, Yâkob." I am tempted to think Jabour is the only gentleman amongst the Touaricks. Another of Hateetah's cousins came to beg, but went away empty-handed. This evening visited Bel-Kasem in the expectation of seeing Khanouhen. The prince saluted me very friendly, and asked, in a sarcastic tone, "How is the English Consul (Hateetah)?" My appearance then suggested thoughts about Christians. "What is the name of the terrible warrior who has killed so many Christians in Algeira?" he demanded.

I.—"Abd-el-Kader."

"Yâkob," he continued, "come, let you and me fight, for it seems Mussulmans and Christians must fight. Here, I'll lend you a spear,—take that," (giving me a

huge iron lance.) I took it, and turning to Bel-Kasem, said, "What's this cost?" so evading the challenge. "The price of a camel," shouted Bel-Kasem at the top of his voice. "Ah!" cried Khanouhen, "right, now sit down again; men are fools to fight—why cut one another's throats?" "Yâkob," he went on, "your Sultan's a woman, does she fight?" There was now a tremendous knocking at the door. This was two or three cousins of Hateetah. "D——n that Hateetah," cried Khanouhen, "Bel-Kasem, turn them away." Hereupon, Bel-Kasem started up in the most abject style of obedience, and pushed one of his slaves out of the room-door into the open court, crying "Bago, bago" (not at home). There are certain foreign words which get currency, and supplant all native ones. This "bago" is neither Touarghee, nor Ghadamsee, nor Arabic, although used by persons speaking almost exclusively these languages. Bago is Housa, as before mentioned. Then the slave called "Bago, bago, bago;" then half-a-dozen slaves, close to the street-door, called "Bago, bago, bago." The knocking continued; the "bagos" continued, the uproar was hideous. Then Bel-Kasem gave his slave a slap, crying, "Bago, you *kelb* (dog)." Now the slave was off again to the other slaves, shouting and yelling "Bagos," till the "bagos" drowned the knocking and the clamour without, and the disappointed supper-hunters retired growling like hungry wolves of the evening. Bel-Kasem now gave me a hint to fetch the money for Khanouhen. I was off and back in an instant, very glad to give the Sheikh the money according to our new compact. I put it into the hands of Bel-Kasem. "Go out," said Bel-Kasem, "and see the fine parrots I have.

bought." I went out, and in the meanwhile the politic merchant slipped the money into the hands of the Prince. When I came back, they both began to ridicule Hateetah. The Prince said, "Yâkob, place yourself under the sword of Hateetah, and go out with him and fight a hundred Shânbah." "Oh, he's an ass," replied Bel-Kasem. Such was their style of ridicule. Bel-Kasem is a well-meaning little fellow, but a sort of fool or jester of the Sheikh's. Khanouhen allows him to say anything and do anything, but laughs at him all the time. Bel-Kasem always brings the Sheikh some pretty present, and Khanouhen throws around him his powerful arm of protection. The slavish merchant and faithful sycophant always calls him Sultan, swears by the Sheikh's beard in his quarrels with the other merchants, and threatens all his rivals in trade with Khanouhen's wrath.

The Sahara has its factions in every group of its society. It would appear that without faction neither Saharan nor any other sort of society could exist. Ghadames gives us its *Ben Weleed* and *Ben Wezeet*. Ghat gives us three great factions in its Republic of Sheikhs. We may thus classify their politics :—

Monarchical Faction.

Mohammed Shafou Ben Seed, *the Sultan* of the Ghat, or Azgher Touaricks.

El-Haj Mohammed Khanouhen Ben Othman, the heir-apparent of the throne.

Marabout El-Haj Ahmed Ben El-Haj, Es-Sadeek, Governor of the town of Ghat.

Ouweek (second-rate Sheikh).

ARISTOCRATIC FACTION.

Mohammed Ben Jabour, Marabout Sheikh.

DEMOCRATIC FACTION.

Berka Ben Entăshāf, the most aged of the Sheikhs.
The Sheikh of gigantic stature*.
Hateetah Ben Khouden, the "*friend*" of the English.

I found the strongest demonstrations of rivalry, and the bitterest feelings of faction, in the conduct of these several princes of The Desert, who are the personages of influence and authority amongst the Ghat Touaricks. In the monarchical class the Governor of the town is allied to the Sultan by marriage, though Khanouhen has no family by the Governor's sister. Shafou, the venerable Sultan, is of such gentle unassuming manners that he exercises no political influence over the wild sons of The Desert. Khanouhen embodies the Sultan, and is the man of eloquence, of action, and intrepidity in the national councils. He is feared by all (Jabour, perhaps, excepted), but, nevertheless, is not tyrannical in his administration of affairs. Jabour, the Marabout, is a wise, upright, and amiable prince. His influence extends beyond the Ghat Touaricks. Jabour told me himself, he had several people subject to his authority, extending as far as Timbuctoo. To these, the Prince promised to commit me in case I determined to make a journey to Timbuctoo. Like Khanouhen, Jabour has two wives; one resides in Ghat, where the Sheikh has a *town-house*, and the other in the country

* Having always called him the *Giant* in my notes, I neglected to get his name.

districts. He has, besides, four or five sons. I saw one of them, who was as much of an aristocrat as his father. The merchants assured me that Jabour's influence, more especially as he is a marabout, although he is no demagogue priest of the *Higgins' calibre,* is unbounded. "With a slave of Jabour," they declared, "you may go to Timbuctoo, and all parts of Sahara." The Sheikh himself does not visit the neighbouring countries. This is not the custom of the Touaricks, the people being opposed to the Sheikhs leaving their districts; but they send their slaves or relations continually about. Berka, the head of the democratic faction, is too old to exercise power, he has only strength enough to get about. The aged Prince paid me two visits, and was as gentle as gentleness could be. His family contains some powerful and intrepid chiefs, amonst the rest the Giant, the Goliath of the Ghat Touaricks. But, speaking of giants, *Bassa,* Sultan of the *Haghar* Touaricks, is the real Giant of The Desert. Some of the people report this Giant Desert Prince to have six fingers on each hand, and to be several heads taller than he of Ghat. His spear, they describe, in the true spirit of the marvellous, to be, "higher than the tallest palm." I may help their imagination, "And the staff of his spear is like a weaver's beam, and his spear's head weighs six hundred shekels of iron," or is like—

> "The mast
> Of some great admiral."

Were I to adopt our present fanciful theories of accounting for the origin and migration of nations, I should

here have a fine field before me, and the Touarghee giants of The Sahara would become, by the transmuting fancy of our antiquarian theologians, the veritable Philistines of Gath and Ekron. For many of the Berber tribes, amongst whom the Touaricks are classed, especially the *Shelouh* of Morocco, relate traditionally that their fathers came from the land of the Philistines, and that they themselves are Philistines. What then is easier than to find in the name of *Ghat* the *Gath* of the Philistines? But unfortunately, *Azgher* is the Touarick name of themselves and their country. Still the name of *Ghat* must have its origin. As before noticed, the original signification of the term *Ghat* has been traced to mean "*Sun*" or "God," in the ancient Libyo-Egyptian language. I am not competent to give an opinion on the subject. One of the Latin writers makes the aboriginal people of North Africa to have been Medes. The probability is they were Syrians of some class. From the coast they would naturally pass or migrate to The Sahara.

Hateetah is an extremely pacific man in his conduct, and greatly liked for his peace-making disposition; but he is only a second-rate Sheikh, and has no political influence over Touarick affairs, beyond what the chief of his family enjoys. He has several brothers and cousins, all esteemed Sheikhs, but with little or no power.

The government of the Touaricks is an assemblage of Chieftains, the people supporting their respective leaders, the heads of their clans in the feudal style, and all these controlled by a Sultan or Sheikh-Kebir. The number of Sheikhs, when the lesser, or second and third-rate, Sheikhs are included, is very considerable, and makes

the country, as the Governor says, "a country of Sheikhs." In their various districts, each greater Sheikh exercises a sovereign, if not independent authority. In any national emergency, they all willingly unite for the common defence and protection, as now, when they are collecting their forces, in a common effort to extirpate the Shanbâh banditti. The people, however, enjoy complete liberty. The Touaricks, though a nation of chiefs and princes, are in every sense and view a nation of freemen, and have none of those odious and effeminate vices which so darkly stain the Mahometans of the North Coast, or the Negro countries of Negroland. Every man is a tower of strength for himself, and his desert hut or tent, situate in vast solitudes, is his own inviolable home of freedom!

According to Haj Ahmed, the Touaricks of Ghat muster fifteen thousand warriors. Let them be ten thousand, this would give an entire population, including women, old men, and children, and slaves of both sexes, of about sixty thousand souls. These Touaricks possess a good number of slaves, but of the male sex to look after their camels. Every able-bodied Touarick is a warrior, and is equipped with a dagger, suspended under the left arm by a broad leather ring attached to the scabbard, and going round the wrist, and a Touarick of adult age is never seen without this dangerous weapon; a straight broad-sword is slung on his back, and he carries a spear or lance in his right hand. Most of the spears have wooden shafts, but others are all metal, and mostly iron. Some are of fine and elegant workmanship, inlaid with brass, and of the value of a good maharee, or thirty dollars. They have staves also, which they use as

walking-sticks, or weapons of war, as it may be*. These are their weapons of warfare. The matchlock they despise. "What can the enemy do with the gun against the sword?" the Targhee warriors ask contemptuously. They, indeed, use the sword, their grand weapon, as the English soldier the bayonet. Their superior tactic is to surprise the enemy, especially in the night, when the Genii help them, and hack him to pieces. The spear is used mostly to wound and disable the camel. Their manner of disposing of the booty, is characteristic. "What are we to do with these men and children?" they asked me, "when we have exterminated the Shânbah men." Without waiting for a reply they said:— "Oh, we'll send them to the Turks and sell them." They have the example of the Turks themselves, who, on the destruction of the Arab men in the mountains, collected the women and children together, and sent the best of them to Constantinople to be sold, in defiance of the express law of the Koran.

The maharee cannot be overlooked; this remarkable camel, which is like the greyhound amongst dogs for swiftness and agility, and even shape, they train for war and riding like the horse. They do not rear the ordinary variety of camel found in North Africa and on the

* The spear is called *âlagh*, علاقب, the dagger *tayloukh*, تيلوخ, the sword takoubah, تيكوبة, and the stave, with a spear point, âzallah, عزلّة. The old men, like indeed Shafou, frequently make use of a large stick, instead of a spear, when they walk about. Usually the Touaricks carry their lances with them, and all their arms, even in paying the most friendly visits. To strangers they look infinitely more formidable than they are, or they themselves pretend to be.

Coast. مَهْرِي or مَهْر, are the two manners in which I have seen the Moorish talebs write this word in Arabic. An Arab philologist says, the term Maharee is derived from the name of the Arabian province of Mahra, on the south-east coast, adjoining Oman, whence this fine species of camel is supposed originally to have been brought into The Desert. The Touaricks, of course, have very curious legends about their peculiar camel. We have, however, the Arabic مهر, "to be diligent," "acute-minded," and the term مهارة, "flying away," from which مهري may probably be derived. At least there is no apparent objection to such derivation. The Hebrew cognate dialect has the word also. מהר signifies "to hasten," "to be quick;" but I cannot assert positively it has any relation with this derivation. In the books written on Western Barbary, we find the terms *heirée* and *erragnol* to denote the "fleet" or "swift-footed camel," the former of which is apparently a corruption of mahry or maharee. It is said that camels are called by names derived from the Arabic numerals, as *tesaee*, "ten," (تسعي), and *sebaee*, "seven," (سبعي) according as they perform a journey of *ten* days, or *seven* days, in *one;* but I never heard of this distinction in any part of The Desert. It is pretended that the mahry cannot live on the Coast of Africa on account of the cold. This has not been sufficiently tried, for Haj Ibrahim kept one at Tripoli, which thrived very well, and was in good condition. It is, however, a very chilly animal, and seems to feel the cold as much as the Touarghee himself. In its healthy state it is full of fire and energy, and always assumes the mastery over the

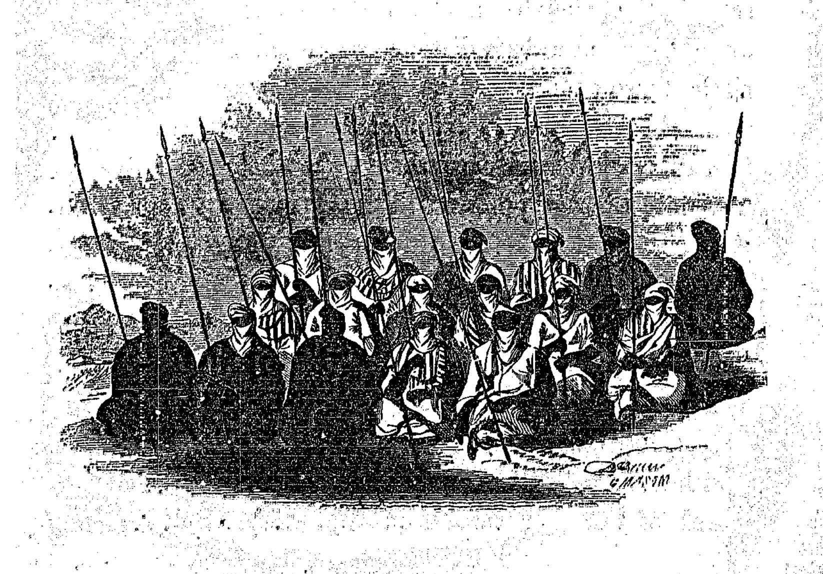
camels of the Coast, biting them, and trying to prevent them from eating with it in circle like other camels. Mounted on his mahry, dressed out fantastically in various and many-coloured harness, (the small saddle being fixed on the withers, and the rider's legs on the neck of the animal,) with his sword slung on his back, dagger under the left arm, and lance in the right hand, the Touarghee warrior sallies forth to war, daring everything, and fearing nothing but God and the Demons. In the year '44 they made an inroad upon the sandy wastes of the Shânbah bandits; days and months they pursued the brigand tribe over the trackless regions of sand; and during this expedition they neither tasted food, nor drank a drop of water, for seven days!—still keeping up a running fight, pursuing and butchering the Shânbah, who all disappeared at last, concealed under heaps of sand. This statement, which shows the extraordinary power of endurance—the moral and physical temperance in the Touaricks, I had from the Governor of Ghat himself, and which coming from him deserves credit. But the Touaricks do not eat every day though they may have food in the house. They eat generally every other day. And this amply suffices them when merely reclining in their tents, or lounging in the Souk. Habit is everything; we might all live on one meal a day if we could accustom ourselves to it. The people pretend that, though the Shânbah can count the grains of their desert region of sand, and know every form of the sand-mountains as well by night as by day, the Touaricks had nevertheless the advantage over them, pursuing them better by night than by day, because the Genii were their guides; and many Shânbah, who had hid them-

selves under the sand, were unburied by the Genii, and slain by the Touaricks.

I have given a case of Touarghee justice. During the Ghat Souk, all the Sheikhs assemble in the great square, the Shelly, for the arrangement of disputes; but it is mere form, and is more for gossiping and quizzing one another, the Touarick being fond of a good joke. The principal Sheikh present mounts a stone-bench, and sits down in a reclining posture, striking his spear into the ground, which stands erect before him, as if awaiting his orders. The very first thing a Touarghee does when he stops and sits down, is to strike his spear into the ground or sand. When my *friend* Ouweek was napping near me at the well of Tadoghseen, his spear was struck into the sand close by his head. So it is said, "And, behold, Saul lay sleeping within the trench, and his spear stuck in the ground at his bolster." (1 Samuel, chap. xxvi. ver 7.) The Sheikh of highest rank now seated, the Sheikhs next in dignity take their seats around him, at a short distance off, in the form of a semicircle, these generally squatting on the ground. Sometimes the principal Sheikh himself squats on the ground. The cases of dispute are then brought forward, if any. The infliction of punishment is by fines. There is nothing in the shape of a prison,—this delectable institution being the work and discovery of civilization. Our Irishman might indeed, without a bull, with his back to The Desert, and his face to the civilized communities of the Coast, exclaim, on sight of the first prison and gibbet, "Thank God, I am out of the land of Barbarians, and have reached the land of Civilization!" Of fines, I heard of no other case than that of the Sultan fining

two strangers a couple of dollars, whilst resident in Ghat.

In some parts of the Shelly there are ranges of benches of two and three flights. It is an imposing sight, to pass through the square late in the afternoon, just before they leave, and see all the Touaricks mounted on these benches. Row upon row, range upon range, they sit, closely jammed together, as thick as Milton's spirits in Pandemonium, and not unlike them, with their dark and concealed countenances, so mysteriously muffled up with the dread litham, having before them ranges of spears, parallel to themselves, a bright forest hedge of pines, awaiting their orders for war or warlike pomp. I have frequently passed this forest range of lances, and looked up fearfully to the dark enigmatical figures or shapes of human beings, reclining in the most profound death-like silence, not exchanging a word with one another. A most trivial call of attention, a rustling or



breath of an accident of novelty, nevertheless, is enough to put instant action and fire into these ranged masses of ice-congealed or stone statue-like warriors, who will then rush down upon the attractive object headlong, one falling over the other, until their childish curiosity being satisfied, the wild tumult subsides, and they themselves sink into their wonted blank inanity. But it is a fact, they will sit motionless thus for hours and hours, and not condescend to speak to their best friend amongst the merchants. This is their idea of dignity and superior rank over their fellows. It would appear, from the account of the Sultan of Bornou, that he, also, never condescends to speak when he receives a foreign envoy. "Slowness of motion," in Barbary, and I imagine in The East, is also considered a mark of dignity. A full-blown fashionable Moor always walks extremely slow. The Touarick usually rises up slowly, and deliberately walks out of the house in the same way, but otherwise he continues a fair pace. What is curious, a Touarick never speaks and salutes when he leaves you; his compliments and inquiries of health, are all on his entrance into your house.

It now seems pretty well agreed upon by all parties who converse about my affairs, that I should return and make greater preparations, and bring with me two or three others, fellow-travellers, so as to render an expedition of this sort more useful and respectable. But the disadvantage always is, if it get abroad that such a mission is coming, laden with presents, money and provisions, the danger is tenfold augmented, whilst an indigent person like myself is in comparative security. A single person has also his own advantages over a mission of two or three, or more. He is his own master

he is responsible alone for himself. Who knows, but what something disastrous had happened if I had had with me some hot-headed companion? A man will lose his life any time in The Desert in five minutes if he cannot keep his temper. He may occasionally assume airs of being angry for policy's sake, and check the insolence of some low fellow, and with other advantages. But the point is, to be cool in danger and embarrassments, which, if a man cannot be, let him go into The Great Desert at his peril. It was for the same reason I would not bring with me an European servant from Tripoli, whose fluency in Arabic might have been attended with the greatest danger to us both instead of assistance. Said is pestered with questions about me or my affairs; but at times Said is stupid enough, and people get tired of asking him questions. I must mention, however, one thing to his credit and to his cunning sagacity; although a thousand times questioned, whether he himself were a slave, and how he came with me, he never let out that he was a runaway slave from Tunis, not even to his dearest companions of travel. Generally when asked a question of our affairs, he says, *Ma-Nárafsh*, "I don't know," and this he does as much from his indolence in not wishing to talk as from policy. Here I shall take the liberty of stating the several objections to my proceeding this year to Soudan:—

1st. My health is beginning to sink under pressure of the climate, as well as under various vexations and annoyances. Amongst the latter, I have received nothing which I wrote for to Tripoli, to persons whom I considered friends of the mission, one thing excepted, and certainly not the least thing, the money. (And I embrace

the opportunity of thanking gratefully Signor Francovich, Austrian merchant of Tripoli, for letting me have money whenever I asked him, promptly and immediately, and to any amount which I drew for).

2nd. Amongst the things written for to Tripoli, and which did not arrive, were medicine, and some common instruments of observation. The medicine was packed up by Dr. Dickson, but neglected to be sent until the caravan had left Ghadames. The instruments, which could easily have been procured in Tripoli, were of the greatest consequence, in making a more extended tour intelligible.

3rd. Kanou, being reported by all the merchants as "a country of fever," it would have been exceedingly imprudent for me to have gone further without a good stock of medicines. We have no right to plunge ourselves into the flood of the Niger, and then accuse the hand of Providence for not saving us from a watery grave. One might have escaped the fever, as one might have been picked up by the swimming of a black man; but such a "might" belongs to accident, not the planning and arranging of legitimate expectation.

I shall not trouble the reader with ten or more reasons, all having more or less of weight, which I have recorded in my journal, but which are more curious than sensible. I mention, that, on my departure from Ghat, I wrote to the Sultan of Aheer, by the advice of my best friends, informing him of my intention to visit him at some future period. It is a mistake that, the taking of these Saharan princes unawares; they consider it infinitely more friendly to be written to beforehand. A stranger, and especially a Christian, coming down upon them

unexpectedly, excites suspicion which may never be afterwards removed. The Touarick Princes of Aheer are considered the only difficulty, so far as governments are concerned, in the rest of the route. The Fullan Princes of Soudan are represented as eminently friendly to every body, every stranger of whatever clime or religion. However, I do not pretend to know what effect the Niger expedition may have produced on the Fullans, with respect to Englishmen.

* * * * *

7th.—Stayed at home all the day. The *fæx populi* is a great worry to me. They have no encouragement from the Sheikhs, but are not less the cause of my shutting myself up at home. Evening, when the streets were clear, visited Haj Ibrahim. He has purchased the feathers of a splendid Soudan ostrich for five dollars, which in Tripoli he will sell for ten. The bird is skinned and the feathers remain unplucked. The *quæstio vexata*, as to who is Haj Ibrahim's "friend," *sahab* (صاحب), to whom he should pay his tribute-present, for visiting the Souk, is at length decided in favour of Berka. The old gentleman produced witnesses that all Jerbini belonged to him, or are under his protection, and as Haj Ibrahim is a native of Jerbah, he claimed the rich merchant. The several Sheikhs have the several merchants under their protection. Shafou has those of Tunis, Jabour those of Tripoli, under their respective protection, and so of the rest. The merchants pay for their protection from ten to twenty dollars, according to their means. Frequently a group of traders do not pay more than a single individual; some get off with paying only a dollar. These demands on the merchants are

certainly very moderate, and the Touaricks scarcely deserve the epithets of *exigeant* and extortionate which are so freely applied to them by the merchants. Haj Ibrahim, who brings some thousand dollars' worth of goods to this part, pays only the paltry sum of some twenty or thirty dollars at the most. In fact, here is free-trade with a vengeance, existing long before it has been attempted to carry it out, with such tremendous consequences, as in Great Britain. France and the Zollverein must send agents to the Souk of Ghat, say half a dozen University students each, to study free-trade principles from the barbarians of The Desert. Indeed Touaricks carry out their system beautifully and like gentlemen, and the Aheer merchants pay nothing in Ghat, and the Ghat merchants pay nothing in Aheer, for the privileges of commerce, in the way of customs' dues. The merchants and Arabs of Derge pay nothing whatever, a privilege of ancient date granted to this class of Tripoline merchants. But the Souk flourishes with its free-trade mart, and excites the jealousies of the merchants of Mourzuk, and their masters the Turks, because some of the merchants pass from here direct to Algeria and Tunis, not touching the Tripoline territory, and in this way the Turks lose their much-coveted *gomerick*, or customs' duty. I am happy to record the present instance of these extortioners being overreached, or rather, vanquished by an honourable system of trade. Certainly, were it not for the high duties levied on merchandize at Mourzuk and Ghadames, many of the merchants of this Souk would visit those cities, and the Turks could not fail to benefit by this extra rendezvous of merchants. Haj Ibrahim does not think the whole of

what all the Sheikhs together collect as presents, at the annual Ghat Souk, to be more than 250 or 300 dollars. In case Great Britain should think it worth while to bribe or buy the services of the Touaricks of The Desert, to intercept the slave-caravans, and so discourage the traffic, it certainly could be done for some 500 dollars per annum, or for very little more, if it were a question of money only.

CHAPTER XX.

CONTINUED RESIDENCE IN GHAT.

Commerce of Winter Mart at Ghat.—Visit to Hateetah, and meet the Sultan.—Means of suppressing Saharan Slave Trade by the Touaricks.—Hateetah refuses my returning with a Bengazi Caravan.—Bad Character of Arabs.—Receive a Visit from His Highness the Sultan; and interesting Conversation with him.—Ghat Townsmen great Bigots.—Unexpected Meeting with the Sultan.—My Targhee Friend's opinion of War.—Mode of Baking Bread.—Country of Touat.—The British Consul is perplexed at his *Master* being a Lady.—Vulgar error of Christians ill-treating Mussulmans in Europe.—People teach the Slaves to call me Infidel.—Visit to Bel Kasem, and find Khanouhen.—The free-thinking of this Prince.—Said's apprehensions of Touaricks.—Hateetah's opinion of stopping Saharan Slave-Dealing.—Shafou leaves Ghat.—Discussion of Politics with an assemblage of Chiefs.—Description of the Touarick Tribes and Nations of The Great Desert.—Description of Aheer and Aghadez.—Leo's Account of the Targhee Desert.—Daughters of the Governor Educated.—Touaricks refuse aid from the Turks against the Shânbah.—A private Slave-Mart.—Ghat comparatively free from Crime.—Visit from Berka.

It is not my intention to enter into the statistics of trade, but I mention a few facts. Caravans from Soudan, including all the large cities, but especially from Kanou, from Bornou, from the Tibboo country, from Touat, from Fezzan, from Souf, from Ghadames, and from Tripoli, Tunis, and the North coast, visited the Ghat Souk of this winter. The number of merchants, traders, and camel-drivers was about 500, the slaves imported from Soudan to Bornou about 1000, and the camels employed in the caravans about 1050. Provision cara-

vans from Fezzan also were constantly coming to Ghat during the Souk. The main commerce of these caravans consisted of the staple exports, of slaves, elephants' teeth, and senna, the united value of which, at the market this year, was estimated at about 60,000*l.*, which value would be doubled, on arriving at the European markets.

Next to these grand objects of commerce were ostrich feathers, skins, and hides in considerable quantities. Then followed various articles of minor character, but of Soudanic manufacture, which are brought to the Souk, viz., wooden spoons, bowls, and other utensils for cooking; also sandals, wooden combs, leather pillow-cases, bags, purses, pouches, bottles and skin-bags for water, &c.; arms, consisting of spears, lances, staves, daggers, straight broad-swords, leather and dried skin shields. Some of these weapons are made all of metal; the blades of the swords are manufactured in Europe and America. These arms are mostly for the equipment of the Ghat and Touat Touaricks, and are nearly all manufactured in Aheer. Provisions are also exported from Soudan and Aheer to this mart, consisting of semen or liquid butter; ghusub or drâ; ghafouly*, sometimes called Guinea corn; hard cheese from Aheer, which is pounded before eaten; beef, cut into shreds, and without salt, dried in the sun and wind; peppers of the most pungent character, an extremely small quantity sufficing to season a large dish; a species of shell fruit, called by

* *Ghafouly*—قفولي—*Holcus sorghum*, (Linn). Ghafouly grows higher than a man; the stalk is as thick round as sugar-cane; the grain is of white colour, and half the size of a dry pea, of a round flattened shape. It is much coarser eating than maize.

the Moors Soudan almonds*; bakhour, or frankincense; and ghour nuts and koudah, which are masticated as tobacco. There is then, finally, the great cotton manufacture, which clothes half the people of The Desert. Whole caravans of these cottons arrive together, and they are even conveyed from Ghat to Timbuctoo, this extremely roundabout way from Soudan. The colour is mostly a blue-black, sometimes a lighter blue, and glazed and shining. But the indigo is ill-prepared, and the dyeing as badly done, and the consequence is, the cottons are very begriming in the wearing. The indigo plant is simply cut, and thrown into a pond of water to ferment with the articles to be dyed, and after a short time the cottons are taken out, dried, pressed, and glazed with gum. It is these dark cottons which the Touaricks are so passionately fond of. The only live animals brought over The Desert from Soudan and Aheer are sheep and parrots.

The articles of import to the Souk from Europe are sufficiently well known; they are chiefly silks and cloth, but of the most ordinary sort, and of showy colours, red, yellow, light green. Raw silk and brocades; beads, glass and composition; small looking-glasses; wooden bracelets, fantastically painted; sword-blades; needles†; paper‡; razors; some spices, cloves, &c.;

* *Arachis hypogæa*, (Linn). This shell fruit has two names in Housa, *goújĕeă*, and *gaŷda*. Many of the shells are double; they are smallish, very soft, and easily broken. The taste of the fruit is not disagreeable, a good deal like the almond, but more viscid, and a little insipid.

† Mostly with the mark "*porco*" on the packets.

‡ Mostly with the mark "*tre lune*" on it. I complained to a merchant that the paper was very coarse, and asked him why he

attar of roses; carpet-rugs; "Indians," or coarse white cottons; bornouses and barracans, &c., &c. But it may be observed, all the European articles introduced into Central Africa are of the most ordinary description possible. Barracans or blankets are brought from various places for sale at Ghat, but mostly from the Souf and Touat oases, where the women weave them in great quantities. They are very warm and serviceable in the winter months, and are even carried to Soudan, where during the rainy and damp season these woollens are highly prized for their usefulness, and found greatly conducive to health. No fire-arms, which I could observe, are brought for sale here. There is scarcely any gold trade; a very small quantity is brought here *viâ* Touat from Timbuctoo. The money in circulation at the Souk is nearly all Spanish. The exceptions are two small Turkish coins, called karoobs, one of the value of about an English penny, and the other double this. A few Tunisian piastres pass amongst merchants of the north. It is not the large pillared-dollar (mudfah) which is in circulation, but the quarter-dollars of Spain. Five of these quarter-dollars make up the value of a whole Spanish dollar, and four are the value of the current or ideal dollar, called the small dollar. The Soudanese merchants, who are accustomed to see this money brought from the western coast, flatly refuse all other monies but the Spanish. There is not a great quantity

did not purchase finer paper. He replied, "*It's all the same in Soudan, fine or coarse.*" The same answer would be given to every complaint about the coarseness and bad quality of these imports into Africa. Fine or coarse cloth, and fine or coarse silk, sell much the same in Negroland.

of it here; merchants keep up the supply of this currency by exporting it from Touat and Morocco. No gold coins are in circulation, nor any copper. The Turkish money, excepting the karoobs mentioned, will not pass here; people detest it as much as they do the Turks themselves. I once asked an orthodox merchant how it was, that Mussulmans preferred the money of infidel Christians to that of the Sultan of the Faithful? He naïvely replied, "God has taught Christians to make money, because although used in this world, it is accursed. Mussulmans touch the abominable thing, but don't pollute themselves by making it. In the next world Mussulmans will have all good things and enjoyments without money; but Christians will have molten money, like hot running lead, continually pouring down their throats as their torment for ever."

There is a very ancient story in circulation (in books) respecting the peculiar manner of carrying on trade somewhere in the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo. It is copied by Shaw from former writers on Africa. "At a certain time of the year," the honest Doctor says, "they (Western Moors) make this journey in a numerous caravan, carrying along with them coral and glass beads, bracelets of horn, knives, scissors, and such like trinkets. When they arrive at the places appointed, which is on such a day of the moon, they find in the evening several different heaps of gold-dust lying at a small distance from each other, against which the Moors place so many of their trinkets as they judge will be taken in exchange for them. If the Nigritians, the next morning, approve of the bargain, they take up the trinkets and leave the

gold-dust, or else make some deductions from the latter. In this manner they transact their exchange without seeing one another, or without the least instance of dishonesty or perfidiousness on their part." This curious instance of Nigritian commerce has certainly been copied from the following passage in Herodotus, proving the high antiquity of the ingenious fable:—"It is their (the Carthaginian's) custom," says the father of history, "on arriving among them (the people beyond the columns of Hercules) to unload their vessels, and dispose their goods along the shore; this done, they again embark, and make a great smoke from on board. The natives seeing this, come down immediately to the shore, and placing a quantity of gold, by way of exchange, retire. The Carthaginians then land a second time, and if they think the gold equivalent, they take it and depart—if not, they again go on board their vessels. The inhabitants return, and add more gold till the crews are satisfied. The whole is conducted with the strictest integrity, for neither will one touch the gold till they have left an adequate value in merchandize, nor will the other remove the goods, till the Carthaginians have taken away the gold." This story, unhappily for the guileless simplicity of our merchants here, is too good to be true, like most artless stories of this sort. I made inquiries of merchants who had lived nearly all their lifetimes in Timbuctoo, and not far from the gold country, but they had never heard of this pretty primitive mode of barter. And yet the story has a real African or Negro look in it. One cannot positively assert that something like this might not have existed

amongst the Nigritians and their foreign exchangers of produce and merchandize. Let us hope, for the honesty of mankind, that the fable had a genuine origin.

8*th.*—Called on Hateetah this morning. Still the Sheikh bothers me about presents for his brothers; he had also the conscience to ask for another barracan for himself. I stood out, determined to give nothing to him or his brothers and cousins. Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. His friend, the Ghadamsee merchant, Ahmed Ben Kaka, who makes the journey from Tripoli to Noufee, says he saw the English steamers of the late Niger expedition, so he must have descended lower than Noufee. He says they came up to *Yetferrej,* "amuse themselves," and look about. He had not heard of their anti-slavery objects. According to him, "Fever and sickness prevail more at Kanou than Noufee."

9*th.*—A fine morning, but cold. Slept little; these fits of not sleeping come on repeatedly. The Touarghee who has charge of my camel has brought her from the grazing districts. On arriving at Ghat, all the merchants send their camels to graze in these places. The Touarghee asks for barley or straw whilst the nagah is here. The incident reminds me of—"Barley also and straw for the horses and dromedaries brought they unto the place where the officers were, every man according to his charge." (1st Book of Kings, chap. iii. 28.) This is the food of horses and camels to the present day in North Africa; the barley is principally for the horses, and the straw, when it is chopped into little pieces, is given to both horses and camels. The Touaricks show the greatest antipathy to the Arabs, more especially since the late murderous attack of the Shânbah on their defenceless

countrymen. Some of the Touaricks go so far as to say, "Mahomet was not an Arab." My Touarghee friend Omer quarrelled violently with two Souf Arabs, who were also visiting me. I told them it was indecent to quarrel in the house of a stranger whom they were together visiting, and they made it up, shaking hands.

10th.—Visited a patient, but had some difficulty in persuading him to take my nostrums. Afterwards called on Hateetah, and, to my agreeable surprise, found there the Sultan. I did not at first recognize His Highness, the *litham* being entirely removed from his face*. I was vexed at my awkwardness, but the good-natured Sheikhs, several of whom were present, readily excused me. His Highness and another Sheikh were eating a sort of *bazeen* or pudding, with curd milk, out of a large wooden bowl. Each had a spoon with which they scooped up the pudding one after another. I have sometimes seen two persons eating from a dish and having but one spoon, which they used alternately, one fellow watching anxiously the other with greediness, and measuring with a hungry eye the size of his friend's spoonfuls. It is an advance on the Arabs, this use of spoons, and I always took care to praise the Touaricks for their use of spoons. In the open country, when a Touarghee has finished his meal he drives the handle into the sand to keep the lower part dry. These spoons are all made in Soudan, and are extremely neat, the shaft of the spoon being very much bent, and the

* This is frequently the case. When a Touarghee wears his *litham*, and when he pulls it off, he undergoes a complete metamorphosis, so that strangers cannot recognize the parties in their change of dress.

bottom very large and deepened in. His Highness now told me he should send a present to the Queen, and asked me if I would take a maharee. This I declined, on account of the expenses of bringing such an animal to England on my own responsibility. Hateetah said, "Why how foolish, when you get to Mourzuk the Consul will give you plenty of money." I told him I did not know the Consul there, and must not trust to any Consuls for such matters. None of the Sheikhs could understand this objection. On getting up to take leave of His Highness he asked: "How do you like our country? What do you think of our merchants? Are the people civil to you? Shall you again return? How old are you? Why do you travel so far? Will it not shorten your life? Will not your Sultan give you a great deal of money for coming so far?" &c. Hateetah now told me to sit down again. All were reclining on mats, and no particular attention was paid to the Sultan. A merchant present said, "Why don't you buy and sell, the Souk is open? We wish to see the English come here to buy senna and elephants' teeth. But the English don't purchase slaves." I then, half-doubting the propriety of, and greatly puzzled how to introduce the subject, tried to make an effort. "How much," asked I, "do the Touaricks get from the merchants who deal in slaves? I don't think more than three hundred dollars a year?" (Several of the Sheikhs nodded assent.) "Well, now, if the Sultan and the Touaricks would stop the traffic in slaves here, perhaps the English would give them three thousand dollars per annum." They all laughed at this, and the merchant of Ghat took upon himself to say, for the Sultan and the Sheikhs, "Bring the

money." To this I rejoined, "But see now, I can't interfere, I'm not the English Consul; Hateetah (turning to him) is the English Consul, let him write for Shafou, to our Queen and arrange everything. I'll take Shafou's present and bring back his from our Sultan. This is all I can do." Hateetah raised himself up at this sally, and looked very consequentially upon all around, even upon Shafou, as much as to say, "Don't you hear, The Christian makes me the English Consul, and am I not the English Consul?" Was glad to escape from the subject in this way, determined not to pursue it further, knowing the bitter hatred it would create in the minds of the merchants against me, if the conversation got abroad. Still felt happy in having broached the subject, and attacked their selfish feelings on the point. Government might spend a few pounds out of the million per annum, (the cost of the suppression on the Western Coast,) in buying the co-operative influence of these Sheikhs, who hold the *keys* of The Desert. There is no moral reason for leaving one part of Africa a prey to this scourge, and concentrating all our efforts in another region of this unhappy continent. I left the Sultan and Hateetah in a good humour, after promising them some tobacco. Hateetah showed me the leather pillow-case which Shafou intended to send Her Majesty. Hateetah this morning seemed to have got the Sultan's ear, but as soon as the old gentleman returns to Khanouhen, all the English Consul's influence will evaporate in smoke.

11th.—Called upon the Governor and met there Haj Abdullah of Bengazi. Persuaded him to wait till to-morrow and take me with him to Mourzuk. Then called on Hateetah, who would not consent to this. He says,

"I must not go this way with a couple of people through The Desert. I must go either with him or his brother in the course of a few days, carrying the presents of Shafou and a letter for the Queen." Agreed to this, it being a matter of indifference whether I stopped a few days longer or not, after waiting so long and to such little purpose. Was annoyed at my Soudan journey being cut off in the middle, and sometimes thought I would still risk it, or "go the whole hog." Perseverance overcomes obstacles deemed by men impossibilities. Hateetah evidently feels his importance, and besides thinks he shall get a little more by my delay. He is right, for Her Majesty's subjects don't ask for his protection every day. The Governor pretends the Shânbah muster 10,000! This ignorance must be voluntary, or the assertion is made to render the approaching victory of the Touaricks more terrible to my conception. An Arab of Tripoli came here a few days ago and personified himself as Abdullah, who was going to Bengazi, asking me for an advance of money. Met him this morning and accused him of his impudent imposture, threatening to get him bastinadoed by the Pasha. The Arabs are without question the worst class of people who visit this mart of commerce. What they don't do as brigands they attempt by fraud. Shaw tells us that, in his time, they lay in ambush in the morning to attack the strangers whom they had hospitably entertained the previous evening. Some of them still most richly deserve this character. The Touaricks are so alarmed at the cold that there is no prospect of their marching out against the Shânbah for weeks yet. Several Touarghee camel-drivers will wait for the summer caravan before

they undertake the journey to Aheer, on which route the cold is often severe at this season.

12*th.*—Occupied in reading Hebrew. Learnt a few Touarghee words. Several Touaricks called to beg dates; "*Bago,*" or "Not at home." Did not go out to-day.

13*th.*—Called upon Hateetah, who vexed me exceedingly again by begging. Her Majesty's Consul must have a regular salary, or Her Majesty's subjects visiting here will have no peace of their lives. Told him to get up his camels and prepare for our departure, and then I would give him another backsheesh.

Afternoon, a messenger came from His Highness with the Sultan's dagger in his hand, as guarantee that he came from His Highness. This is usual in Ghat. Mr. Duncan has mentioned in his Travels through Dahomy, how he often received the King's stick as guarantee that the messenger came from His Majesty. I inquired,

"What is the matter?"

He answered, "Shafou wishes a dollar or a holee (barracan)."

Not understanding this, I said, "To-morrow I will see."

The Messenger.—"Should I bring Shafou here to your house?"

"Yes, yes," I answered, very glad to have a visit from the Sultan.

"Now?"

"Yes, bring the Sultan at once," I continued.

In a few minutes, before I could guess or imagine what was this strange business, I heard His Highness knocking at the door, who, with the messenger, immediately ascended the terrace. The old gentleman, on entering my room, refused my most pressing invitation to sit

down on the ottoman, preferring from sheer modesty to sit upon a skin stretched on the floor. His Highness sat silent a few minutes, looking very good-natured. As we were quite alone, I embraced the opportunity of speaking very plainly to the Sultan. "You see," I observed, "our people are afraid to come here, not knowing whether the Touaricks will kill them or not. Have you not power to prevent the lesser Sheikhs from stopping Christians in The Desert, and threatening them with bad language." "No," replied the Sultan, "I cannot be everywhere. Some of my children think themselves better than their father. They will talk and have their own way*. But now, Yâkob, we have all agreed to protect you, why do you fear?" "I don't fear," I added, "but cannot something be done for the protection of Christians through The Desert." "Here," said His Highness, "is the question. You return home, you go to your Sovereign, for I have a secret to tell you." "What is that?" I demanded anxiously. "Up to now," said Shafou, mildly and deliberately, "all the world has paid us tribute. The merchants who come from the east or west, north or south, all pay us tribute. But the English do not pay us tribute. How's this? You must tell your Sultana to pay us tribute, and speak to her yourself." I promised I would if I had an opportunity, not attempting to dispute a moment such pretensions. I simply recollected the Khan of Tartary, who, after dining himself, went out and ordered his servant to proclaim to all the monarchs of earth his

* איש בעיניו הישר יעשה Judges xxi. 25. The conduct of the Sheikhs and their tribes is much like that of the Israelites under the Judges.

permission for them to dine, now that he had finished his own dinner. I told His Highness, I thought I should return next year; on which he said, "Well do, I'll conduct you myself to Aheer." I then introduced the delicate subject of slavery. I observed, "The Sheikhs of the Touaricks get very little from the merchants who deal in slaves. If Your Highness should put an end to this traffic, you would get more from us English." "Yes, yes, that's what you said before," interposed the Sultan. "Try us, then, bring the money; at present, the English give us nothing." I mentioned to the Sultan that the Bey of Tunis had abolished the traffic in slaves. "Yes," said the messenger to the Sultan, "it's true." The conversation now dropped, and I did not understand what was to be done further. The messenger made a sign about the dollar. I had already folded up mechanically a dollar in a piece of paper before the Sultan came in, so I put this into the messenger's hand. I certainly should have given the Sultan a dozen dollars if he had asked me, but the old gentleman's wishes and wants were few, and his modesty greater than these. His Highness now got up, and shaking hands departed as pleased as Punch with his dollar. I question whether His Highness ever has any money; Khanouhen is treasurer and everything else. So I finished with the good-natured gentle creature Shafou, having humbly presented The Sultan of all the Touaricks of Ghat with one dollar!

Just after Shafou left, the messenger wished to play me a trick. He came running back, and said:—"See this dagger, this belongs to Khanouhen; he says you must give him half a dollar." I simply replied to the fellow, "I know nothing about it." I was convinced

Khanouhen would never send such a message. I laughed however at this fashion of sending about daggers. It had something in it of the style of presenting a pistol to a man's breast with the agreeable demand, "Your money or your life."

Passing through the gardens, I fell accidentally into conversation with a gardener. On mentioning, that if God spared my life, I should go to Soudan next year, he exclaimed:—

"What! do you know God?"

I.—"Yes, and all Christians know God."

The Gardener.—"Why, then, are you an infidel?"

I repeated, "All Christians pray and know God;" and left him puzzled out of his wits. Ghat townsmen are beastly ignorant zealots, and confound Christians with the Pagan Negroes of Central Africa, whom also they call "Ensara." Since Negroes worship the "fetish," they think also we don't know God. The Governor asked the other day, if the children of Christians learnt to read and write like his children, the noisy hum of their reading coming into the room whilst we sat talking. I might have answered, "Some do," but used more general phraseology, "Both boys and girls with us learn to read and write." "My girls learn also," replied the Governor, with an air of triumph. I was glad to see female education encouraged in Ghat by the Marabout, as it is also in Ghadames.

Touaricks are afraid, and distrust Arabs; and Arabs are afraid, and distrust Touaricks; and both these are afraid of, and distrust Turks. There is no mutual confidence in these various Mahometan people. Nevertheless, except the Shânbah incursions, everything goes on pretty

quietly, and I hear of no murders, or acts of violence, in this region of The Sahara. There is certainly no Irish or Indian Thuggism amongst Saharan barbarians.

14th.—The weather during these three days has been fine, no wind (the horror of our people), and very warm. Our departure is protracted from day to day. Time may be money in England, here it is as valueless as the sand of these deserts. Got up very early, as I sometimes do, and went to see the Governor. I was alone. In the distance (it was scarcely daylight), I saw a tall figure looming, embodying forth. I continued, and it neared me. This shadowy figure at length became visibly formed, and expanded itself into the full stature of Shafou, who was like myself all alone. His Highness was as surprised to meet me as I was surprised to meet him at this time of morning. Shafou stopped suddenly, and then putting his hand to his tobacco pouch, which he carried on his left arm, and without speaking, gave me to understand that I had not sent the tobacco which I had promised him. Indeed, I could not get it from Haj Ibrahim. I addressed this silent admonition of my forgetfulness or short-coming, by saying, "Yes, I understand, I'll send the tobacco." His Highness then slowly passed on, just raising his hand to salute me at parting, but without uttering a word. Afterwards, called on Hateetah, who had heard from the messenger about my wonderful liberality in giving a dollar to the Sultan, and was very angry. "Who is Shafou?" he peremptorily asked. "He is nothing. You have given him a large present, and me very little. Now, if any body hurts you, I shall be silent." I took no notice whatever of this ungracious speech. A son of the Governor paid me a

visit on my return, and was very saucy, calling me a Kafer. I instantly turned him out of the house. Then came in my young Touarghee friend, which was a positive relief to me. I said:—"Are you not afraid to go warring with the Shânbah?" He answered me pathetically, prospectively submitting himself to the Divine Decrees:—"If it be the will of God that I go warring against the Shânbah, and fall and die there, what then? for so it is inscribed in the Book of Heaven." As to the justice of the war, like our young soldiers, it never occupied his thoughts. He merely goes to war because his master and prince goes to war. What would the Peace Society say to him?

People in Ghat have a very primitive way of making bread. They place a large earthen cylinder, with one of the ends knocked out, upon the ground, and make it fast with clay or mud mortar, like "setting a copper." This always remains as much a fixture as a copper. When they want to make bread, they fill it full of lighted date-palm branches, or other fuel. After the flame is extinguished, and the wood ashes have fallen to the bottom, the sides of the cylinder are heated red-hot. These sides are now rubbed round with a green palm-branch, and made clean. This done, the paste or dough is pulled and made into small loaves like pancakes, and clapped on the hot sides, until all the surface is covered, the little cakes sticking on with great tenacity. The top of the cylinder is now covered over to retain the heat. In a few minutes the covering is removed, and the new-baked bread is pulled or peeled off the sides of the fast-cooling cylinder. But sometimes there is heat for baking two batches of bread. Bread is frequently piled up, layer upon

layer, like pancakes, in a bowl, and a strong highly-seasoned sauce with oil or liquid butter is poured upon it; from which bowl it is eaten, and called *desh*, or "the evening meal." Sometimes a number of very small pieces of meat is placed on the pile of sopped bread; but this is a delicacy or luxury.

15th.—Went to call upon Hateetah, and met in the way a son of Abd Errahman of Ghadames, who has just returned from the oases of Touat. He describes Ain Salah (or Ensalah), to be like the country where the Governor of Ghat resides, that is to say, sandy and surrounded with sand heaps, but abundantly supplied with water, as well as thickly populated. The oases of Touat have unwalled towns, or scattered hamlets, but the country is perfectly secure. He gives the inhabitants a good character; they are a mixture of Moors, Arabs, Touaricks, Berbers, and Negroes, like nearly all the oases in Central Sahara, or that portion of The Great Desert, extending from the oases of Fezzan to the Saharan towns of Arwan and Mabrouk, on the western-route line of Timbuctoo. He thinks I might travel in safety from Touat to Timbuctoo in summer, for during the dry season the banditti cannot keep the open Desert. Saw Hateetah, and gave him a dollar, which put him into a better humour. Although the *soi-disant* Consul of the English, and all the Christians who per hazard visit Ghat, he displayed to-day the greatest ignorance of the maxims and polity of Christian nations. I thought it as well, since he assumed to be the Representative of Her Majesty here in Ghat, just to remind him, (for I thought I had told him before,) there was a Queen in England, and that Her Majesty was his master. This

greatly shocked Her Majesty's Touarghee Consul, and he asked, "Whether the Queen cut off heads?" I told Her Majesty's Consul, the servants of Government hanged murderers. The Touaricks have acquired these sanguinary notions of cutting off heads, from the reports of the Turkish and Moorish administration of justice. Such barbarous practices do not exist amongst these barbarians. He then demanded, "Should I go to England, would the English seize me and beat me?" This question from the English Consul really surprised me, whatever I might have expected from others, the vulgar error of Christians ill-using Moslems, being spread in Sahara. People think, if they were to visit Europe, we should capture them, beat them, and make them slaves. This unfavourable opinion of us has descended from the times of the Crusaders, when European Christians displayed their zeal for Christianity—notwithstanding its holy doctrines teach the forgiveness of injuries—by butchering or enslaving Jews, Mahometans, and heretics. Thank God, the chivalry of those days is gone, though worse may yet come. To-day, a mob of slaves, who idle about in the road to Hateetah, hooted after me, and one of the biggest came upon me and pulled hold of my coat. I could not let this pass, the hooting I don't care about. So I fetched some people to have the biggest fellow taken to Jabour. This we did to frighten them, for after one of my friends gave him a crack over the head, he was let off, promising to do so no more. The lower Moors and Touaricks, both here and at Ghadames, teach the slaves to call Christians kafer, "infidel." The blacksmiths, near Hateetah's house, mostly salute me as I pass by them, with "There's no

God," &c. Sometimes they are extremely insolent. Any resistance to this zeal for The Prophet, would be putting your head into the fire. It would not be quite so bad if I did not go out so much alone. I ought always to have a good strong fellow, an Arab or Touarghee, with me, a sort of physical-force argument against this moral hooting, which is intelligible everywhere, and more especially in The Desert. But as I soon leave, I do not wish to adopt any new measure, which would show want of confidence in the people.

Evening visited my little queer friend Bel Kasem. Found with him as usual his mighty lord, Khanouhen. The Prince began to ridicule Hateetah and his brothers, and scold me on the subject of presents:—"Yâkob, if you give those rascally brothers of Hateetah presents, I shall have to spear you," clenching hold of his spear. "*Kelāb*" (dogs), said his jester, "they'll strip you of everything, leaving you no bread, nor even a water-skin, to return to Tripoli." I assured Khanouhen I had not given Hateetah's brothers anything but a bit of sugar for some of their children. "Good," said the Prince. Khanouhen now began in the style of *un esprit fort:* "Yâkob, you're a Marabout. Our Marabouts are all rogues, and are always exciting the people against us and our authority (as Sultan). Are you such a rogue?" Here was a glimpse of another contest between the civil and spiritual power in The Desert. I told the Sheikh I was no priest, but a taleb. "Ah! good," said the Prince, giving me his hand. "But when you die, where are you going to? Are you and I going together on the same camel, or do you take one route of The Desert and I another, with different camels?" I replied, "What is the use of

such conjectures?" "Right," said the Prince, "don't you remember (turning to Bel Kasem) that Wahabite the people had here, and how they buffeted him about? Yâkob, (turning to me) I saved a poor devil, a Wahabite, from being killed by the mob in Ghat, and I'm ready to save you. What's the good of killing a man for his religion?" I thanked the Prince for his noble feelings of tolerance, and left him and his clown to their *tête-à-tête.* Khanouhen is one of the few of those strong-minded and right-thinking men, who see the utter folly and direful mischief of forging a creed for the consciences of his fellows. Had he been a Christian prince of the times of Charles V., he would not, like that celebrated monarch, have passed all his life in binding the religious opinions of men in fetters, and then at the end of his days, disgusted with his work, repented of his folly. No, from the beginning of his career, Khanouhen would have proclaimed and defended with his sword the liberty of the human conscience in matters of religion.

16*th.*—A warm morning and hazy, but the much-dreaded wind got up at noon. The departure of all the ghafalahs is now fixed for the 25th, and ours for 23rd. The Rais of Ghadames has sent word for all his subjects to return together; this I'm sure they will not do. It is extremely difficult to make up a large caravan. The Soudan caravan is now departing in small detachments of half a dozen people. Found Said crying to-day. "What's the matter, Said?" "You are going to Soudan, the Touaricks will kill you and cut you into bits, and I shall be again made a slave. I wish to return to Ghadames with the Ghadamsee ghafalah." I had often caught Said crying, and I imagine his grief came from

the same source. I now told him positively I was about to return to Fezzan, and never observed him crying afterwards. As at Ghadames, Said is here a great man amongst the lady negresses, and spends all his money in buying them needles and beads. Hateetah called and scolded Said for crying, who had not yet dried his tears. The Sheikh told him the Touaricks were better than the Turks or Arabs; and I supported Hateetah by reminding Said of what our friend Essnousee observed, "*Targhee elkoul zain*, (all the Touaricks are good fellows)." I now spoke to Hateetah seriously about devising some means for stopping the progress of slave-caravans through the country. He pretended that the profit derived from the slave-caravans was infinitely greater than it is, making it some one thousand dollars per annum; he did not think the Sheikhs would suppress it. "They had carried it on always, and would for ever," he observed. "But," he continued, and very justly, "stop it at Constantinople, or at Tripoli, and then it will be stopped here." Hateetah is right. This is and must be our plan, and I am happy to see that Lord Palmerston has made, during the present year, a most decisive effort near the Sublime Porte, to get the demand for slaves cut off at Tripoli and Constantinople, by the closing up of the slave-markets. Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. The Haj was occupied in making under-garments for the slaves he has purchased. Moors do strange things. It is curious to see the richest and most extensively occupied merchant of the Souk sewing up shirts and chemises for his slaves.

17*th*.—Shafou left this morning for the country districts. The quiet old gentleman has had enough of the

bustle of the Souk, which still continues. His Highness, before his departure, arranged for the Queen's letter and the presents. Called early upon the Governor, and found him in the house of Khanouhen, where there was a full assembly of Sheikhs. I was obliged to talk politics with them, which were translated as the conversation proceeded, by the Governor himself, to the Sheikhs. I surprised them by telling them of the great number of Mussulman troops employed by the French in Algeira, and how the French Government paid all the priests of religion, even Mussulmans. They questioned me about, and I explained to them the existence of deism in France and Europe. Now and then a solitary Mussulman deist may be found in North Africa. But how few have courage enough to resist the divine mission of The Prophet! Still fewer question the probability of a Revelation. In general conversation, I have always despised the system of running down the Algerian French, whilst travelling in these wilds. It serves no earthly purpose, but to increase the arrogance of the Moors and Arabs against Christians of all nations. Whatever the conduct of the Algerian French, the conquest may have a salutary influence upon Saharan fanatics, though it increases the danger of the European traveller. The Moorish Governments of the coast deserve much censure. They often foster and fan the flame of fanaticism against European tourists. Besides, the conduct of the Maroquines towards the Jews ought not now to be permitted by the Governments of France and England. A missionary to the Jews, (himself a converted Jew,) who visited Tangier with me, could not help exclaiming, on seeing how badly the native Jews

were treated, "God give the French success in Algeria!" It is difficult for a philanthropic mind to suppress such feelings, whatever our national prejudices, and how much soever we may brand the Razzias as an indelible stigma on European civilization. It would be better, and certainly more just, to civilize North Africa by civilizing the established Moorish Governments of The Coast. But if The Coast is to fall under European domination, it is to be hoped England will secure the Bay of Tunis for shipping, and the Regency of Tripoli, as being the natural route of Saharan commerce. The rest may be safely left to France, excepting our old military post of Tangier, in order to maintain our influence through the Straits of Gibraltar. The conversation of the Sheikhs at length turned upon the Turks, and the country of Gog and Magog—whence they came, whom we all agreed to abuse as much as possible, since our antipathies were pretty equal. The Sheikhs then began very naturally to vaunt of their power in The Sahara, and I may embrace this opportunity of giving some outline of the Touarick nations of The Great Desert.

The Arab and Moorish writers of the middle ages, as well as the latest Saharan pilgrims, who have travelled The Desert from the shores of the Atlantic to the banks of the Nile, have all given us brief notices of the Touarick nations; but they have sometimes confounded Touaricks with strictly Berber tribes, and indeed, not without reason, for apparently the Touarick and Berber tribes are descended from one original family, or stock of people. The fairest conclusion is, that they are the descendants of the ancient Numidian tribes. The Arabic terms employed here to name the Touaricks are

توارق plural and توارقي singular. Vulgarly a Touarick is called *Targhee* (ترقي), by the Touaricks themselves, as well as by the Moors and Arabs. Indeed, Targhee is the more correct name, and Touarghee is an enlarged Arabic form. So Leo Africanus speaks of these tribes of The Desert as "Targa Popolo."

The extent of Sahara occupied by the Touaricks is exceedingly great, embracing many thousands of miles. The northern line begins at Ghadames, an hour's journey south of that city. This line extends along the north, south-west as far as Touat, and south-east as far as the oases of Fezzan and Ghat. On the western side, proceeding directly south, we find Touaricks on the whole line of route as far as Timbuctoo; on the eastern side, leaving Ghat, and journeying southward, they abound in the populous districts of Aheer and Asbenouwa, as far as Damerghou, the first purely Negro kingdom of Negroland. On the south, they are scattered in villages and towns, or wandering in tribes, along the north banks of The Niger. I have not heard of their being located on the southern banks of the great river of Soudan, nor do they descend the Niger to the Atlantic, for we hear nothing of them in Noufee or Rabbah. But they are scattered higher up through the extensive provinces of Housa, subjected to the Fullans.

In The Sahara, comprehended by these immense lines, they have some large cities and agricultural districts. The principal of them are Ghat, Aheer, and Aghadez, in the east, Touat and Timbuctoo, in the west. We have the three principal cities of Ghat, Aheer, and Aghadez, besides numerous villages, in Western Sahara, entirely under the authority of the Touaricks. Everywhere they

inhabit the agricultural districts of the open desert. I have not heard of Touaricks on the western line of the Atlantic Ocean. Captain Riley speaks only of wandering Arabs, almost in a wild state. On the eastern line of The Desert, they do not extend beyond the western limits of the oases of Fezzan, and the southern Tibboo countries. The names of the great sections of the Touaricks, as far as I have been able to learn, are,—

1st. The *Azghar*—ازغر—of Ghat.
2nd. The *Haghar*—هقار—of Touat.
3rd. The *Kylouy**—كيلوي—of Aheer.
4th. The *Sorghou*—سرقو—of Timbuctoo.

The Sorghou is the Timbuctoo name which is given to them by Caillié, and probably this is not a distinct section from that of the Haghar†. There are some lofty ranges of mountains between Ghat and Touat called also Haghar, the nucleus of these tribes, and whose Sultan is the Gigantic Bassa. Besides, we have the Touaricks of Fezzan, a very small section and distinct from those of Ghat, and who may be considered the pastoral people, the veritable Arcadians of the oases. All these sections have their respective Sultans, and the Sultans their respective subordinate Sheikhs, governing the respective subdivision of territory and tribes of people. The subdivisions of Ghat tribes are the following:—Tinilleum, Aiaum, Dugarab, Sacana, Dugabakar, Auragan, Muasatan, Ghiseban, Elararan, Filelen, Francanan, Botanetum, Skinimen, Deradrinan, Mucarahsen, Keltrubran,

* Sometimes called, Killiwah.

† Different Negro tribes call Touaricks by different names.

Keltcnii, Chelgenet, Ilemtein*. These various sections of Touaricks, who wander through the vast wilderness of Sahara, or are located in its oases, may be distinguished by some general characteristics, agreeing with and arising from their peculiar location, or habits of trade and life. The Touaricks of Timbuctoo are the more faithless and sanguinary in their disposition, and less addicted to commerce or a regular mode of life. Those of Ghat represent the Touarghee character in its most original type, these tribes being a brave and hardy people, reserved and using few words in speech, of a noble chivalric disposition, and carrying on some commerce. Those of Touat, I imagine, are the same style of people, from what few of them I saw at Ghadames; but those of Aheer are more effeminate and milder in their manners, and are a good deal mixed with the Negro nations of Soudan. The Touaricks of Aheer bear an excellent character as traders, and companions of travel, always assisting the stranger first at the well, before their own camels are watered. They seem, besides, mostly addicted to the peaceful pursuits of commerce, if we except their occasionally joining in the Razzias for slaves. A full third of the traffic of the South-eastern Sahara is in their hands, or under their control. I may add a few words upon their country and chief places, Aheer and Aghadez.

Aheer, or *Ahir*, اهير, and which is often incorrectly spelt on the maps Aïr, is the name of a town and very

* These names are but imperfectly given, and they must be pronounced in Italian style, being written from the dictation of a Targhee chief by Mr. Gagliuffi, according to that language. To these may be added *Haloun*, a tribe of Marabouts.

populous district, including within its territory or jurisdiction the city of Aghadez. Aheer is also called Azben, and its district Azbenouwa (ازبنوة—ازبن), which appear to have been the more ancient names. The town of Aheer is also called *Asouty*, (اسوطي), on the maps Asouda, the dentals ط and د being convertible. These districts are bounded on the north by Ghat and its tribes; on the east by the Tibboo country and Bornou, on the west by the Negro, Touarick and Fullan countries of the north banks of the Niger; and on the south, by the Housa districts, vulgarly called by merchants, Soudan. Aheer is forty short days from Ghat, the Soudanese merchants who visit the Ghat mart always travelling much more *doucement* and in jog-trot style than the Moorish and Arab merchants of the north. The line of the Aheer stations measures about thirteen days, from Tidik in the north to Toktouft in the south*. In this portion of the route, and that previous to arriving at Tidik, there are twenty days of mountains. The Aheer route also abounds with springs and fine streams, which gush out from the base of rock-lands of great height, and some of which form considerable rivers for several months in the year, on whose banks corn and the senna-plant are cultivated. Aheer is the Saharan region of senna, where there are large wadys covered with its crops. The exportation, especially after a season of rain, is very great and profitable. Asouty is the principal town of the Aheer districts, and was formerly the capital of all the Kylouy Touaricks. No less than a thousand houses are now seen abandoned and in ruins. Here in former times all the Soudan trade was carried on and

* For the rest of the Stations see the Map.

concentrated; its population is still considerable. The houses are nearly all constructed of hasheesh, or straw huts, and the city is without walls. Nevertheless, the people still honour it with the title of *Blad es-Sultan*, "City," or "Country of the Sultan," that is, where the Sultan occasionally resides, answering to our *Royal* city.

Aheer is the rendezvous of the salt-caravan of Bilma, in the Tibboo country, situate, almost in a straight line, about ten days east, the route to which is over barren stony ground. A curious story is told of the manner in which the camel-drivers supply themselves with forage over this treeless, herbless, naked waste. On their way to Bilma, they leave at certain places or stations a quantity of forage to supply them on their return; and it is said, the deposit is sacred, no one daring to touch it. It is probable, however, that the forage is concealed in hiding-places, as wells are often hidden along some desert routes. Even in the Tunisian Jereed, the sources of water are frequently concealed, a skin being placed over the water with palm-branches laid thereupon, and the top of the well's mouth covered with sand. So that a hapless traveller may perish of thirst with water under his feet! Through the hunting-districts of South Africa, amongst the Namaquas, the sources of water are concealed in a similar manner. However, a short time ago, the people of Bornou, who were then at war with the Touaricks of Aheer, discovered the hiding-places of the Touaricks' forage, carried off or destroyed the supplies, and reduced a large salt-caravan to the greatest extremities; hundreds of camels perished from hunger. These salt-caravans are sometimes a thousand and two

thousand strong. The greater part of Housa and the neighbouring provinces is supplied with salt from Bilma.

Aghadez, اقدز, is the capital of the Aheer districts. This is the residence of the Sultan of the Touaricks of South-eastern Sahara. The present Sultan is called *Mazouwaja*, (مزواجي) who is represented as a friendly prince. But it was *En-Nour* (النور), deputy Sultan of Aheer, to whom I wrote before leaving Ghat, begging his protection in the event of my return, to complete the tour to Soudan. Aghadez is now as large as Tripoli, or containing from eight to ten thousand inhabitants. In a past period it was four times as large. A great number of the people have emigrated to Soudan, where less labour is required to till the soil, and nature is more lavish in her productions. Aghadez is a walled city, but without any particular strength; the houses are but one story high, built of mud and stone, and sun-dried bricks. Aghadez abounds in provisions of the most substantial kind, that is, sheep, oxen, and grain. The government is despotic, but the lesser chiefs have great power in their respective districts, like those of Ghat. The religion of the people is Mahometan; not a Pagan, Jew, or Christian, is found within these districts. Trade is carried on to a great extent, and Moorish merchants visit Aghadez, proceeding no further towards Soudan. The most interesting district near Aghadez is that of *Bagzem*, بقزم, (or *Magzem*, the labials ب and م being convertible,) consisting of an exceedingly lofty mountain, requiring a full day's journey for its ascent. This mountain figures on the map under the ancient name of Usugala Mons, but for what reason God knows. The

town is placed a good way towards its loftiest heights, the most of which heights are both cultivated and inhabited, and there is abundance of trees, grain, and fruits. Bagzem is three days' journey from Asouty.

I shall take the liberty of appending the account given of Aheer and Aghadez by Leo Africanus:—

Diserto dove abita Targa Popolo.

Il terzo diserto incomincia da'confini di Air dal lato di ponente, e s'estende fino al diserto d'Ighidi verso Levante; e di verso tramontana confina con li diserti di Tuat e di Tegorarin e di Mezab; da mezzogiorno, con li diserti vicini al regno di Agadez. Questo diserto non è cosi aspro e crudele, como sono i due primieri: e truovavisi acqua buona, e pozzi profondissimi; massimamente vicino ad Air, nel quale è un temperato diserto e di buono aere, dove nascono molte erbe: e più oltre, vicino di Agadez, si truova assai manna, che è cosa mirable; e gli abitatori vanno la mattina pertempto a raccorlo, e ve n'empiono certe zucche; e vendonla cosi fresca nella città di Agadez; e un fiasco che tien un boccale val due bajocchi; beesi mescolata con acqua; ed è cosa perfettissima: la mescolano ancora nelle minestre, e rinfresca molto: penso che per tale cagione li forestieri rade volte s'ammalano in Agadez, come in Tombutto, ancorchè vi sia aere pestifero. Questo diserto s'estende da tramontana verso mezzogiorno trecento miglia.—*Sixth Part,* lvi. *chap.*

It will be observed, that under the name of *Targa Popolo,* no mention is made of the Touaricks of Ghat. Indeed, all the notices of the Renegade Tourist on this

part of Africá, are extremely meagre and unsatisfactory. As to his divisions of The Sahara into so many deserts, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, &c., this is all arbitrary and most unnatural. The story about the abundance of manna gathered in the districts of Aheer, seems to have been invented to please the Christian doctors of Rome; at any rate, nothing of the kind is now seen or known at Aghadez. But with respect to foreigners who visit Aheer and Aghadez enjoying good health, I have no doubt the Renegade is correct, for I have not heard of either of these places being unhealthy, their salubrity arising, we may imagine, from the elevation at which they are placed. The Aheer Saharan region is emphatically mountainous.

Afternoon, visited Hateetah, who has made up his mind to accompany me to Fezzan, of which I'm glad, not wishing to meet with any more Ouweeks in this neighbourhood. Was pleased this morning to observe amongst the children of Haj Ahmed, who were busy reading passages from the Koran, several girls. This circumstance raises my opinion of the Governor. No doubt it is because he is a Marabout that he grants this privilege to his daughters. The Marabout has no less than a dozen small children, of all complexions, features, and hues, from lily white to sooty black. My sweetest enjoyment in Ghat is to listen to the song of the tiny singing sparrows hopping about my terrace. My days of childhood return with their song, when, if I were not innocent, a little matter made me happy. Sing on you pretty little things, tune your wild Saharan notes, for you gladden my sad heart!

18th.—A fine warm sunny day. The departure of

the ghafalah is now fixed for the 27th. According to some accounts, 8000 Touaricks are being mustered, to march against the Shânbah. The Touaricks evidently expect the robber tribe to be reinforced from Souf and the Warklah districts, or the robbers must number 5000 instead of 500. Haj Ibrahim tells me, he has just read a letter addressed by the Pasha of Tripoli to the united Sheikhs of Ghat, offering them assistance against the robber tribe. The Touaricks have politely declined the proffered aid, feeling strong (and wise) enough to manage their own battles. Not much troubled with visitors lately, one now and then. The Touaricks are leaving Ghat to reinforce the new levies of troops. Soon the town will be emptied of Touaricks. The Ghadamsee ghafalah is returning, and a small one to Tripoli *viâ* Shaty and Misdah.

Haj Ibrahim continues to repeat his story about the people of Ghadames having a great deal of money hoarded up. I visited him this morning, and found him surrounded with a group of Soudanese merchants. The large court-yard of his house was full of bales of unsold goods, here and there scattered about, and some unpacked, all in the most business-like disorder. In one quarter was a cluster of a dozen slaves, waiting to be bartered for, the poor wretches being huddled up together in this private mart of human flesh. The Moor was calm and collected amidst the dirt and noise of Kanou and Succatou merchants, who with violent gestures were disputing the progress of the bargain inch by inch. Here was a great assortment of rubbish, for I can't call very coarse paper, green baize cloth, glass and earthen composition beads, bad razors, and a few common

woollens, and some very inferior raw silk, merchandize. And such rubbish was offered in exchange for a group of God's creatures, with his divine image stamped upon them! At length the progress of the bargain came to what might be called a crisis. The Soudanese merchants jumped up suddenly, with shouts and curses, as if they had discovered a perfidious fraud, and rushed to the door, pulling their miserable slaves after them. I felt shocked at the sight, and my horror must have been depicted in my countenance. For Haj Ibrahim, who well knew I disapproved of this traffic, said to me angrily, "Why do you come here now?" I got out of his way as quick as I could, but did not leave the house. The people of the Moor followed hard after the runaway merchants, seizing first hold of their slaves, dragging them back by main force into the court-yard. Then their owners raised a hideous cry, calling Haj Ibrahim and his people "thieves," and "robbers," and "cheats," and "accursed," and many other similar compliments in the way of slave-dealing. This would make a nice counter-picture to a sketch of one of those Congressional squabbles which so frequently take place on the presentation of Anti-Slavery petitions to the American Congress, when there is an occasional flourish of the bowie-knife, and a good deal of expectoration to damp the ardour of the combatants, fighting over the victims of Republican Tyranny. After this came a cessation of every kind of noise, for Haj Ibrahim, disgusted with the business, (he was a fair-dealing man though a slave-dealer,) said to Omer, his Arab servant :—"Tell them to be off, and take their slaves with them." Now interposed a merchant of Ghat, and a friend of the Sou-

danese, who thus upraided them:—"Fools that you are! Do you think Haj Ibrahim is a cheat? Haj Ibrahim gets nothing by you; Haj Ibrahim buys your slaves, because Haj Ibrahim will not be at the expense of carrying his goods back again to Tripoli." The merchants replied, and I dare say with truth:—"You told us 300, now there are only 200; 20 of this, and only 10; 50 of that, and only 20," &c. This Ghatee was a broker, and a species of sharper; he had been impudently imposing on the Housa merchants. But, to cut a long story short, the bargain was finally arranged. Haj Ibrahim made these quondam merchants a present of some almonds and parched peas, "to *wet* the bargain." The poor slaves had been dressed up for the sale, and, with other ornaments, large bright iron hoops had been hammered round their ancles. It was a tough job to get them off, and a blacksmith only could do it. Haj Ibrahim called each new slave to him, and looked at their features, in order to know them. This he told me he was obliged to do, to be sure of his own slaves, and prevent quarrels with other merchants, for the slaves often get mixed together.

During Souk there is going on some petty thieving, mostly done by the Negro slaves and Arab cameldrivers. They have stolen many little things from me. It is useless to complain. One must take care of one's things. But I am informed the Touaricks never steal. At any rate, large bundles of senna are left out in the suburbs, night after night, and in the open fields amongst the sand, and no one touches a leaf of it. This could neither be done in Tunis, nor in Tripoli. The Touaricks are beggars, but not thieves; they will also beg hard and

with authority. Rarely, however, will a Touarghee take anything away from you without your knowledge. So, if Touaricks are poor, they are honest, which is so seldom the case, poverty exciting as much or more to crime than exuberant wealth. On the whole, this country must be considered free from crime. Hungry slaves pilfering about, can hardly be designated crime. I saw a little slave to-day, who had just been brought from Aheer: he was rolling naked on the sand, with some fresh green blades of wheat before him. These he was devouring, and this was his food. How can human beings fed this way be expected to refrain from stealing food when they have an opportunity? The Touaricks of Aheer, though not cruel masters, feed their slaves mostly on herbage, which is picked up *en route*. At least, so the people tell me.

Afternoon, the aged Berka paid me a visit. I gave him his tobacco, or that which I had promised him. Whenever you promise a person anything in this country, in reminding you of it, if you forget your promise, he calls the article his own, and demands it as a right. Berka can hardly move about, he is so very old a man; I should say the Sheikh is upwards of a hundred. The Saharan veteran made no observation in particular. He replied to my questions about Saharan travelling:—"Don't fear, the Touaricks will do you no harm. You can go to Timbuctoo in safety." I was making ghusub water, and asked him to drink of it. "No," he said, smiling with benignity, "you must drink ghusub water with me, not I with you. This is the fashion of us Touaricks." Ghusub water, is water poured on ghusub grain after the grain has been par-boiled or otherwise prepared. A milky substance oozes from the grain, and

makes a very cooling pleasant beverage. Saharan merchants prize the ghusub water chiefly for its cooling quality in summer. A few dates are pounded with the ghusub to give the drink a sweeter and more unctuous taste. The aged Sheikh, on taking leave, begged a little bit of white sugar. "I wish to give it to my little grandson," he added. I question which was the more childish, he or his little grandson, so true it is the intellect decays as it grows, spite of our theories of the immortality of mind. I have now had visits from all the great chieftains of the Ghat Touaricks, Shafou, Jabour, Berka, and Khanouhen. The three former are the heads of the great divisions of confederated tribes. These centres of the large tribes and families separately constitute an oligarchical nobility, by which the destinies of this Saharan world are governed.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONTINUED RESIDENCE IN GHAT.

Parallels between The Desert and The East.—The Divine Warranty for carrying on the Slave Trade discussed.—Visit from Aheer and Soudanese Merchants, and present state of Soudan.—Form of the Cross on Touarick Arms.—Boy taught to curse The Christian.—Medina Shereef's opinion on my giving Presents.—A Negress begs in the name of Ouweek.—Visit to the Governor and Hateetah.—Streams of Water and Corn-Fields in the Fabled Region of Saharan Desolation.—Kandarka will recommend me to his Sultan.—Parallel things between Africa and Asia.—Atkee turns out a Scamp.—Visit from Berka.—Arabic is the Language of Heaven.—Khanouhen ridicules Hateetah to his face.—Hospitality of the Governor towards me, and interesting Conversations with him.—Moorish reckoning of Time clashes with mine.—Medina Shereef turns Beggar like the rest.—Meet The Giant begging at Haj Ibrahim's.—Affecting Case of the cruelty of one Slave to another, and compared to the Jews of Morocco.—Chorus Singing of the Slaves.—Mode in which Ostriches are Hunted.—Arrival of Senna and Ivory from Aheer.—Christians are not Liars.—Farewell Visit from Jabour.—Quick Route to Timbuctoo from Ghat.—Kandarka turns Comedian, and satirizes the Touaricks of Ghat.—Mercantile Transactions of the Governor.—Want of a strong Government in The Desert.—Assemblage of the Sheikhs, and preparations for War.

19*th.*—Did not go out to-day, but amused myself with noting down in the journal several parallel things between The Desert and The East, which are mentioned in The Scriptures.

"And she said, As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two

sticks, that I may go and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die." (1 Kings xvii. 12.) We have in Sahara parallel ideas to all and every part of this simple and affecting discourse. The widow speaks with an oath. When anything particular and extraordinary is to be said or done, the people of Sahara must use an oath. The meal is the barley-meal of our people; the oil is used to cook it as we cook our bazeen. The sticks are gathered from The Desert every day to dress our food. The blank and absolute resignation of the woman is the same with every one here, not excepting those of immoral lives.

"And lo in her mouth was an olive-leaf plucked off," (Gen. viii. 11.) "And Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard," (Gen. ix. 20.) The olive and the vine are still the choice fruit-trees in North Africa, and were the Mussulmans a wine-drinking people, the country would be covered with vineyards. In the beautiful parable of Jotham, (Judges ix. 8—15,) the third, and the three choicest trees of North Africa are separately mentioned, the olive, the fig-tree, and the vine. These are the only fruits valued or cultivated by Tripoline Arabs in their mountains. The jennah or "paradise" of the Koran is also planted with "palm trees and vines."

"And Asahel was as light of foot as a wild roe." (2 Sam. ii. 18.) In this way Arabs speak of one another. Every person who is conversant with Eastern pictures and scenes in Arabic has met with a scrap of poetry of some sort or other, in which the Arab woos his mistress, by comparing her loved eyes to the fine dark full eye of the gazelle. An Arab also, like us

Europeans, calls a cunning fellow "an old fox," and stupid fellow "a donkey."

"And it came to pass, in an evening tide, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house; and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself, and the woman was very beautiful to look upon." (2 Sam. xi. 2.) Everybody now knows, or ought to know, that the roofs of Barbary and Saharan houses are flat, where the people walk and enjoy "the cool of the evening," or "the evening tide" after getting up from their naps or siestas. Here the women gossip and the men pray, but the latter are often disturbed in their devotions by the intruding glimpses of some Desert beauty. Love-matches and intrigues are equally concerted here on house-tops. The flat-roofed house-top, as before observed, is the Ghadamsee woman's entire world; here she lives, and moves, and has her being.

"Woe to thee, O land," &c., "And thy princes eat in the morning." (Ecclus. xi. 16.) The principal meal is in the evening, and no people of these countries think of eating a hearty meal "in the morning" like what Europeans are accustomed to eat in the morning. To eat a hearty meal in the morning would be an act of downright gluttony. Here, then, is strikingly brought out the sense of this passage of the Preacher's wisdom.

"We will not drink of the waters of the well." (Numbers xxi. 22.) The Israelites being a numerous host, were obliged to make this promise, for if all had drank, they would soon have emptied the wells, and left the people of the country without water, and their flocks and cattle to die of thirst. The caravans now returning to Ghadames are obliged to go in very small numbers,

that they may not exhaust the wells. Having many slaves with them more water is required, which they cannot in any way dispense with. The Israelites renewed their promises about the drinking of the water to other people, through whose country they had to pass.

"He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha!" (Job xxxix. 25.) It is very odd that the horsemen of Morocco, when they gallop to the charge, always cry "Ha, ha!" So the Arabian poet of The Book of Job puts the wild cry of the rider into the mouth of the horse whom he rides. This I frequently witnessed on the parade of Mogador. The wild cavalry of Morocco is the boldest idea transmitted to us of the ancient Numidian horse. In Morocco the horse is both the sacred animal and the bulwark of the empire; for this reason it is the Emperor prohibits the exportation of horses. Even the barley, on which the horses are generally fed, is not allowed to be exported for the same reasons.

ויאמר ארור כנען עבד עבדים לאחיו

"And he said, Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be to his brethren." (Gen. ix. 25.) This portion of Scripture will occur naturally enough to the mind of a biblical reader, who takes up his residence for some weeks at a slave-mart, and is seeing slaves bought and sold every day. It is the famous and much abused text of the slave-dealers of the last three centuries, and is now continually quoted in the pulpits of the United States parsons, who, like the devil himself, quote Scripture to support the wickedness of themselves and

their slave-holding and man-selling countrymen. The most approved commentators properly apply the text to the Canaanites, whom Providence afterwards dispossessed of their territories in Palestine, and gave them to the children of Shem, and so the Canaanites became the slaves of the Shemites for a limited period. But to prove that it does not refer to the Negroes of North and Central Africa, I may be allowed to produce the following reasons:—

1st. Of all the children of Ham, Canaan only is mentioned.

2nd. The prophecy was fulfilled in the descendants of Canaan, and there is no occasion to extend it beyond the early history of the Jews, when they took possession of the land of Canaan, and reduced its people to servitude.

3rd. The descendants of Canaan were all white people, and the Negroes I need not say are black. But if it be a question of colour, there are red Indians and black Indians, who have been from unknown ages the sons of freedom, and who, when discovered, would not and could not be reduced to slavery. I guess the Yankees have not reduced the Indians to slavery, (although, after robbing them of their hunting-grounds, they have in the most Christian spirit exterminated many,) on the contrary, they are equally free men with the Yankees, and have the same privilege of reducing free men to slavery with their Republican neighbours. The Black Indians, following the precept and example of the White Republicans, have now an immense number of slaves; and in this case, it is not the more civilized who holds his fellow man in bondage, but the less civilized, indeed, savages.

So the world is improving and progressing in the Western Hemisphere! The Southern Ocean is peopled with many tribes as black as Negroes. But to return to the Canaanites, they at length mixed with the Israelites and became one people, and the relations of master and slave were lost in equality.

4th. Many of the descendants also of Cush were white people, for he was the father of Nimrod, who founded Babylon, and became the father of all the Babylonians. Were the Babylonians Negroes?

5th. None of the children of Ham, but Canaan, became servants or rather slaves to the rest of the human race in any remarkable degree, during the early period of the Mosaic world. For,

Cush was the alleged father of the Babylonians and the Ethiopians, (the people of Upper Egypt,) but neither of these nations were slaves to conquerors more than any other people of that period of the world; whilst, on the other hand, the Babylonians were great conquerors in their day, and the Ethiopians had princes of their own even down to the days of Solomon. If now the Abyssinians are to be considered the descendants of the Ethiopians, we all know they are not slaves, but like the Yankee States themselves, slave-dealers and slave-holders. The Abyssinians, moreover, enjoyed advantages of civilization when a great portion of Europe was overwhelmed with barbarism. So much for the Cushites and Ethiopians, the lineal descendants of the accursed Ham!

Mizraim was the father of the Egyptians. These ancient and celebrated people, whose country was the cradle of civilization, cannot surely be branded as the

slaves of the human race! This was also the lineal descendant of the accursed Ham!

6th. But even the Canaanites, so far from remaining slaves, after the alleged curse was fulfilled in them, recovered from their degradation and rose into consequence, filling the world with their fame. The children of Canaan were undoubtedly the founders of Tyre, whose bold navigators, braving the ocean and the tempest, scoured and ploughed up the waters of the Mediterranean, planting colonies everywhere, and founded Carthage! The Carthaginians, their more renowned sons, passed the Straits of the columns of Hercules, doubled Cape Spartel, and some say, coasted the entire continent of Africa, returning by the Red Sea. It is monstrous to call such people slaves, branded by the hereditary curse of the inebriated patriarch of mankind. In truth, of all the people of antiquity, the accursed and enslaved race of Ham were the most free-born, enlightened, and enterprising! Never was such a perversion of Scripture interpretation to palliate and bolster up the systems of wickedness of this and former days! Shall we compare the Model Republic and the miserable and degraded nations of Brazils, Spain, and Portugal, the present enslavers of the alleged posterity of Ham, with the once mighty Egyptians and Carthaginians?

7th. But it may be said that Central Africa was peopled from Cush or Ethiopia, and that this Cush, who peopled that portion of the Continent, was the son of Ham. To this I have already replied, that the curse was pronounced not on Cush, but on Canaan his brother, and it is arguing in a circle to extend the subject. After

all, we are not sure that Central Africa, and the western coast, the theatre of the principal trade, was peopled from Ethiopia. Where is the proof? And besides, Central Africa, the *boná fide* Negroland, possesses states and powerful confederacies, whom no power in Europe or America has yet been able to subjugate to slavery.

8th. The Africo-European slave-trade is only of extremely modern date. It is too late to look for the fulfilment of this prophecy amongst the European transactions of the last three or four centuries, in this and any particular reference to Africa. But finally, up to a late period, slavery was co-extensive with the human race, in all times, ages, and countries. All classes and races of men were made slaves alike, without any relation to Africa and Africans. The Greeks and Romans, if they made slaves of Africans, did not so enslave them because they were Africans, for these ancient people made slaves of all, and even of their own countrymen, it being a constituent element of their society.

I have omitted purposely to question the Divine commission of the Yankee parsons to uphold slavery as the basis of their Republic. But it is difficult not to question the right of an incensed father, awakening from a drunken debauch, to condemn an innocent grandson (for what we know) to everlasting slavery and degradation.

With regard to the word *Δοῦλος, Doulos*, used in the Greek Testament to denote either a slave or a servant, there can be no doubt of the application of the term to both these relations of ancient society. The word corresponds to עבד in the Hebrew, and عبد in the Arabic, both being the same consonants, which terms are used, according to their application, to denote both slaves and servants.

Slavery existed amongst the Jews as amongst the Greeks and Romans, in the beginning of the Christian era; so we have allusions to "the bond and the free," as well as "the Greeks and the Barbarians," the former phrase distinguishing slaves and free men, the latter, nations of arts and science from those of uncivilized or semi-civilized people. The question is not, then, the meaning of the term *Doulos*, or its application to slavery at the period of the promulgation of the Christian religion; but, whether, because slavery was not then reprobated by the teachers of Christianity, it was not therefore a very great evil. First of all, there are many things of ancient society not reproved or reprobated by the founders of Christianity, which are inconvenient to, and inconsistent with, our moral sense, and which would violate the laws of modern society. Such are the laws and customs of usury and polygamy. No man in his senses would attempt to establish polygamy in modern society, because it is not prohibited and condemned by the writers of the New Testament. To argue, therefore, that slavery is congenial with the spirit of the Christian religion because it is not condemned by its apostles and evangelists, is an utterly fallacious system of reasoning. But even supposing the apostles themselves practised slavery, and received into their communion slave-holders, men-dealers and men-stealers, it does not therefore follow that we should imitate them, and become men-stealers likewise. What was good or right for them and their state of society, may not be good or right for us and our society. The liberties of mankind require to be guarded in these our days by the most intense hatred, and the broadest and clearest denunciations of slavery, in every shape and

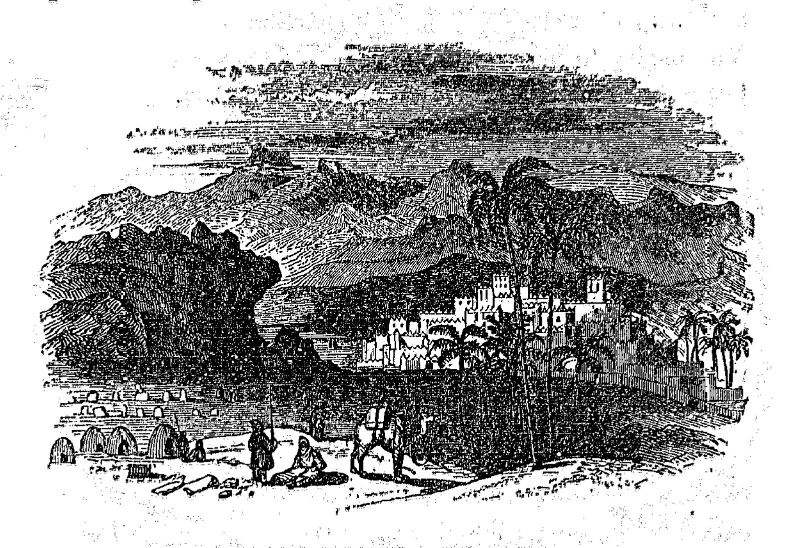
mode of its developement. But let any people imbibe the spirit of Christianity, and slavery cannot exist amongst them; let all nations imbibe the spirit of Christianity, and slavery would become immediately extinguished throughout the world.

20th.—A fine morning; the Desert around is fair and bright, save where the Black Mountains are casting their mysterious shades. Visited by some Succatou merchants, amongst whom were several Touaricks of Aheer. The Housa people and Aheer Touaricks both speak the Housa language, these Touaricks having abandoned their Berber dialect so far as I can learn. It is also difficult to distinguish the one people from the other when they wear the litham. One is nearly as dark as the other, but the features of the Touaricks are much more, and often quite in the style of Europeans. A few of the Aheer merchants are also, I have observed, tolerably fair. How different are the airs and consequence of these merchants, and some of them pure Housa Negroes, from the slaves which they lead into captivity; they talk, and laugh, and feel themselves on a level with us, whilst their slaves are moody and silent, without confidence, and slink away from observation. Such is the impress of slavery on men in whose veins runs the same blood as our own. The Soudanese merchants gave me some account of the reigning Sultans. Ali is the Sultan of Succatou, and succeeded the famous Bello, to whom Clapperton was dispatched in his last mission. Daboo is the Sultan of Kanou, and Ghareema, Sultan of Kashna, but both subjected to the Succatou Sultan. Besides these cities, the districts of Beetschee, Kaferda, Kasada, Sabougharee, Ghouber, Dell, Yakoba and Noufee, besides other provinces,

including a vast extent of territory, are subjected to the Fullan dynasty of Succatou. But it is extremely difficult to get correct information from these Soudanese merchants, though dealing and travelling through all the Housa and neighbouring countries: as to the names of the princes, they could not recollect them. There are also frequent dethronements of the petty princes.

21*st*.—I do not go out much now, except in the evening; I grow weary of the place. A young Aheer Touarick called. I never refuse admittance to Aheer merchants because they are so well behaved, and apparently not fanatical. He offered me a straight broad sword for five small dollars; it is quite new, having the handle made in the form of a cross and of hard wood, with a leathern scabbard. The blade was made in Europe. The Touarick dagger-hilts are also made in the shape of a cross. There is besides a Malta cross usually cut on the bullocks-hide shields. The cross appears to be an usual ornament of Soudan and Aheer arms. It has been thought there is in this device of arms some vestige of the now extinct Christianity of North Africa. The subject is curious, but we have no means to arrive at its solution. My Aheer friend pretended his sword was worth two slaves in Soudan; this is an exaggeration. Abdullah, the Souf Arab, called. His brothers have brought thirty slaves from Soudan, which are destined for the market of Constantina. One of the Governor's sons goes to Soudan with the return of the caravan, a lad not more than ten years of age; he is to bring back merchandize as a regular trader. A little urchin of a Touarick, not more than nine years, came up to-day with his mother and asked me, "Why I

did not know Mahomet?" but without waiting for a reply, set on cursing me. It is amazing how well these youngsters have learnt this lesson, and how soon! for they never before saw, or perhaps heard of, a Christian. The zealous mother had probably put up her son to this pious cursing of The Christian.



22*nd.*—Made the tour of the oasis, and sketched a view of the town, which is annexed. Weather extremely warm to-day—nay, hot, and in the midst of January. What must it be in August! But the weather is far more changeable and uncertain in Sahara than it is commonly thought to be. Several visits from the Touaricks of Aheer. Gave one a small lock and key, which is esteemed a great curiosity in this country. It gladdened his heart so much, that I believe he would now go through fire and water for me. He wanted to take me to Soudan by main force. He went away, and returned with some hard cheese made at Aheer, little

squares somewhat smaller than Dutch tiles, which he presented in acknowledgment. I have had but few returns for the great variety of things I have given away in Ghat. The Medina Shereef, Khanouhen's son-in-law, scolded me:—"Ah, Yâkob, you have done wrong to give away so much. You'll get nothing back. This is a country of extortioners and extortion from strangers. You ought to have come here, said a few words, and left us." This is fine talk for the Shereef. He knows as well as I know, that this wouldn't do. A courier arrived from Ghadames, by which I received two kind letters from Malta. It seems a thousand years since I received a letter from a friend.

A Negress had the hardihood to call on me, begging, in the name of Ouweek, thinking thereby to intimidate me. The bandit, however, sent a person two or three days ago to beg of me a little tobacco. I should certainly have sent some, had I had any left. Hateetah called, wondering what had become of me, as I had not called on him for a few days. Gave him another dollar, but it is the last. The Consul says there is a great deal of fever about amongst the merchants and people, but I don't see it. I was somewhat surprised, for I thought the town enjoyed good health. I have reason to be thankful that it does not attack me. Apparently I'm fever proof. In all my life, I never recollect to have caught an epidemic fever.

23rd.—Called upon the Governor. His Excellency displayed his hospitality by giving me zumeeta made with dates and sour milk. Took the opportunity of asking him about the origin of the Touaricks. He pretends they are of Arab extraction. On inquiring how

they lost their language, whilst all the Arabian tribes retained theirs, his Excellency replied, "They have learnt Touarghee as you have learnt Arabic." This is extremely unsatisfactory, for he could not explain from whom they learnt Touarghee. About the history of Ghat his Excellency knows nothing. He says only, "It is a more ancient place than Ghadames," which, however, I do not believe. His Excellency said the news had arrived from Algeria, that the Emperor of Morocco had united with Abdel Kader against the French, and four districts had elected the Emir for their chief. Called on Hatcetah. Whilst there, an old lady of eighty years of age came in and got up to dance before me in the indecorous Barbary style, and then begged money. Seeing she had outlived her wits and took a great fancy for one of my buttons, I cut it off and gave it her, to the annoyance of Hateetah, the Consul scolding me for my condescension.

The Governor tells me there is a mountain of considerable altitude about two days from Ghat, in the route of Touat, from the base of which gush out some twelve large streams. The rain this year has fallen plentifully on these heights, and wheat and barley have been sown on the banks of the streams. This is a fact of importance in Saharan geography, more especially as the mountain is situate in that central part of the Great Desert which is represented on the maps as an ocean of sand, the scene of eternal desolation! . . . .

Evening, whilst visiting Haj Ibrahim, who continues unusually kind to me, came in our funny friend, the famous Aheer camel-driver, Kandarka. This Kylouy is a great favourite with all, the Governor excepted.

People praise his undaunted courage and say, "If a troop of fifty robbers were to attack Kandarka alone, he would still resist them." He has shown himself very friendly to me, and says, "Write a letter to Aheer, my Sultan, and I will take it. When you return bring me one thing—a sword, and I will take you safely over all Soudan." He has great influence with En-Nour, Sultan of Aheer, and any one travelling under Kandarka's protection is sure of a good reception from En-Nour.

24*th*.—A fine day, but hot. Our departure is now delayed till next month. What a dreadful loss of time is this! I'm weary to death. I wish I had arranged to continue to Soudan. Grown disgusted with Ghat, I am reading what few books I have with me. Noticed more parallel customs between Africa and the East.

"And Isaac digged again the wells of water, which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father; for the Philistines had stopped them after the death of Abraham: and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them." (Gen. xxvi. 18.) The object of stopping up the wells was to prevent the children of Abraham making use of them and so occupying the country. The same thing is done in Sahara. When an enemy is to be exterminated, or robbers repulsed, from a particular district, the wells are stopped up. Wells are also named by the digger of them. A man who goes to the expense of digging out a well, if peradventure he finds water, has the privilege of giving to it his own name. There is one on the route from Mourzuk to Tripoli called *Mukni* or *Beer-Mukni*, from the great merchant who dug the well. So the name of the city of Timbuctoo is said by some to be derived from

the Berber word *teen*, "well," and *Buktu*, the name of the person who on its present site dug a well for the rendezvous or casual supply of passing caravans. But this derivation is merely conjectural.

"Take heed that thou *speak* not to Jacob, good or bad." (Gen. xxi. 24.) The verb *speak* (תְּדַבֵּר) is used for the verb to *do*. The same idiom prevails amongst the Touaricks. The friendly Touaricks always address me, "Don't be afraid, no person will *say* (or speak) either good or bad to you." So Jabour's slave brought me word from the Sheikh: "No person is to say anything (*do* anything) to you."

Dr. Wolff says, in his travels of Central Asia, the people of a strange place always apply to his servant for information about himself. So the Saharans apply to my Negro servant for news or information about me.

"And David sat between the two gates . . . . . and the king said, If he be *alone* then is tidings in his mouth . . . . . . tidings." (2 Sam. xviii. 24, 25, 26.) All couriers in this country are sent *alone*. When they travel through Sahara they have a camel to ride, but if there be abundant water on the road they go on foot. Merchants pay each so much to the courier according to their means. A courier sent from this to Tripoli, who also returns and brings answers to the letters, will receive altogether fifteen dollars. Touarghee couriers between this and Ghadames go for half the sum.—"And the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall and lifted up his eyes," &c. (part of the verses above cited). When a spy was sent from Ghadames to watch the Shânbah and their approaches round the country, on the eve of my departure from that place,

people went up a ruined tower, situate on a high ground, and apparently built specially for the purpose, *to watch* the return of the spy. I have seen several of these watch towers in the oases of Sahara.

"And they took Absalom and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him." (2 Sam. xviii. 17.) When one dies in open desert, the people lay a heap of stones over the grave, the heap being smaller or larger according to the rank and consequence of the individual. The mention of "a very great heap," in the words cited, evidently denotes the royal rank of the deceased.

25th.—My young Targhee called to-day as usual. Asked him abruptly, "What he did? What was his occupation? And how the Touaricks employed themselves?" With great simplicity, "When the *nagah* (she-camel) is with young and gives no milk, we come to Ghat, and eat dates and ghusub and bread, if we can get them. When the nagah gives milk we return and drink milk and lie down on the road side. This is all which Touaricks do." The Touaricks are determined to feel as little of the primeval curse,—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,"—as any people. The Targhee then gave me spontaneously a bit of knowledge which I had not before heard. He proceeded, "When I return to my house *on the road* (or by the caravan route), and to my wife, I don't uncover my face and go up to her and stare boldly at my wife. No, I cover my face all over, and sit down gently by her side, waiting till she speaks with all patience. When she speaks, I speak, because I know then that she is willing to speak. It is very indecent to go to your wife with your face un-

covered." In fact, generally amongst the Touaricks, the men have their faces covered and the women their faces uncovered. The reverse of what we find in other Mahometan countries. But also the reverse of what the native modesty of the human mind dictates.

Atkee, the Ghadamsee Arab, who was to have been my companion to Soudan, went off, returning to Ghadames, without paying the money which I committed to his care for the owner of the camel's flesh, which we ate on the route of Ghat. Atkee besides neglected to bring the money for the half of the skin of the sheep which I purchased with him, according to promise. These things are merest trifles, but merest trifles develop the character of men. It is such actions of dishonesty which make one afraid of travelling in Africa, lest we are sacrificed to the designing villany of those who pretend most and exhibit the most officious marks of friendship. In such a way poor Laing was entrapped and murdered. This very Atkee, I considered the first man of the ghafalah. Zaleâ now tells me that Atkee wished to lay on two more dollars for the things given to Ouweek. But the Arabs, like the Cretans of old, are "all liars," and I don't wish to make Atkee worse than he was. I am sufficiently disappointed with him.

The Medina Shereef called, who is the most learned person in Ghat. I showed him the Arabic Bible, which amazed and confounded him, as he turned over its well-printed pages. He sighed, nay, literally groaned, at the profanity of having our infidel religion translated into the holy Arabic language. The Shereef told me Arabic would be the language of heaven. The Jews tell us it will be *Hebrew*, (or לשן הקדש). The Latin Church has

its holy Latin, and a *trilingual* bible of "*Hebrew, Latin, Greek,*" was said by pious fathers of that Church, to represent "Christ crucified between two thieves." The Hindoos have their sacred Sanscrit, and so of the rest. The benumbed and frozen mind of the Esquimaux, amidst the fat seals, blubber, and seas of oil in which it revels and swims, when anticipating the joys of the polar heaven, makes the tongue involuntarily speak in genuine Esquimauxan gibberish. It is, however, not surprising that the language in which a people first receives the rudiments of its religion should be greatly venerated and acquire a peculiar sacredness. The Shereef asked me to show him the passage where Mahomet was spoken of under the title of Parakleit; but he kept off religious discussion, having more delicacy than his neighbours of Ghat. Ignorance is bliss to a Shereef of these countries. Were the Shereef to see the wonders of Christian civilization, he would be stung to death with envy. A gentleman once told me as the result of his experience in Barbary, that a Mussulman who had not seen Europe was more friendly to Christians than one who had, accounting for it on the principle of a despicable envy.

26*th.*—The weather continues warm and fine; little wind. Objects at fifty miles' distance seem close upon you, so clear and rarefied is the air. Berka came this morning ostensibly for eye-powders, but really for a bit more sugar for his little grandson, the well-beloved son of his old age.

Sheikh Berka.—"Sala-a-a-m!"

The writer.—"Good morning, Berka."

Sheikh Berka.—"Medicine for my eyes."

The writer.—"Here is some powder, you must

mix it with a bowl of water; but take care, it's poisonous."

Sheikh Berka.—"Good God, Christian! take it back, my little son will eat it for sugar. He gets everything and eats."

The writer.—"Here's some sugar for him."

Sheikh Berka.—"God Almighty bless you."

The writer.—"How old are you, Berka?"

Sheikh Berka.—"My mother knows, but she's gone. She's gone to God!"

Essnousee came in for eye-powders to make a solution, and fever-powders to take with him to Soudan. Have only two or three of the latter which I keep for myself. Gave him the last I had. He said, "You don't see the fever, you don't visit enough, there's plenty of it in the houses." Apparently it is common intermittent fever with some climatic variety; I think Tertian ague.

People are more civil in the streets to-day, and the rabble has lost its curiosity or fancy for running after us. Negroes and slaves are still impudent, not recognizing in the Kafer their secret friend. Saw Khanouhen in the Esh-Shelly, who called after me to come to him. Hateetah was with him. The Prince began his satires on the Consul:—"Yâkob, who is the best man, I or Hateetah? Have you written* this fellow Hateetah? All about him? Is this the English Consul? Does your Sultan own him?" Khanouhen pressed him so hard, that I ran off to save Hateetah's feelings, all the people roaring with laughter, and calling me back.

* When you make a drawing, they say "Write" a drawing, or "Write" a man, instead of draw a man.

Afternoon saw the Governor. His Excellency lavished his hospitality on me. He gave me coffee, dried Soudan beef cut up into shreds, and some of the Soudan almonds. These almonds are not fine flavoured like those of the north, but are viscid, rancid, and bitter. Nor are they of the same beautiful filbert-form, but of clumsy oval and double-oval shapes. The shell is soft, and can be broken easily with the fingers. The kernel is mostly double, and when slightly rubbed splits into halves or rather two kernels. The dried beef is very pleasant eating, but rather too dry, the fat and moisture being all consumed. We have heard of beef cooked in the sun on the bastions of Malta, but this is really beef cooked in the sun. It is an excellent provision for long journeys over The Desert. People chew it as tobacco is chewed. Our Governor-Marabout got very familiar this morning, and talked about his family. He called a little boy and said to me, "Look at my little son, he's as white as you are white." The child was indeed very fair for a young Saharan. He asked me as tabeeb, if Christian women had more children than one, and if they went longer than a year, which he had heard. He pretended his was a small family, and he should like to have fifty children, which, he added, "all Sultans ought to have;" but, for money he did not care, he wished all his children were poor but pious marabouts. His preaching is quite contrary to his practice. A more money-getting ambitious fellow I have not found in The Desert. The report which I heard of the Governor of Ghat being changed whilst at Ghadames, was a sham abdication on his part. From domestic matters he proceeded to talk of politics. His Excellency is always

anxious to give an immense idea of the fighting qualities and numbers of the Touaricks. He wishes me to make a favourable report of them, and his position at Ghat, and country. He declares the warriors to muster 15,000 strong, which would give too numerous a population for the Azgher section of Touaricks. The Haghar, and especially the Kylouy Touaricks, have an infinitely larger population than those of Ghat. The Marabout pretends there are some Touaricks who never saw corn or tasted bread, and others who dress only in skins. Indeed, I saw a Touarghee from the country, as well as The Touarick Prophet, dressed entirely in skins and tanned leather.

His Excellency then introduced his favourite subject of the battles between Moslems and Nazarenes for the possession of Constantinople, in which his ancestors so valiantly fought. He said, the sword of one of his grandfathers was laid up in the armoury of Stamboul, and submitted to me if I thought the Turks would give it to him if he were to make the demand. I told him to apply to the British Ambassador at the Porte, making the thing of the consequence suited to the Marabout's taste. "No," he replied, "I shall go myself one day and fetch it." His Excellency then began to extol the military forces and powers of the princes of Africa:—"The Sultan of Timbuctoo has 100,000 fighting men! Wadai has 100,000 warriors! The Sultans of Soudan have innumerable hosts, as the sand-grains of The Desert are innumerable!" He then asked silly questions as to whether the Turks could beat the Christians in fighting. I told him plainly, the Turks now learnt the art of war from the Christians, and the latter were not

only superior to them, but to all Mohammedans whatever, Arabs or Touaricks, Kabyles, or what not, recommending his Excellency not to credit the absurd reports propagated by foolish dervishes of The Desert, as to how the Emperor of Morocco was conquering all the French and other Christians. Indeed, I'm obliged to be schoolmaster, and geographer, and admonisher, to Sheikhs, marabouts, merchants, to all and every body. The subject of religion was now introduced, and I found the Governor, though a Marabout, of the first water, did not know that the Christians read and studied the sacred books of the Jews. I told his Excellency, Christian Marabouts must read and study the sacred books of all religions, and Christian talebs frequently read the Koran to acquire a knowledge of classic Arabic. This information greatly amazed the Governor. I cannot, however, report more of his conversation, which would be endless. I sent him on my return the Arabic Bible, which the Shereef had told him I had with me.

Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. The Haj surprised me by saying, "All my slaves, even the youngest of not more than four or five years' old, must walk to Tripoli as they have walked from Kanou to Ghat." I found Kandarka with him. The camel-driver is a right-jolly fellow, quite a new species of being from the Touaricks of Ghat. A great deal of merry laughing and grinning Negro feeling is in his composition. But, with all his fun, he is a most determined man. He is about to convey some of the Haj's merchandize to Kanou, as being the bravest and most trust-worthy of all the Aheer camel-drivers.

27*th*.—I'm out of my reckonings with the Moors by

some mistake or other, of them or me, for I'm Monday, and they're Tuesday. Their month and our month, like our respective religions, is also in continual collision, their month being lunar, not solar. The weather is very warm. Am exceedingly tired of remaining in Ghat; always regretting I did not determine to go to Soudan. Merchants are daily leaving in small caravans, not large caravans, which is a proof of the security of the routes, and the word of the Touarghee Sheikh is "one" word; "The routes are all in peace," they say. Walked out with a very large stick, which frightened the Ghatee boys, who all thought it was for them, on account of their former sauciness. Was surprised at the Medina Shereef asking me to lend (give) him fifteen dollars to go to Tripoli. I promised very foolishly to give him his provisions to Tripoli, in the event of his proceeding with our caravan. What people for begging are these! The Shereef had just been scolding me for giving so much to these importunates. Although their houses are full of stores and money, they will still beg, and beg, and beg . . . . beg . . . beg . . . . But this evening, at Haj Ibrahim's, we had a transcendant specimen of begging. The beggar was no less a personage than The Giant. I may remind the reader, The Giant is the son of Berka's sister, and is head of the tribe at Berka's death. The Giant therefore came to demand backsheesh, as being the lineal successor of Berka, who was Haj Ibrahim's protector. Haj Ibrahim observed :—"I have given Berka twenty dollars, and some other presents, and I cannot give any thing to his oulad ('sons.')" The Giant would hear none of this, insisted upon a present for himself, and swore by all the sacred names of the Deity, frequently using his

favourite oath, "Allah Akbar!" After an hour's debating, it was agreed that, for the future, Berka, if he lived till another year, (for the aged chieftain is "tottering o'er the grave,") should have a smaller present, and the portion subtracted should be given to The Giant. But this is cutting the blanket at one end, to sew the piece on the other, for the sons and nephews of Berka now share the presents amongst them. His Giantship was very condescending to me, though savage enough with the merchant. He laughed and joked, and "grinned a ghastly smile," and asked me, why I did not go into the public square and see all the people, thinking my not going out more showed a want of confidence in the Touaricks. Want of confidence in a Touarick is the most serious insult you can offer to him. So Dr. Oudney properly records of Hateetah, and says, "he was indignant at the feelings which the people of Mourzuk had against the Touaricks—the Touaricks who pride themselves in having one word, and performing what they promise." But Hateetah has since become an old man, and, with the usual prudence of age, recommends me not to go much about amongst the people. "Something unpleasant might happen," he says, "for which all the Sheikhs would be sorry." The Giant said to me, "Come, you Christian, I shall sell you a wife of the Shânbah women. Stop here till I come back."

A most affecting incident was related to me by Mustapha. Two of his slaves quarrelled, and last night, whilst one was fast asleep, the other went stealthily and fetched a shovelful of burning-wood ashes, and poured them over the sleeping slave's face, tongue, and neck! He is suffering sadly, and Mustapha has called for

medicine. So act these poor créatures, the victims of a common misfortune. How cruel is man to his brother! In all situations, man is his own enemy! This incident reminds me of what Colonel Keatinge relates of the unfortunate Jews in Morocco. Although the Jews are very badly treated in that empire, and all suffer great indignities, yet, to increase their own misfortunes, and by their own hands, one Jew has actually been known to purchase from the Sultan the right, the privilege of torturing another Jew. The speculation, adds the Colonel, was considered "a good one," because, if no pecuniary advantage followed, the pleasure of inflicting the torture was certain. The privilege of bidding for himself, or buying himself from the torture, was the only one allowed the victim on such horrible occasions! Some people have pretended that there is a limit to human degradation; but there is always a lower depth—and a still lower depth. Not death itself limits this sort of degradation—the tomb of the unfortunate Morocco Jew is defiled—and his name and faith furnishes, unendingly, the "by-words" of the curse of the Moor! On the late massacre of the Jews at Mogador, neither the Earl of Aberdeen nor Monsieur Guizot, condescended to remonstrate to the Moorish Emperor; nor did their co-religionists of France and England attempt (that I have heard of) to excite their Governments on behalf of the plundered and houseless Maroquine Jews . . . . How long are these things to last? . . . . Till doomsday? . . . . But did not Jupiter give Pandora the box with hope at the bottom? . . . . To be serious, would not a million or two of the Rothschilds be well spent in buying the freedom of the Morocco Jews? Could a

patriotic Jew do any thing which, in the last moment of his life, would produce more and such satisfactory reflections? It is to be hoped that the patriotic Jews of Europe are not like some foolish Christians who wish to continue the oppression of the Jews in order to fulfil the prophecies, as if God could not take care of his own veracity! But these sottish Christians had better mind what they are about, in contributing to the continued oppression of the Jews, and preventing their emancipation, because, whatever may be the duration of the prophetic curse upon the Jews, God will not, cannot hold the contributors to their oppression guiltless, no more than he did the Babylonian princes who first carried away the Jews into captivity.

28*th*.—Distributed to the Soudanese merchants solution for the eyes. This evening Haj Ibrahim's slaves sung and played together in the court-yard. They consist of girls and boys, and young women. They sung in choruses, one first repeating a line or a verse in the style of the ancient Greeks. Their voices are not very melodious, and they remind me of the responses of a charity school at church. Still it is grateful to one's feelings to witness how pitying is God to these poor things, in giving them such happy hearts in the early days of their bondage! Kandarka was here, the same merry-hearted fellow as before. Providence has compensated Africa for the wrongs inflicted by her enemies, in giving her children a happy and contented disposition.

29*th*.—A fine morning; weather warm, cold seems to have left us altogether. I have discussed the "vexed question," with the Soudanese and Saharan merchants, as to how the ostrich is hunted and caught. In Soudan

the ostrich is snared by small cords, the bird getting its legs into the nooses. The trap is a quantity of herbage laid over the cordage. Here the Negro waits for his rich feathery booty, and draws the cordage as soon as their feet are in the noose. Others throw stones, sticks, and lances, at the ostrich; others shoot them. But in Sahara, and in what is called the edge of The Desert, the ostrich is simply ridden down by the mounted Arab during the great heats of summer. The ostrich, though a tenant of the burning Sahara, cannot run well for any length of time during the summer, and so becomes the prey of the Arab, whose horse bears heat better. In and about Wadnoun, ostriches are hunted with what is called the Desert horse, which is a horse living chiefly on milk, and which has a power of endurance the most extraordinary. This agrees with Porret, who says, "the ostriches can only be taken by tiring them down." But he does not mention the summer. Riley says the ostrich is driven before the wind, and Jackson against the wind, in being hunted. Captain Lyon says, "it is during the breeding season the greatest number of ostriches are caught, the Arabs shooting the old ones on their nests." The Sahara is a world of itself, peopled with a variety of hunters, who will each hunt in the manner he likes best. I may add, as I have often alluded to Biblical matters, the story of the ostrich forsaking her eggs, and leaving them to be hatched in the sun, is not correct. Merchants often questioned me as to what we did with ostrich feathers, people making no particular use of them in Sahara. When I told them our ladies adorned their heads with ostrich feathers, they laughed heartily, adding, "How ridiculous!" We laugh at their sable beauties

adorning their necks and bosoms with trumpery glass-beads, and they laugh at our red and white beauties adorning their heads with ostrich feathers. The Chinese have their peacock's feather as a set-off against our button-hole ribbon; "Ainsi va le monde." One of the Aheer Touaricks, who, unlike my Ghat friends, return presents, brought me to-day a damaged ostrich skin and feathers. Being quite out of pens, and not able to persuade the Tripolines to send me up a few quills, I cut out several ostrich quills, and had the pleasure, for the first time in my life, of writing with an ostrich pen. I cut several, and amused and satirized myself by writing in my journal with one quill, "James Richardson has much to learn;" with another quill, "Richardson, James, must take care of his health," &c., "Yâkob Richardson was an egregious ass to come into The Desert," &c., &c. These quills are very firm, if not fine and flexible, and it is a good substitute in The Desert for "the grey goose quill." I was so delighted with this unexpected supply of pens, that I offered the Touarghee of Aheer another present, but he resolutely refused it, adding, "I wish to show you that a Touarick of Aheer can be grateful, and do a kindness to a stranger, without eating him up." This was a tall man, of fair complexion, but pitted with the small-pox, of middle age, and called Mohammed. He was one of the best specimens of Aheer Touaricks, and always said to me, "Come to our country. You will walk about the streets without being molested by any one. We never saw a Christian in our country, and we wish to see one."

Evening, a ghafalah from Aheer has arrived, bringing sixty camel-loads of senna, and ten of elephants' teeth.

A courier is also come from Touat, with the intelligence that the Shânbah, instead of fleeing away from the threatened attack of the Touaricks, had boldly appeared on the Touarick territory, in the route of Touat and Ghadames, having a force of 1200 mounted men. The Touaricks are at last alarmed, and dispatching messengers through all their districts, to give intelligence of the arrival of the enemy. I'm afraid the Touaricks have been making too sure of their approaching success. A messenger has been sent after the last Ghadamsee ghafalah which left here. Great excitement prevails in the town, and Jabour and Khanouhen are preparing to leave for their districts, where the levies of troops are collecting. A portion of the Tripoline ghafalah is stopped a few hours from this, on account of three of the camels running away during the night. The camel is by no means so stupid as it looks, and knows exactly when it is about to commence a long journey over The Desert. The three camels could not withstand the temptation of the herbage in the wady, and started off, and will not be found for days. Fulness of food as well as hunger makes animals savage. One of our camels whilst grazing bit a slave, and has nearly killed him. This, however, rarely happens; the camel is generally docile, if not harmless.

The Touaricks belonging to Berka have just paid Christians a very high compliment, but at my expense. I promised some more sugar to Berka if I could get any from Haj Ibrahim. The Sheikh sent twice for the sugar, and yesterday, when some of his people visited the merchant, they said to him, "Where is the sugar of The Christian? It is not right for Yâkob to treat us thus. Christians never lie." A Christian tourist must never

follow the example of a Mahometan in this country, that is, of always promising and never refusing, because it is disagreeable to refuse. In the above case, however, my promise was quite conditional, on Haj Ibrahim's having sugar. Nevertheless, there is happily an opinion prevalent in North Africa, that Christians, and especially English Christians, have but "one word." Let all of us British tourists try to keep up this high character.

30*th*.—A little colder this morning, and foggy. The senna ghafalah will detain us three days more. Our camels are come up from the grazing districts; my nagah looks much better. Jabour called this morning to bid me farewell, before departing to his country house. The Sheikh leaves this evening. Ashamed of the small present I made him on my arrival, I apologized, and begged him to accept of the only razor I had, which being quite new, and very large and fine-looking, exceedingly pleased the Sheikh. We had together a good deal of the most friendly conversation. Jabour promises, on my return, to conduct me *en route* for Timbuctoo, and confide me to the care of some of his trustworthy followers. He will conduct me by the south-western route, which is stated to be forty-five days' journey on M. Carette's map. But the Sheikh tells me it is only thirty days, or less. This route is intersected by many mountains, the height of which is so great, that the valleys are, for Sahara, perceptibly cold. These heights attract the clouds and condense them into rain, and the rocky region is full of beautiful springs and foaming cascades, of eternal freshness. There is, however, the dreaded plain of *Tenezrouft* (تنزروفت) to be traversed, eight days without water for man, or herbage for camels. This

is the grand difficulty in getting to Timbuctoo from the north. The Sheikh went so far as to insure my safety to Timbuctoo and back. He then observed, "All the people from Tripoli are under my protection, all Christians who come that way. Tell your countrymen they have nothing to fear in that route; tell them to come in peace." He continued, "Why, I observe you writing Arabic, why don't you believe in our books?" I answered, "We have our prophet, who is Jesus; but all Christians believe that 'God is one,' that 'God is the most merciful,' (الله الرحمان الرحيم ربّ واحد)" citing this Arabic. He then shook hands most cordially with me, and we parted (for ever?). I always looked upon this good and just man as the *bonâ fide* friend, not only of me and Christians, but of all strangers, visiting Ghat, whatsoever. A little while after he sent me, by one of his people, a small present of a Touarghee travelling bag, made of coarse-dressed leather. This is my first present from a Touarghee Sheikh, and I shall keep it as long as I can.

As soon as Jabour left, Hateetah came in, but in a very different mood. Somebody had told him I had given the razor to Jabour, and he was also annoyed at seeing the present from Jabour, of whom he is, as of all the other Sheikhs, very jealous. Hateetah now vented his rage against Haj Ibrahim, for only giving him a turban-band. He swore solemnly he would cut the merchant's throat on the road if he did not give him five or ten dollars. I laughed at this petulant sally, and said, "Yes, cut his throat; you will do better than Ouweek." This was too much for Hateetah, who was trying, but

apparently unable, to work himself up into a passion, and he couldn't help breaking down; so taking me by the hand, he said, "Do you believe me?" He was in hopes I would go and report this mock-furious speech to Haj Ibrahim, but I was determined I would not interfere. He then abused the route of Fezzan, and said it was full of banditti. Of this also I took no notice.

One of my most curious acquaintances is an old Touatee, established in Ghat as a trader many years. He comes frequently to barter with me, bringing bits of cheese and dried meat. He will never let go his wares until he gets the equivalent fast in his hands. But he has no prejudice against Christians. He often recommends to me the sable beauties of Ghat, but I always reply, "This is prohibited to Christians." He is very much puzzled to know what I write about, and says, "Don't write anything against me."

Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. The senna, which was formerly only four and a half dollars the cantar, is now six, at which price the merchant bought twenty camel-loads to-day. Kandarka came in, and this funny fellow, on seeing me, immediately cried out, "Saif zain," "wahad," which, being interpreted literally, means, "A fine sword!" "one!" but with a more enlarged interpretation and paraphrase, means, "Bring me a fine sword when you come back, a sword which will kill a man with one stroke." After repeating this twenty times and suiting the action to the word, the Aheer camel-driver set to and caricatured the Touaricks of Ghat in general, and the Sultan Shafou in particular. His topic was the Shânbah war, the everlasting theme now in Ghat. The camel-driver mimicked and satirized the aged Sultan

by taking up a walking-stick and walking in a stooping posture, leaning on the staff, begging from door to door, knocking at the door of the room in which we were sitting, slipping down the wrapper from his mouth, which the Touaricks do when they attempt to speak in earnest, and was to show the importunity of the begging Sultan. This drama was performed to denote the general poverty of the Ghat Touaricks, as compared with the rich Touaricks of Aheer. The Aheer comedian then caricatured all the Touaricks together, by shaking his hands and body as if a tremor was passing through his limbs; he then fell at full length on the floor, as if dead. In this way the comic camel-driver ridiculed the poverty and pusillanimity of Ghat Touaricks. He convulsed all the Moors and Arabs with laughter. In fact, he hit off the objects of his satire as well as some of our best comedians. And from what I can learn in town, it would appear the pride of Khanóuhen is humbled before the threatening aspect of the war. Made Kandarka a present of a razor which I purchased of Haj Ibrahim. He took it up and exclaimed, "Saif zain, wahad, I'll unman all the Touaricks with this. Who's Khanouhen? (raising himself up in a boasting position.) Who's Jabour?—only a Marabout. Who's Hateetah?—a whimpering slave-girl! What is Berka?—soon to be coffined? Shafou! Come, I'll give thee, poor Sultan, a little bit of bread. As to that tall fellow (the Giant), there's no camel big enough to carry him. He'll fall down on the road and rot like a dog." This is amply sufficient to show that satire is not an European monopoly, but grows indigenous to The Desert. I asked the Governor what he should do if the Shânbah should

come up against Ghat, recommending him to secure his doors well and prepare for defence. He replied, "I'm a Marabout." But this character would not screen him from the shot of the Shânbah matchlocks. Of course, there's not a bit of ordnance in The Sahara. I don't recollect seeing a single piece of cannon at the Turkish fortified places of Mourzuk, or Sockna, or Bonjem.

31*st.*—Took a walk to see the Governor. He was very civil, and I begin to think more of his talent. His Excellency was very busy in weighing gold. He divided it into halves, into thirds, into quarters, and weighed it all ways, and separately, with much skill. This gold was brought yesterday from Touat by some Touateen, originally brought from Timbuctoo, there being no gold or precious metals in this part of Sahara. People pretend, however, there is coal in the route between Ghat and Touat. But were it found there ever so plentifully, it would not pay the carriage to the coast. The Marabout merchant next unpacked two camels, laden with heiks or barracans, with presents of tobacco and shoes (Morocco), for himself and his family. These were sent from his relatives in Ain Salah. On one of the packages was written in Arabic, "To our brother, the Marabout, God bless him." In this unpacking, all his family were employed for a couple of hours as busy as bees. The Governor afterwards gave us coffee, and asked me to examine the head of one of his children. He had heard from the merchants of Ghadames how I had examined the heads of the servants of Rais Mustapha. This child could not walk, having no strength in his limbs. The brain was pushed backwards and forwards, very flat on the sides, and sharp at the top of the head, leaving a

very miserable portion in the central regions. The entire nervous system was evidently deranged. The Governor had no difficulty in crediting my power of divination through phrenology, believing, like other Moors, that we Christians have familiar conversation with the Devil, by which we acquire our superiority of knowledge over them, the Faithful. His Excellency, on taking leave, gave me some Touat dates, which are hard but extremely sweet. This species is called *Tenakor*. The dates of Warklah and Souf are also very sweet. One of the Touatee asked me, if I would go to Timbuctoo. I replied, "I'm afraid." "You are right," he said, "for there's no Sultan there, everybody does as he likes, all men are equal." Certainly a powerful Sultan would be of advantage in The Sahara, for a traveller would then have but one master to conciliate, now he has ten thousand masters to propitiate. People in quarrelling say, "You must not do this (or that), for you are in a *Blad Sheikh*" (a country where there is a constituted authority). Liberty is a good thing, nothing is better; but there must be with it morality. Without morality, liberty is only liberty to do mischief. On my return home, Hateetah called. The first word he utterred was, "I'm at war with Haj Ibrahim." "Ah," I replied, "you must cut his throat, he's a great rascal." Hateetah dropped his complaint at once, and observed, "Patience; all the Touaricks leave here to-morrow to go against the Shânbah, I only shall remain to go with you." He informed me the place of rendezvous is Dĕdă, or Dĕdĕ, three or four days westward from Ghat. Shafou and Khanouhen are there, and an immense congregation of all the tribes is sitting in council and debate. Shafou has sent a

message to allow Hateetah to go with me to Fezzan. All the mahrys are in urgent request for the war, and Khanouhen has prohibited the Touaricks from engaging their camels for the carriage of merchandize. After all it appears there is a strong government in The Desert. One of the questions debated is, "Whether they shall attack the Haghar tribes, subjected to the Sultan Bassa, if they (the Haghar) give an asylum to the Shânbah." The Touat people wish the Azgher and Haghar tribes to unite for the extermination of the robbers, who injure the commerce of all this part of Sahara. In the evening saw Haj Ibrahim. Kandarka came in: "Saif zain, wahad," he bawled out as usual. He entered into a minute description of the kind of sword he wished, one that would bend and was as elastic as a cane.

CHAPTER XXII.

PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE TO FEZZAN.

Account of Timbuctoo.—Streets of Ghat deserted by departure of Caravans.—Packing of Senna.—Return of the Soudan Caravan.—The Giant and his Gang sally out in search of a Supper.—System of Irrigation.—The Saharan Hades.—Continued departure of People to Soudan.—Hateetah serves himself from Haj Ibrahim's Goods.—Scold Ghadamsee Merchants for introducing Religious Discussion.—Mode of Fashionable Dressing of the Hair, and Female Adornment.—Saharan Beauties.—Costume of Touaricks.—Gardens of the Governor.—Attempt a Journey to Wareerat Range.—Hateetah and Haj Ibrahim become reconciled.—Departure of Kandarka for Aheer.—Day of my departure from Ghat.—Moral and Social Condition of the Saharan People compared to European Society.—Force of our Slave Caravan.—First Night's Bivouack.

I HAVE not obtained any additional information at Ghat respecting the still mysterious city of Timbuctoo. In comparing Caillié's description with that given by the American sailor, Robert Adams, I find Caillié's information agrees the better with what I have collected myself from the mouths of those who have been long resident at Timbuctoo. Indeed, Adams's description apparently refers to some Negro city in Bambara or thereabouts, between Jinnee and Timbuctoo. But I shall not attempt to impugn the veracity of the one or the other. Caillié says, "The little information which I have obtained of Timbuctoo was furnished me by my host Sidi Abdullah-Chebir, and the Kissour Negroes." In another place he says that he wished to return *viâ* Morocco, and not by the Senegal, for fear he should not

be believed, his countrymen being envious of his success. Both of these statements deserve consideration in determining the authenticity of his voyage.

A great variety of spelling exists in the writing of the name of Timbuctoo. M. Jomard, Member of the French Institute, gives تُنبُكت, but says he does not think that this word when properly written contains the ي. He thinks, however, we may be satisfied with the orthography of تُنبُكت. And he adds, "I know that Batouta writes Te*n*boctou, *n* being used for *m*." I have found two ways of spelling Timbuctoo in The Desert, viz., تنبكتوا, and تنبكتا, and they both agree with Batouta. We may, therefore, consider Batouta's style of spelling the more correct orthography. Now, تين, *Teen*, in Touarghee, is "well" or "pit." The term occurs in combination with many names of stations in Targhee Sahara, as will be seen in the map; for example, *Teenyeghen*, a well of water, seven days' journey on the route from Ghadames to Ghat; and *Nijberteen*, a well in my route from Ghadames to Ghat, already mentioned. In the first instance *Teen* occurs at the beginning of the word, and the second at the end; but, in both cases, the meaning is "the well of Nijber," and "the well of Yeghen." *Teenbuktu* follows the same rule of Berber or Touarghee combination, and means "the Well of Buktu," probably Buktu being the digger of the pits of Timbuctoo.

With regard to information collected by myself of this city, I can only add a few particulars. Timbuctoo

is situated upon the northern flats of the Niger, or at about half a day's distance from it during the summer, and three hours only in winter, the difference arising from the increase of the water of the river during the latter season. But our merchants do not mention whether this river be a branch of the Niger (which they call Neel or Nile), or the Niger itself. This they are evidently unacquainted with. They never mention the port of Cabra, which is so distinctly noticed by Caillié. The climate is hot, and always hot, but extremely healthy—as healthy as any part of Central Africa. The city is about four times larger than Tripoli as to area, but in proportion not so densely inhabited, the population being about 23,000 souls. It has no walls now, though it formerly had, and is open to the inroads of the tribes of The Desert. The population is very mixed, and consists of Fullans, who are the dominant caste, Touaricks, Negroes, and Moors and Arabs from different oases of Sahara, as also from the Northern Coast of Africa. The majority of the Moors are Maroquines. The Government is absolute, and now in the delegated possession of a Marabout named Mokhtar, and the national religion Mahometan. There do not appear to be any Pagans or idolatrous Africans now resident in Timbuctoo, but some half century ago most of the Kissour Negroes, the native Negroes of Timbuctoo, were Pagans. The present Sultan is called Ahmed Ben Ahmed Lebbu Fullan, whose authority is established over the two great cities of Jinnee and Timbuctoo, and all the intervening and neighbouring districts, including several cities of inferior note. He is the son of the famous warrior Ahmed

Lebbu, who dethroned the native princes of the Ramçe, or those who "bend the bow." The usual residence of the Sultan is now at Jinnee. The city is a place of great sanctity, and no person has the privilege of smoking in it—that is to say, defiling it, but the Touaricks, who are there so overbearing and unmanageable, as to be above the local laws. They are the cause of continual disturbances at Timbuctoo; nevertheless, so powerful are the Fullans, that they manage to keep the Touaricks in subjection, as well as the native Negro tribes. There are seven mosques, the minarets of some of which are as large as those of Tripoli.

There are several schools and a few learned doctors amongst the priests. The houses are only one story high, but some few have a room over a magazine; they are built of stones and mortar, and some of wood or straw. The streets are narrow, few of them admit of the passage of two camels abreast. Several covered bazaars are built for merchandize. There are no native manufactures of consequence. Timbuctoo is properly a commercial depôt or emporium. The principal medium of exchange is salt, which is very inconvenient. The grand desideratum of merchants is the acquisition and accumulation of gold, but this is obtained only by a long and wearying residence in Timbuctoo, and is very uncertain in supply. The gold is brought from a considerable distance south-west. Jinnee is a greater place of trade than Timbuctoo. The neighbouring country is flat and sandy, stretching in plains over the alluvial deposits of the Niger. There are no fruit-trees or gardens, beyond the growing of a few melons and vegetables; but trees abound on the vast plains of Timbuctoo, and there is a

great number of the Tholh, or gum-bearing acacia. The communication between Jinnee and Timbuctoo is principally by water, and with light boats the journey can be accomplished in seven days, but the distance is a month by land. The navigation of the Niger is extremely difficult, and in the dry season the boats are continually grounding, whilst in the wet season people are in constant dread of being precipitated on the rocks. The boats have no sails, and are pushed along by poles with great labour. There is no water in the city: it is brought from pits east and west, a quarter of a mile distant,—that from the east being brackish, and that from the west sweet. Water is sold in the streets of Timbuctoo, as in many African cities. The Maroquine merchants live in style and luxury at Timbuctoo, and tea, coffee, and sugar may be obtained from them at a reasonable price. The residence of an European at Timbuctoo may, perhaps, be considered secure for a short time; but the grand difficulty is to get there, and when you get there, to get safe back again. These details are not very interesting, and I should not have mentioned them, but for the general anxiety there still exists to obtain correct and recent information of this celebrated Nigritian city.

1*st February*.—The streets of Ghat begin to be deserted. Touaricks are going, and gone, as well as the various merchants from neighbouring countries. So I walk with much freedom in the streets. Have not been molested about religion for some time; but a man said to me to day, "Unless you believe in Mahomet, you will burn in the fire for ever!" Strange anomaly this in the conduct of men! They deliver over their fellow-men to everlasting torments, as if it was some slight

corporal castigation! . . . . . Saw Hateetah. The Consul is still at war with Haj Ibrahim; but he is cutting his own throat, and not the merchant's, by his foolish conduct. A low Ghat fellow came in, and finding me writing, begins crying out:—"Oh, you are writing our country! You are coming afterwards to destroy it! Never was our country written before, and it shall not be now!" I turned him out of doors. He then fetched a mob of "lewd fellows of the baser sort," and began wheying, whooing. Hateetah luckily came by at the time, and belaboured them with his spear, and off they ran, wheying whooing. Went to see them pack up senna, or rather change the sacks, those in which it had been packed in Aheer being worn out. The sacks are made of palm-leaves. Here were lying some hundred large bundles. I am not surprised these simple people wonder what we do with senna, and are the more surprised when I tell them it is for medicine. Medicine they take little of; and then they have no conception of the millions of Christians in Europe, thinking we are so many islanders squatting upon the oases of the watery ocean. The senna leaves, on account of the late rains, are finer and broader than usual: they are very large, and, except the edges, of a dark-purple hue. There is a good deal of small wood (stalks of the plant), and here and there a few yellow flowers, besides a quantity of dust and dirt mixed up with the leaves.

Several detachments of the return Soudan caravan left to-day. Went to see them off. It was amusing to be present at the preparations for departing. Some just starting, some packing up, others loading, others weighing the camels' burdens, others saluting their friends, all in

busy and distracting confusion. Strings of camels were in advance, with their heads towards Berkat. I sighed with regret. I wished to follow . . . . The camels are tied one after another, held together by strings in their nose, and they are not allowed to graze during the march, like the camels of Arabs. This is an advantage to the traveller, for much time is lost by the camels cropping herbage on the way. The files of camels are twenty and thirty in number, and sometimes these files are double. I imagine in mountainous districts they are untied, otherwise one camel slipping or falling, would draw another after it, and so the whole line would be thrown in confusion. In the palms noticed two small birds, white bodies, head and wings black. With the exception of the diminutive singing sparrow, and a few crows, these are all the birds I have seen in the oasis. Saw several Aheer Touaricks just arrived, and found them tall, well-made, comparatively fair, and fine-featured; nothing of the Negro character about them. All extremely civil to me; and I certainly like them as well, if not better, than the ordinary run of Ghat Touaricks. These Aheer Touaricks must be one of the finest races of men in Central Africa.

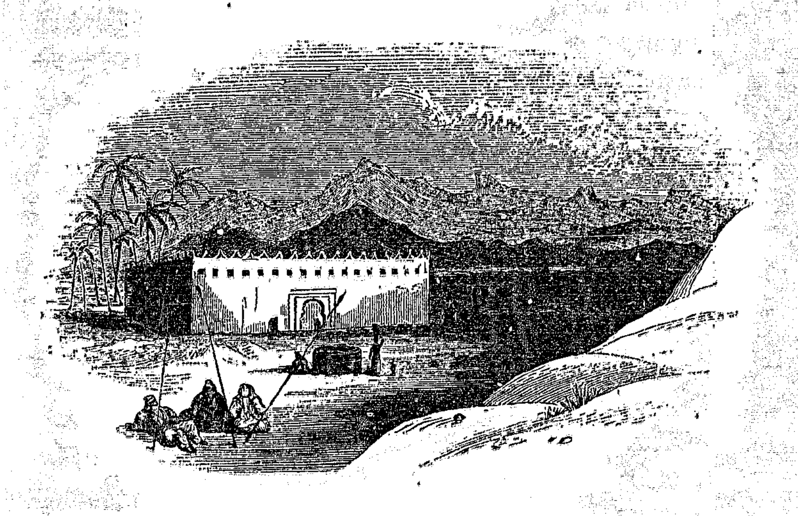
Went as usual to spend the evening with Haj Ibrahim. Had not sat down many minutes before a thundering knocking was heard at the outer door. An Arab youth called out, "Who's there?" and "Don't open," to the slave that had the charge of the court-yard door. The knocking increased in fury, the tumult of voices without being terrific; and Haj Ibrahim, at last, recognizing the party, and yielding to their violence, said "Open." As soon as the door was thrown back, in poured a host of

Touaricks, like the opening of a deluging sluice, all belonging to Berka, headed by their acting chief, the redoubtable Giant! Their first object was to abuse roundly the Arab youth who had called out, "Don't open." The merchants of Ghadames and Tripoli try to shut out the Touaricks as much as possible all times of the day, and especially just at supper-time, for this is the hour when the Touaricks prowl about for their evening meal, like famished evening wolves, seeking whom and what they can devour. Prowling for food is an absolute necessity with them, for generally they have no food; they bring only a very small quantity from their native districts, when they leave to spend some weeks at the Souk. This foraging party therefore came in for supper. Haj Ibrahim tried to work up his courage into rage; but it was useless, for his struggling ire was at once choked and quelled by the accents of thunder which The Giant belched out like old Ætna. The Giant opened fire upon the trembling merchant, by asserting the safety and tranquillity of the country: "There are no robbers or freebooters here; you buy and sell, fill your bags with money, and are in peace. Why, then, cannot we eat as the price of our protection?" Resistance being very madness, the supper which Haj Ibrahim had prepared for himself, was brought out to them, the servant crying out, not "Il pranzo è servito!" but, "This is all the supper we have for ourselves!" And like a wise steward, he kept a little back for his lord and master. After unbroken silence, which lasted full ten minutes, when every person seemed to be gasping for breath to speak, and struggling with some terrible inward commotion of the spirit, the supper-hunting Touaricks made a simultaneous

move towards the supper-bowl. About nine big brawny fellows attacked the savoury cuscusou, for Haj Ibrahim had the best kind of provisions brought from Tripoli. The dainty merchant told me he could not eat what was made in Ghat. Now, The Giant did not join the onslaught on the merchant's supper, that did not beseem his dignity as heir of the Sheikhdom of the venerable Berka! The chief of the gang, on the principle of delicacy and generosity, left the spoil to his men. The Giant, like Neptune rising to quell the fury of the tempest, sat reclining in dignity and authority, with a serene brow, calmly looking on, and smoking his pipe. Not a word was uttered, not a sound was heard, but the licking up the food, and the smacking of the lips of these uncouth, unbidden, uninvited guests. As soon as the supper was swallowed up, (only a few minutes,) they all arose, The Giant first rising, with unabashed effrontery, and led the way out. In another moment they were gone! and the door was shut. It was like some broken and distempered slumber, and the lamps having nearly burnt out, and all being dim and dark, rendered the illusion complete. The quondam *protégé* of these chiefs was too ill, too much upset, to speak. I bade him good night, and returned home, half-admiring The Giant and his troop, and abusing the foolish parsimony of the merchant, who ought to have thrown a few lumps of flesh to these hungry and wolfish sons of The Desert, and satisfied them at once. One of the party was Hateetah's brother; and Hateetah told me next day that he himself sent them.

2*nd*.—Our departure is now finally fixed for to-morrow. The weather is cool, but not so cold as on my

arrival. Within the last three weeks it has gradually become warmer, and the spring enlivening warmth will soon be succeeded by summer's burning reign. Took a very pleasant walk round the Governor's palace, and made a sketch of it, which is subjoined.



Irrigation is the grand means of agricultural production in Sahara. Without irrigation the oases would be mere halting-places for caravans, and would afford but a scanty supply for centres of human existence. But irrigation has not only sustained and sustains the towns and cities of the African Desert, but in Asia it has always been the grand means of maintaining vast populations. The Assyrians of ancient days became great by irrigation. In the prophets we read, "The waters made him (the Assyrian) great, the deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field. Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of

the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations. Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches: for his root was by great waters." (Ezek. xxxi. 4—7.) The metaphors are extremely explicit and beautiful, making water the source of the Assyrian greatness. Nothing can show more the power of water in the hot and dry climate of Syria. But the prophet particularly alludes to the system of irrigation, as practised on the banks of the Euphrates, from which river the waters were conveyed in small streamlets and conduits, "running round about the plants" in the gardens, and sent out to a considerable distance in little rills to all the trees of the field. The immense parterres of Babylon, artificial gardens supported by irrigation, have been celebrated by the historians of antiquity. In Ghat, Ghadames, and other oases of the Sahara, as well as the greater part of the Tripoline coast, this system of irrigation is now practised to its full extent, and water here shows a power of production with which we are unacquainted in more humid and temperate climes. At this time, the barley and wheat are shooting up simply under the power of water, which is conveyed to them by small ducts of earth, as drawn up from the wells, every four or five days. A bullock, or slave, draws up the water from the wells, which are of very rude construction, but answer the purpose. The water is then poured into a receiver of earth or stone, from which it runs into the small conduits

of earth. Sometimes the main conduits are made of lime-mortar, as in the island of Jerbah. The field to be irrigated is divided into small squares or compartments, sometimes oblong of about seven by five feet in size; each is edged up with a small embankment of earth; between each line of squares run parallel ducts or gutters of earth, communicating with one large and common conduit, which is usually placed, to run better, on the highest part of the field, and as nearly as possible cutting it into halves. Whilst the water is being drawn up, a lad opens each compartment of the field with a hoe or shovel-hoe, and lets the water into each square, shutting it up again when the surface of the ground is merely covered with water. I have seen them tread upon the springing blades of grass when so irrigating them, to give their roots more force and tenacity in the ground. In Ghat this irrigation is repeated every five days, or less, until the grain is in the ear and nearly ripe.

The Medina Shereef, who expresses sincere sympathy for my state of "judicial blindness," told me to-day that I should not go down to the real *bonâ fide* pit or abode of perdition, but to a dull shadowy place, "the region of nothings," and I might get out again and ascend to *Jennah*, (جنّة) "paradise;" and this, because I was near to them (the Mussulmans), and read and wrote Arabic, and was not afraid to write or repeat a verse of the Koran. In our prophets we have, "Thus saith the Lord, In the day when he went down to the grave I caused a mourning." (Ezek. xxxi. 15.) "I made the nations to shake at the sound of his fall, when I cast him down to hell with them that descend into the pit."

(Id. 16.) "They also went down to hell with him." (Id. 17.) In the first verse cited שאלה is translated "grave," in the two latter verses "hell." But there is no reason for the alteration of the term from "grave" to "hell." The prophets I imagine, like most of us, had extremely indistinct notions of the future world, and the place of disembodied spirits, and were accustomed to use the word שאלה (which ought invariably to be translated grave, or hades, and not hell,) something in the same manner as my friend the Shereef, for a dreary shadowy region of imperfect beings or non-entities, a nether limbo of nothings and vanities.

Took a walk to see the merchants leaving for Soudan; many of them were accompanied a short distance by their friends. It is an affecting thing to part with people who are about to enter upon forty days of Desert, without a human habitation, (the route from this to Aheer.) Saw Hateetah in my walk. He took a shumlah, or girdle, by force from Haj Ibrahim. The Consul found the auctioneer going round with it for sale, and inquiring to whom it belonged, and hearing it was Haj Ibrahim's, he took the sash from the auctioneer and told him to go and acquaint the merchant with what he had done, and which sash he had taken instead of the turban, offered to Hateetah by Haj Ibrahim, but refused on account of its little value. This is a nasty trick to say the least, but as the Moorish auctioneer observed, "Such is the way with the Touaricks." However, I am persuaded neither Jabour, nor Khanouhen, would have stooped to such a shabby dirty manœuvre. It seems besides, Haj Ibrahim is giving great provocation to the chiefs who are appointed his protectors at the Souk. They complain that,

whilst he brings as many goods as twenty ordinary merchants, he gives less than any one. So we must hear both sides of the question. Saw to-day the Moorish Kady of Ghat for the first time: I had not made his acquaintance. His son I knew, who was very impertinent, insisting that I should give him some tea because he was the son of the Kady. This I refused to do, and Khanouhen praised my conduct and said, I behaved "like a Touarghee!" The Kady is an old gentleman, but dresses superbly in a fine red turban and long flowing bright-green coat, in full sacerdotal character, as the triple-crowned Pope of Ghat. This morning I took upon myself to scold severely some Ghadamsee merchants for introducing the subject of religion before the ignorant people of Ghat and Soudan. I found a group of them in the streets when they wanted to speak of religion. I asked them "If they would do so in Tripoli, and if not, why here?" They understood the point of censure and immediately left off. Some Arabs present, said, "You are right, Yâkob." Vexed at my reproof, they attacked me on the subject of slaves, asking me why the English disapproved of slaves? I replied sharply, "It is not our religion to buy and sell men, though it may be your religion."

At the Governor's I observed the style of cutting and braiding fashionable young ladies' hair, in the example of his daughters. The forehead is shaved high up, leaving, however, one long curl or *with* of hair depending. This curl is braided and hangs down gracefully over the forehead. On each side of the head, over the ears, depend three other separate curls or locks of hair, each double-braided. Behind the head hang also two other longer

curls, and each double-braided. Between these curls, as they detach themselves from the head, the cranium is clean shaven, and the hair or tuft on the crown of the head, whence the several curls depend, covers a very small space. At the end of the braided curls is tied a piece of coloured string or narrow ribbon, the same as is done amongst our little dressy nymphs. The hair is dressed with olive-oil or daubed over with semen, or liquid butter. My old negress landlady is a hair-dresser of the first style, and the fashionable negresses come to have their woolly crispy locks dressed by her *secundum artem* nearly every day. This hair-dressing takes place on my terrace, and affords me a splendid field for observation. I ought to have brought with me into The Desert the book, "How to observe," in order to have given a complete and satisfactory description of the fashionable Libyo-Saharan hair-dressing. The old lady sits down, spreading out her knees, and the young sable belle throws herself flat at full length sprawling on the terrace floor, putting her head into the lap of the arbitress of The Desert toilette, her heels meanwhile kicking up, and sometimes not very decently. The operation then commences. The woolly locks, not more than three inches in length, are gradually drawn up tight to the crown of the head, and plaited in tiers in the shape of a high ridge, whilst they are being rubbed over with liquid butter. The lower circle of the cranium is left all bare, not a curl depending, and is shaven quite clean. But this is done previously, for my old negress does not undertake the profession of shaver, with her other important services. The hair, when fully dressed in this style, assumes the shape of an oval crown, or the head

part of the helmet. Some negresses use false tails as well as false locks, as our belles do, the long flowing curls being preferred by the sooty Nigritian beauties, in spite of such an ornament being unnatural to them. These ladies, however, neither paint nor tattoo their faces, and in general, painting with red and white is not used by the Libyan and Oriental beauties. In Algeria, however, some of the Mooresses have learnt to paint from their new mistresses, as an acquirement of French civilization in Africa. Dr. Shaw is quite right in his new rendering of the passage referring to Jezebel, "And she adjusted (or set off) her eyes with the powder of lead-ore," (2 Kings ix. 30,) which in the common version is, "And she painted her face," (or, in the margin, "put her eyes in painting"). This painting of the eyelids is a custom of great antiquity. It has the effect of of giving the eye a peculiar prominency, enlarging its apparent size, and adding to it a greater bewitching force. The Touarick women, however, disdain the unnatural adornment, and shame the unmanly conduct of certain of the Saharan men who actually paint thus their eyelids. It is a trite saying, that women are coquettes all the world over. But if mothers will educate their daughters so, it must be so. Besides cheerful young ladies are frequently confounded with coquettes, which is very unfair. Here, of course, there is coquetry as elsewhere. Why not? I have two neighbours, Negresses, and sisters, who get upon the house-top every morning, wash their faces, and oil them to make them shine, as it is said, "Man had given him oil to make his face to shine." They then dress one another's hair, which usually occupies them all the morning. The toilette here, as with

us, is a very serious affair. These sable beauties sometimes play the coquette with me, which is innocent enough. I asked my old negress about these and other coloured residents, and found there were many families of free negroes in Ghat. My friendly coquetting neighbours have a brother who is a free Negro and trades between Ghat and Soudan. A few of the free Negroes are perhaps *bonâ fide* immigrants, but these are really very limited. The dress of the women in this place is extremely simple; it consists solely of a chemise and a short-sleeved frock, with a barracan used as a shawl, and thrown over the head and shoulders, when there is wind or cold. The ladies have sandals, and some of them shoes. Beads are esteemed only by Negresses. Those particular beads made of a composition of clay at Venice and Trieste, are now the fashion. The Touarick ladies prefer pieces of coral and charms strung round their neck in necklaces. The arms, wrists, and ancles are hooped with wood-painted, and generally, metal armlets, bracelets, and anclets. Some ladies hang a small looking-glass about their necks, which is, of course in frequent use. The Touarick women industriously weave the woollen tobes, jibbahs, or frocks; they are very cheap, warm, and comfortable in the water. But the Soudan cottons are the great Saharan consumption. There are also now introduced from Europe quantities of, I think, what are called "Indians" in mercantile slang, or coarse white cottons. The merchants call them "new." These cottons are much liked in Morocco because they are cheap and pleasant clothing in summer. Men and women are clothed with them, and they are made up into every kind of dress. These European cottons are supplanting

those of Soudan, which furnish work for thousands in Central Africa. So the legitimate commerce, already so limited, is diminishing instead of increasing. Poor Africa! thrice-poor, and every way poor, gets nothing at present by her intercourse with Europe, saving the enslavement of her unhappy children, and the impoverishment of her native manufactures. The Niger and other *philanthropic* and commercial expeditions have only laid bare her nakedness—they have not advanced her one step in the scale of improvement. Connected with Saharan female dress is naturally that of female beauty. The *beau ideal* of an Arab beauty, according to the Arabian poets Havivi and Montannibi, is, that "Her person should be slender like the bending rush, or taper lance of Yemen." This is also the *beau ideal* of female beauty amongst Touaricks. I have seen no fat fed-up women amongst Touaricks, like those in such esteem and the *bon-ton* of the Moors. The *enbonpoint* of Mooresses is well known, and beauty amongst them is literally by the weight. Recent discoveries in Malta have made us acquainted with this *enbonpoint,* as an essential feature of female or other beauty in the most early times, say as far back as the Carthaginian and other ancient settlers in Malta. The rude statues lately dug up in that island are all remarkable for obese processes from the waist downwards.

The taste of the Arabs has been greatly vitiated, and the slight, spare, "bending rush" is often rejected for the bridal beauty who requires a camel to carry her to the house of her husband. The Moors resident in Ghat have imported the vicious Moorish ideas, and the Negress slaves are fattened for the market, and fetch higher prices.



The dress of Touarick men is more elaborate than that of their women. The principal garment is the Soudanic cotton frock, smock-frock, or blouse, sometimes called tobe, with short and wide open sleeves, and wide body reaching below the knee. Under this is at times worn a small shirt. The pantaloons are also of the same cotton, not very wide in the leggings, and scarcely reaching to the ancles, and something in the Cossack style. The frock is confined low round the waist with the "leather girdle," and often by a sash in the style of the Spaniards. There is generally attached to it a good-sized red leather bag, not unlike an European lady's work-bag, and this is made into various compartments, one for tobacco, one for snuff, one for trona or ghour nuts, another for striking-light matters, another for needles and thread, another containing a little looking-glass, &c., &c.; and I have seen a Touarghee fop adjust his toilette with as much coquetry as the most

brilliant flirt,—indeed, the vanity of some of these Targhee dandies surpasses all our notions of vanity in European dress. Over the frock, on one of the shoulders, is carried the barracan or hayk, which is sometimes cotton, and white and blue-striped, or figured in checks, of Timbuctoo manufacture, but generally a plain woollen wrapper. The hayk is wound several times round the body, and is the only real protection the Touarick, or his wife, (for the women likewise wear them,) has, from the cutting cold winds of The Sahara. A red or white cap sometimes covers the naked shaved head, but many do not wear a cap, as besides many do not shave the head. But the grand distinguishing object in the dress of Touarick men is the *Lithām* (اللثام), from which article of dress the Touaricks have been called ages ago by historians and tourists of The Desert "The people of the Litham" (اهل اللثام). The litham is nothing more than a thin wrapper, which is first wound round the head, and then made to cover the whole of the forehead and partially the eyes, and the lower part of the face, especially the mouth. The mouth and the eyes are the two grand objects to protect in The Desert, and in Saharan travelling, equally against heat and cold, and wind. A Saharan traveller, having his mouth well covered with the litham, will go at least twenty-four hours longer, fasting in abstinence, whilst his lips will not be parched with thirst. The litham shelters the eyes effectually from the hot sand grains, borne on the deadly wing of the Simoom. A turban is mostly folded round the head as a mark of orthodox Islamism. The young beaux prefer the great red sash wound round the head in shape of the turban.

The Touarick, from his habit of wearing the litham, does not like a beard, which, indeed, could rarely be seen. As it grows, they pull it out, and so in time it often disappears altogether. In the matter of beard, the almost sacred ornament of the Moor and the Arab, the Touarick is placed again in strong contrast with his Mahometan neighbour. All wear a profusion of talismans suspended round the neck, or sewn or stuck about the head, like so many liberty or election cockades.



This is the usual style of the dress of Touaricks; and, with dagger under the left arm, sword swung from the back, and spear in the right hand, it looks sufficiently novel and imposing, befitting the wild scenery and wild sons of The Desert. Many, however, of the Touaricks go almost naked, whilst the younger Sheikhs occasionally indulge in the foreign fashions of the Moors of the north, dressing very fantastically and elaborately.

3rd.—Our departure from Ghat to Mourzuk, capital of Fezzan, is now again finally fixed for the 5th of the month, at least three weeks delayed beyond the time first spoken of. European travellers in Sahara must always reckon upon these wearying delays. A ghafalah is just arrived from Fezzan, bringing dates, ghusub, and wheat. This is a most seasonable relief, for absolutely there is no food left for the poorer inhabitants of Ghat, the provisions being carried away by various caravans which have left us within a few days. I was myself obliged to borrow from the Governor. Fortunately, Fezzan is near, or the Souk of Ghat, with its thousand slaves, would be often reduced to great extremities, there being no capital invested in keeping up a supply of provisions. Haj Ibrahim complains of Hateetah, and considers him the worst of the Touarghee Sheikhs. The merchant "has reason."

Called to see Haj Ahmed. Met the Governor near his gardens, and he invited me to go and look at them. Was agreeably surprised to find a really splendid plantation of date-palms, underneath and amidst which were some of the choicest fruits, the fig, pomegranate, and apricot. He has also planted some hedges of Indian fig. The plantation might cover a dozen acres. It is the work of eighteen years of the industrious Marabout, but the palms are still in their youth, some even in their childhood. It is important to mention, this beautiful plantation was a waste of sand before the Governor took it in hand, but the whole of it, by the assistance of water and irrigation, his persevering industry has made to bud and "blossom as the rose." Were the rest of the wealthy residents to imitate the Marabout, they would

in a few years make Ghat a large and most lovely oasis of Desert. Water is complained of as to supply, but there is water enough to irrigate an oasis of five times the present extent. So in Ghadames, so almost in every Saharan oasis. The Governor encourages his sons to industry, by giving each a plot of ground to cultivate for himself. I saw a fine field belonging to one of his sons, which has been under culture only three years. It is sown with barley and wheat, and planted with rows of sprig-palms, in the very childhood of growth; but, by the time the sons of the Marabout are married, and have young families, these green-shooting palm-sprigs will be branching trees high up, bearing mature and delicious fruit. Nature furnishes pretty and striking lessons of industry, more affecting to the observant mind than the lessons of the most eloquent moralist. There are also shoots of the fig-tree and the pomegranate set around a pool of crystal water, the embryo paradise of the future. The son, whose garden this was, said to me, in reply about the supply of water, "See, the water comes from a spring near that hill of sand. I dug the well, and God gave me the water. God does not give water to all when they dig." I went forward, and saw a refreshing spring bubbling out from beneath the sandy bosom of The Desert.

It is quite a pleasure now to walk about Ghat, the noisy rabble is hushed, and the Touaricks, excepting some chiefs of Berka, are all gone. The remaining Ghadamsee merchants are as pleased as myself that the Touaricks are gone. A strange hallucination got possession of my brain to-day. "I determined I would stop five years in Africa. I would visit all the great

kingdoms of Nigritia. I would write the history and legends of the ten thousand tribes of Africa from their own mouths. Then I would return with these spoils and treasures of Africa to my fatherland." Vain phantoms of ambition, only to fever my poor brain! The first untoward event would lay me prostrate on the burning plains, leaving my bones scattered and bleaching, a monument to deter and dismay the succeeding wanderer of The Desert. . . . . . . One of the occupations of the poor in this country, by which they get a bit of bread, is breaking date-stones, something analogous to our stone-breakers on the high roads. The date-stones are taken one by one, and put on a big round stone within a circle of a roll of rags, and another stone is used to crush or pound them. The pounded stones are sold to fatten sheep and camels upon. The poor earn two karoobs (twopence) a day in this manner, on which many are obliged to live. Hard is the lot of the poor in every clime!

Afternoon late, I went to the range of Wareerat mountains, to collect a few geological specimens, accompanied by a slave. All our senses deceive us. The world is a world of delusions and deceptions, and we are dupers and dupes, as it happens. After continuing a couple of hours, the base of the range, which seemed always close upon us, still receded and was receding. On the plains of Africa bounded by mountain ranges, one is as much at a loss to measure distances as the landsman at sea, when measuring the distance from his ship to the rocks bounding the shore. My negro Cicerone advised to beat a retreat, assuring me I should not reach the chain by daylight. We looked round on

the city and found it fast diminishing and disappearing in the distance, in the fleeting twilight of the evening. We returned an hour after dark. On the north we espied a few camels, a Fezzan provision caravan, winding their slow length along like a line of little black dots in the sand. My companion told me he was captured in war. The people are always fighting; some to get slaves, others from "a bad heart." He was afraid to go back to his country for fear of being recaptured, resold, and made again to recross the Desert. The domestic and political history of Africa is an eternal cycle of miseries and misfortunes; better that the African world had not been created. My negro companion is called Berka Ben-Omer, to distinguish him from another slave of his master called Berka. Frequently both slaves and free men have but one name, or one name is employed in speaking of them. When there are many of the same name in their circle of acquaintance or town, then the names of the fathers are used. Joshua, in The Scriptures, is usually distinguished in this way when his name is mentioned, "To Joshua, son of Nun." (Joshua ii. 23.) The *Ben*-Omer above, is the "son" of Omer.

Spent the evening with Haj Ibrahim. Found Hateetah with the merchant. They had made it up, and Hateetah told me, in the morning, there was now peace between him and Haj Ibrahim, since he, Hateetah, had got the large red sash. The Sheikh related news from Fezzan, respecting the ravages of the son of Abd El-Geleel in Bornou, who was attacking the Bornouese caravans. Hateetah then made a long speech, in which he recommended me to the care of the merchant, calling upon Haj Ibrahim "To swear by his head that he would

take as much care of me as of himself." This was unnecessary, for Haj Ibrahim had shown himself more substantially friendly to me than any other merchant at Ghat. The Consul excused himself for not accompanying me to Fezzan, by stating that his camels had not come up from the country districts: this was a mere excuse. But the road was perfectly safe, and we did not require the protection of the Sheikh. To-day Hateetah did not beg.

4th.—A fine morning, weather very warm and sultry. The town is well nigh empty. When all the caravans are gone, Ghat will sink into the stillness of death. This is the case with all the Saharan towns, which are *blad-es-souk*, "a mart of trade," taking place periodically. The Governor finds the trade in slaves so thriving, slaves having fetched a good price this year, that he is sending this morning two of his sons to Soudan to purchase slaves. Kandarka left also this morning. I went to see him off. *Saif zain, wahad,* "A good sword, one!" he exclaimed as usual. He then made me a long speech. "Put yourself under my sword, no man can resist the sword of Kandarka! (drawing his sword from the scabbard, and making a cut with it.) Be my witnesses, ye merchants of Ghadames! (some of whom were present.) I will give you, Yâkob, a good camel, a mahry. Water you will have first, sweet water. Wood there will be always ready for you to make a fire and cook the cuscasou. I am the right hand of En-Nour (Sultan of Aheer). You will be my friend, Yâkob, before the Sultan. In our towns, we have cheese, butter, wheat, sheep, bullocks. You Christians have none like them. Make haste back, make haste, and come to Aheer."

Hateetah seldom spoke to me of religion, but to-day the Consul said, "What sort of Christian are you? I hear there are as many Christians as there are sands" (taking up a handful of sand).

The Author.—"And what sort of Islamites are you Touaricks? for you are many, as many as we."

The Consul.—"We are of Sidi Malek;" (*i. e.*, Malekites like Arabs).

I asked then the Consul what was the meaning of Targhee, who replied En-nas, or "people." Indeed, the word Targhee seems to have the same signification as Kabyle, that is, "tribe," or "nation," both words denoting people of the same original stock.

5th.—The morning of our departure! . . . . . At length comes the end—the end of all things, joys or sorrows—even in The Desert, where delay and procrastination are the dull and wearying gods of ceaseless worship. Rose early to pack up, and pay take-leave visits. Weather is mild; the caravan will move slowly on account of the slaves; the journey is short; the route is safe; all things promise a favourable end of my Saharan tour. The mind looks with regret upon leaving places become familiar, but rises buoyant at the thought of seeing new sights and scenes. Called upon the Governor to bid him adieu. His Excellency said, he should see me at the moment of departing. Found him with some people of Touat, who said:—"The English are very devils; they have two eyes behind their heads, as well as two before." I did not quite understand their allusion. Called on Haj Ibrahim, who had been packing up for three days past, and yet things were still in great confusion. To my astonishment, I found the merchant

surrounded with a group of people in the greatest excitement, the master-figure of the group being The Giant Sheikh, foaming with rage, and threatening to cut Haj Ibrahim's throat on the road, unless he made him some sufficient present, in acknowledgment of his authority as heir-apparent of the Sheikhdom of Berka. The Ghatee merchants, all the most respectable of whom were in this *mêlée*, kept screaming, and some of them pulling hold of Haj Ibrahim, to give a trifle, (a couple of dollars,) to The Giant, and get rid of him. Hateetah and other Touaricks were also present. Meantime, The Giant bullied, menaced, swore, and thundered things horrible and unutterable . . . . . . Amidst this bedlam din, Haj Ibrahim at length got a hearing, and mustered up courage enough to defend himself:—"You call your's a peaceful country,—How? Is not this the conduct of bandits? I know (recognize) no person but Berka. Him I have given a present. What was demanded I have given Berka. I will not now give more presents, and not indeed by main force. It is robbery! Go and take my camels." The Giant, who listened to these few words, spoken distinctly and energetically, with a brow overcast, like a storm-cloud charged with the electric fire, and a bosom heaving and boiling with wrath, got up from where he lay sprawling, ("many a rood,") and very deliberately took hold of his broadsword (I began to be alarmed), and with it fetched Hateetah such a stroke on the back with its flat side, as made him cry out with pain. Then addressing his subordinate sternly and laconically, *Enker, heek**, "Get up

* انكر هيك, the Touarghee language.

quick:" he strode off a few paces. Hateetah instantly followed, and the other Touaricks. Now turned round The Giant, and said in Arabic:—"Allah Akbar, the camels! Allah Akbar, the camels! Good, good! Allah Akbar, the camels!" They went off (or rather pretended to go) to seize the merchant's camels. These gone, the merchants of Ghat set all upon Haj Ibrahim, "What a fool you are! Why not give the long fellow a couple of dollars? If you won't, we shall give the Sheikh the money ourselves." One of them turned to me, "Why, Christian, what is a couple of dollars to Haj Ibrahim? That's the value?" (putting his hand to his nose). The reader may easily guess how this stupid obstinacy of the merchant ended. The Haj forked out, with a bad grace, and the money was carried after The Giant, one of the Ghat merchants adding two more dollars. I was pleased with this trait of the Ghateen, who were determined we should not go off in this uncomfortable plight. The Giant I did not see again; I regretted to part with him in this manner. Under his huge and unwieldy exterior he concealed the most tender and generous disposition. His Giantship never begged of me; and when I gave him a little tobacco, he thanked me a thousand times. He was always cheerful with, and had some joke for his friends. After all, my plan is best: to make the necessary presents at once, and voluntarily; to give all the Sheikhs a trifle, and then you are at peace with all.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to our great satisfaction, we got clear and clean off. Hateetah came out to see me start, and walked half a mile with me on the road. He was extremely kind. It is probable, he

begged of me so much, because his brothers and cousins incited him, amongst whom I know he shared the presents which he received. I now put my hand in my pocket, and gave him all the money I had left, half a dollar and a karoob! He affectionately shook me with both hands. I then passed the Governor, who was waiting for us. His Excellency shook hands very friendly, and said, "And Ellah, Yâkob" (God be with you, James!)

During my fifty days' residence in Ghat, although I received numberless petty insults, I kept out of all squabbles, and made as few complaints as possible to the authorities. In fact, I may safely say, and without presumption on my part, if I could not live in peace with these people a few weeks, no other European coming after me could.

It is now time to make a few observations upon the general character of these Saharan inhabitants, and compare their social state with that of ours in Europe.

Crime against society, consists mainly in lying or duplicity, and imposture, in thieving, in sensuality, and in murder. Veracity, honesty, continence, and respect for human life, distinguish a moral people. We have to try the Saharan populations of Ghat and Ghadames by these four cardinal points or principles, and compare them with the nations of Europe. Whilst resident in Ghadames, not one single case of cutting or maiming, or manslaughter, occurred, nor did I hear of any in neighbouring countries. Of course, I exclude altogether the depredations of a nation or tribe of robbers, as well as all the skirmishes between the Touaricks and the Shânbah, which have nothing to do with the question of the social

condition of the Saharan towns that I visited. In Ghat, three cases of cutting and wounding occurred, the gashes on the arms received by two slaves from a Touarghee, and the attack on the Ghadamsee trader whilst at prayers, also by a Touarghee. These are the only cases which occurred during my residence here, although a mart or fair, and the rendezvous of tribes of people from all parts of Central Africa and the Great Desert! . . . . . . So much for the sacredness of human life among the barbarians of The Desert! . . . . With respect to theft and thieving, I have already noticed that thieving is only practised by the hungry and starved slaves of these towns, that amongst the people of Ghadames, as likewise amongst the Touaricks, theft is unknown as a crime. The exceptional cases of theft which are brought to notice can be easily traced to strangers. The Touaricks certainly at times levy black-mail in open Desert, but do not rob in the towns; and the black-mail is not considered by themselves as theft, nor, indeed, is it strictly such, being exacted by the Touaricks as transit duties, or as presents for protection through their districts, or as tribute, and under a variety of such reasons and pretensions. What is legally fixed on the Continent of Europe, is here left to the caprice and greediness of the Sheikhs, and the liberality or stinginess of the trader. As to incontinence, this is more a secret crime. But the sexual habits of the Touaricks, and their domestic amours, are purity itself, compared to the sensuality which disfigures and saps the vitals of society in all the southern nations of Europe. The hardships of The Desert are the greatest safeguards against indulgence in, or the pleasures of, an emasculating sen-

suality amongst the Touaricks, whilst the ascetic habits of the Maraboutish city of Ghadames sufficiently protect that people from the general indulgence of libertinism, and unnatural crimes. Intoxication, or habitual drunkenness, is, of course, unknown in these Saharan regions. An inebriated woman would be such a wonder as is described in the Book of the Revelations. As to veracity, I have told the reader, the Touarghee nation is a "one-word" people. We cannot expect the same thing from the commercial and make-money habits of the Moors of Ghadames, but they rank much higher for veracity than the Moors of The Coast, which latter have the *superior* advantages of direct European contact. In my estimate of Saharan populations, I have confined myself to Ghat and Ghadames; the oases of Fezzan, and the city of Mourzuk, have become too much vitiated by contact with The Coast and the Turks for affording fair specimens of Saharan tribes. Let us then compare what has been said to those hideous scenes of crime, of immodesty, and drunkenness, which abound in the great cities of Europe—the ever-present, ever-during stigma on our boasted civilization!—and ask the paradoxical question, What do we gain by European and Christian civilization? We have Chambers of Legislature, infallible and omnipotent Parliaments, princes full of the enlightenment of the age, and reigning by divine right, or the sovereignty of the people, or what not;—we have hierarchies of priests and ministers of religion, we have a Divine revelation;—we have philosophers, poets, and rhetoricians, all enforcing the sublime morals of the age, with reason or fancy and the attractions of the most cultivated intellect;—we have science exhausting nature

by its discoveries;—we have our fine arts, and the arts to humanize and exalt the characters of men;—we have our benevolent, philanthropic, and scientific societies;—we profess to govern the destinies of the world, to direct the intellect of all nations, and to advance the being of man to the enjoyment of immortal, imperishable life! . . . . And what else profess we not to do? Now then, what are the results? We have the governing authorities of a neighbouring people a mass of corruption*;—we have the States of the North, so little acquainted with the arts and justice of Government that planned conspiracies and consequent massacres of whole classes are now and then had recourse to, and found requisite to preserve the apparent order of society. Amongst ourselves, we Englishmen, have in all our great cities, the frightful excrescences of crime, too frightful for the pure and simple-minded Saharan tribes to look upon. Our common habits of intoxication and intemperance, and the intoxication of our women, would make the Desert man or woman shrink away from us with horror. Our country is filled with prisons, all well tenanted, whilst the Desert cities have no one thing in the shape or form of a prison. Then look at the Thuggism and open-day assassinations of Ireland! In truth, these Saharan malefactors are the veriest minutest fry of offenders, the minnows and gudgeons of guilt compared

* As to what has taken place, and is happening by the introduction of what is called *French* civilization into Africa (Algeria), and how the morals of the people, natives and foreigners, are affected, the things are too horrible to be here related. The annals of Norfolk Island, and the Bagnes of Toulon, would be outraged by their recital.

to the Irish Thuggee of Tipperary*. Poverty is the giant of our United Kingdom, and the incarnate demon of unhappy Ireland; and, with us, people die of starvation . . . . The Desert, on the contrary, offers the strongest parallel of contrast possible. Poverty there is, but it is wealth compared to ours, and our wants, and no person that I heard of, whilst resident in The Desert, died of starvation. Of course, I omit the traffic in slaves, which has nothing to do with the social state of the Saharan towns I am describing. I omit likewise the condition of the Arabs of the Tripoline mountains, and the terrible exactions of the Turks upon them and other provinces in Tripoli, which indeed are a part of the European system I am now animadverting upon. But I shall stop this tone and style of animadversion. I am sick at heart with the parallel of contrasts between our barbarian and civilized social systems; it is so unsatisfactory, it is so disheartening, and takes away all hope,

* I should be sorry to apply to a minister of any religion the opprobrious epithet of a "Surpliced Ruffian." It would seem, however, that Archdeacon Laffan aspires to the "bad eminence" of the apologist of assassins. What would my readers say, were I to report the Ministers of Islamism in The Desert to be the abettors of assassination? Or what would they have said, if a priest had been found to be the secret or open instigator of the *quasi*-bandit Ouweek, in his violent threat to murder me, because I chanced to be a Christian, or rather, a non-believer in Mahomet. We should not have found words sufficiently strong to express our reprobation of such priestly intolerance and wickedness. And yet Ouweek would have only acted out his religious principles in their stern literality,—قتلواهم—"*kill them*" (the infidels), as frequently written in the inexorable Koran; whilst Archdeacon Laffan's preaching is diametrically opposed to his religion, whose holy and clement command contrariwise is,—"to forgive our enemies, and bless those who curse us."

all faith in the progress and perfectibility of the human race. One thing, however, is certain, that unless we can bring our minds to form a just appreciation of ourselves, unless we can learn to know ourselves, there is no hope, no chance of advancing in our social and moral condition.

Our slave caravan stretched across the plain or bed of the Wady of Ghat eastwards, to the black range of Wareerat, and turning round abruptly north by some sand hills, we encamped after three hours. It is from this place the Ghat townspeople fetch their wood. The fire-wood is gathered from the lethel tree. Our caravan consists of eleven camels, five merchants or proprietors, some half dozen servants and about fifty or sixty slaves. I have my nagah and Said, as before. Nearly all the slaves are the property of Haj Ibrahim. They are mostly young women and girls. There are a few boys and three children. The poor things on leaving Ghat, as is their wont on encountering The Desert, got up a song in choruses, to give an impetus to their feelings in starting. For myself, The Desert has become my most familiar friend. I felt happy in again spreading my pallet upon its naked bosom, by a shady bush of the Lethel.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM GHAT TO MOURZUK.

Slaves very sensible to the Cold.—Well of Tasellam.—Saharan Huntsman.—Atmospheric Phenomenon.—My Adventure at the Palace of Demons.—Denham and Oudney's Account of the Kesar Jenoun.—The Genii of Mussulmans.—Desert Pandemonium compared with that of Milton.—Coasting the Range of Wareerat or Taseely.—Soudan Species of Sheep.—Soudan Parrot.—The Lethel Tree.—The Tholh, or Gum-Arabic Tree.—Falling of Rain in The Desert.—Oasis of Serdalas.—My Companions of Travel.—Weather Hot and Sultry.—The Slaves bear up well.—The Ship of The Desert.—Extremes of Cold and Heat.—Mausoleum of Sidi Bou Salah.—Serdalas, a neglected Oasis.—The Sybil of The Sahara.—Death and Burial of two Female Slaves.—Dirge on the Death of one of them, whipped at the point of Death.—Power of the Sun in Sahara.—Desert Mosques.

6th.—Rose early, but did not start until the sun was well up, on account of the slaves. These Nigritian people cannot bear the cold. Our northern cold affects them more than their southern heat does us. Heat can be borne better than cold in Saharan travelling. Am glad to see that Haj Ibrahim has a large tent pitched for the greater part of the miserable shivering things. It is made of rough tanned bullock skins, and holds the heat like a shut-up furnace. These tents are brought from Soudan, and after being used for slaves journeying over Sahara, are sold for so much leather. Touaricks also use them in their districts. In truth, Haj Ibrahim treats his slaves as much like a gentlemanly Moor as he well can or could do, all their wants being attended to, and no freedoms being taken with the young women. Their

greatest hardship is to walk, but after a night's rest, they partially recover. I may add, this is the best equipped caravan I could travel with, and, perhaps, hardly a fair specimen to judge of for ordinary slave-caravans. We continued our route along the chain of mountains to the east, having, on our left, a corresponding ridge of low sand hills. During the day, we traversed a broad deep valley or wady, and, indeed, water had covered a good part of it in the early winter of this year. Here was abundant herbage, and camels feeding belonging to the people of Ghat. There is also a well of water out of the line of route on the left, about one and a half days' from Ghat, but having a good supply, it was not necessary to seek it. It is called *Tăsellam.* Here we met a hunter,—

> "An African
> That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
> In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow
> Coarse are his meals, the fortune of his chase;
> He toils all day, and at th' approach of night,
> On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
> Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
> Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
> And if the following day he chance to find
> A new repast, or an untasted spring,
> Blesses his stars and thinks it a luxury."

The Targhee huntsman was clothed in skins, and was a genuine type of the hardships of open Desert life. The objects of his chase were gazelles and ostriches, and the aoudad. His weapons were small spears and a matchlock. A most sorry-looking greyhound slunk along at his heels, the very personification of ravening hunger.

Writer.—"Targhee, where are you going?"

Huntsman.—"I don't know."

Writer.—"Where have you been?"
Huntsman.—"Over the sand:" (Pointing west.)
Writer.—"Have you caught anything?"
Huntsman.—"Nothing."
Writer.—"When do you drink?"
Huntsman.—"Now and then."
Writer.—"Have you anything to eat?"
Huntsman.—"Nothing."
Writer.—"When did you eat anything last?"
Huntsman.—"I forget."

I threw him down from my camel some barley-bread and dates. He picked them up, but said nothing, and went his way. Turning round to look after him, I saw him cut across to the mountains on the east.

Observed to-day some curious atmospheric phenomena. A light vapour, the lightest, airiest of the airiest, swept gently along the surface of the ground, but as if unimpelled by any secret influence. It was also dead calm. The vapour continued to sweep before us, till at length it suddenly rose up to the sky in the form of a spiral column of air, and then disappeared. In this valley, which widened as we advanced, we once or twice saw the mirage running along the ground like prostrate columns of foam, striking out sparklings of light.

Towards noon we had a full view of the celebrated Kesar Jenoun—"Palace of Demons," to the west; in coming to Ghat we had it on the east. As we neared it, Haj Ibrahim said to me, "Well, Yâkob, we must go and see the great Palace of Demons. We must see what it is, and you must write all about it."

At 4 o'clock P.M., we encamped right opposite its eastern side. On encamping, I looked about for Haj

Ibrahim, and found him busy unpacking. I then very carelessly determined to start myself alone. I thought it, however, a good opportunity to show the people of the caravan that I was not influenced by superstitious fears, and that, as an Englishman and a Christian, I cared little about their dreaded Palace of Demons. Haj Omer, the merchant's servant, called out after me on starting, "Be off, make haste, you'll be back by sunset." I equipped myself with the spear and dagger of Shafou, and started off at a good pace, making a straight and direct cut to The Palace. I scarcely noticed anything on the road going along, staring with full face at the Huge Block of Mountain. But, on getting out of sight of the encampment, and, under the shadow of this "great rock in a weary land," I unaccountably felt the influence of those very superstitious fears and terrors which I was so anxious to combat in my fellow-travellers. I then soliloquized to myself, "What a poor creature is man, how weak, how miserable! how exposed to every whim and folly which a credulous mind can invent!" Thus soliloquizing, I got within the mysterious precincts of the Great Mountain Rock, in the course of three-quarters of an hour. I had, however, still more fear of the living than the dead, and said to myself mechanically aloud, "Man has more to fear from the living than the dead;" and I looked around anxiously this way, and that way, and every way, if perchance there might lurk, as the demon of the mountain, some stray bandit. Reassuring myself, my thoughts turned on science. I wished to astonish the boobies of the British Museum by geological specimens from the far-famed palace of mortal and immortal spirits, built in the heart of The Great

Desert. I picked up various pieces of stone which lay scattered at its rocky base. But I found nothing but calcareous marl, or basaltic chippings and crumblings, some of cream colour, some lavender, some purple, some red-brown, some nearly black. This done, as connoisseur of geology, I stood stock still and gaped open-mouthed like an idiot, at the huge pyramidal ribs of The Rock. Then I bethought me I would ascend some of these off-shoots of the mountain, and take a quiet seat of observation from off one of the battlemental turrets which capped its many-towered heights, over all the subjected desert and lesser hills and rocks below. But I soon changed my mind; not recognizing any decided advantage in scrambling up—God knows where—over heaps upon heaps of crumbling falling rock. I now turned my back to the Demons' Cavern, without having had the honour or pleasure of making a single acquaintance amongst these demi-immortals, much to my regret, and my face was towards the encampment. At least I thought so. I saw at once that the king of day was fast going down to sup on the other side of The Palace, or perhaps with the Demons, and I must hasten back to my supper. I started on my return as carelessly as I came, with this foolish difference, that, although not remarking a single part of my way hither, I fancied I would take a shorter cut back to supper, beginning to feel hungry, having eaten nothing since morning. In fact, I soon got into another track upon this absurd idea of shortening the route. I recommend my successors in Saharan travel, never to try short-cuts in unknown places. In ten minutes I made sure of my encampment, and ran right up to some mounds of sand

topped with bushes, where I expected to find Said with the supper already cooked, and the nagah lying snugly by, eating her dates and barley. But that was not the encampment. The sun was now gone, and following hard upon his heels were lurid fleecy clouds of red, the last attendants of his daily march through the desert heavens. I now looked a little farther, and said to myself, "There they are!" I went to "There they are," and found no encampment. I continued still farther, and said, "Ah, there they are!" and went to "Ah, there they are!" and found no encampment. I now made a turn to the south, and saw them quietly encamped under "various mounds," and went to "various mounds," but the encampment sunk under the earth, for they "were not." All was right, and "never mind," I should soon see their fires, and was extremely glad to notice all the light of day quenched in the paling light of a rising crescent, some five or six days old. I thus continued cheerfully my search another quarter of an hour, when all at once, as if struck by an electric shock, it flashed across my mind, "Peradventure, I might be lost for the night!" and be obliged to make my bed in Open Desert. I have seen in my life-time people strike a dead wall, as a convenient butt against which to vent their ill-disguised rage. I now must have a victim for my vexation. It was not wanting. I felt something heavy and dragging in my pocket. The half hour's running about had reminded me of some until now unnoticed heavy weight, and this was the stones, and these were my grand specimens of geology. I quietly took out all the stones from my pocket, and threw them deliberately but savagely away, certainly a very proper

punishment for leading me such "a wild-goose chase," such "a dance," over The Desert. In my wrath I was not disheartened. Now, as it was dark, I began to ascend the highest mounds of Desert, from whose top I might descry the fires of our encampment. I wandered round and round, and on, now over, sand and sand-hills, now climbed up trees, now upon eminences of sand or earth-banks, seeking the highest mounds of the vast plain, to see if any lights were visible, looking earnestly every way. No light showed itself as a beacon to the lost Desert traveller—no sound saluted his ear with the welcome cry, "Here we are!" Felt so weary that I was now obliged to lie down to rest a little. But soon refreshed, I determined to return to The Palace, and find the place which I had visited. The fear and thought of being lost in The Desert now mastered every other consideration, and I started unappalled to the Black Rock, without ever thinking of the myriads of spirits which at the time were keeping their midnight revels within its mysterious caverns. Got near The Rock, but I saw no place which I had seen before. The mountain had now at night assumed other shapes, other forms, other colours. Probably the demons were dancing all over it, or fluttering round it like clouds of bats and crows, preventing me from seeing its real shape and proportions. Be it as it may, I could not recognize the place which I had so recently visited. I now climbed up some detached pieces of rock to look for lights. I sprang up with the elastic step of the roe, over huge broken fragments of rock, aided by a sort of supernatural strength, the stones rolling down and smashing with strange noises as I was springing over them. From these crumbling heights I

looked eastward, and every way, but no friendly light, watch-fire, or supper-fire, was visible. I descended, much heated, in a flowing perspiration, feeling also the cold chill of the higher atmosphere. I began to have thirst, the worst enemy of the Saharan traveller, and fatigue was violently attacking me. I considered (which afterwards I found quite correct) I had got too far north. I could not recognize at all the processes of detached rock over which I had been scrambling. I must be several miles too high up. I went down along the sides of the Immense Rock, looking at every new shape it assumed to find the place where so quietly I picked up the stones and geologized a few hours before. All was vain. Fatigue was overpowering me, and my senses began to reel like a drunken man. Now was the time to see the visions and mysteries of this dread abode, and unconsciously to utter sounds of unknown tongues. Now, indeed, I fancied I heard people call me; now I saw lights; now I saw a camel with a person mounted in search of me, to whom I called. And, what is strange, these sights and sounds were all about the natural and not the supernatural. For instance, I did not see the visage of a grinning goblin just within a little chink of The Rock, as I ought to have seen. I did not not see "faëry elves" dancing in the moonlit beams, as I ought to have seen. Then boldly I took a direct course from the mountain over the plain, believing I should intercept our encampment. I continued this line for two hours, or not quite so much, but I found myself a long way east over the plain, where was neither camel, nor encampment, nor object, nor light, nor any moving thing. I then proceeded north, thinking I had got too far south

again. Here I found a group of sand-hills, a new region, in which I painfully wandered and wandered up and down. I knew the encampment could not be here. To get clear of this horrible predicament, I made another set at the Palace Rock, as if to implore the mercy and forgiveness of the Genii. In an hour I found myself again under its dark shadows. I walked up and down by its doleful dismal sides, thinking if any people were sent in pursuit of me I might find them. All was the silence of the dead—no form flitted by except those which filled my disturbed imagination. I once more returned eastward to the plain, but my head was now swimming, my legs shrank from under me, and I fell exhausted upon the sand. There I lay some time to rest. My brain, hot and bewildered, was crowded with all sorts of fancies, but my courage did not sink. I was seeing every moment people in pursuit of me. I heard them repeatedly call "Yâkob." Somewhat composed, I determined upon giving up the search of the encampment till day-light, and went about to find a tree under which to sleep, if I could. I went to one, but did not like it, being low and straggling on the ground, exposed to the first chance intruder. I sought another, which I had before observed, for in this state I was forced to pick out the objects of the plain. I found my tree, which in passing before by it I thought would make me a good bed. I could not find the encampment, but the tree observed before, I could find. It was placed on a very high mound of earth, which was covered with a large bushy lethel-tree. Happy tree! I have always loved thy name since. Under this I crept, but finding the top of the mound of a sugar-loaf form, I scooped out on its sides, digging

away with my hands earth and dried leaves, a long narrow cell, literally a grave, determining, if I should perish hereabouts, this should be my grave. I found it very snug, for the wind now got up east, and moaned in the lethel-tree above my head. I drove the spear in the earth, near "the bolster," and took off the dagger from my arm. Had on my cloak, which I rolled fast round me, and got warm.

The midnight wind increased its doleful notes and heavy moans. Now a gruff piping of a cracked barrelled organ, and now, a wild shriek of one crying in distress.

> "Mournfully! Oh! mournfully,
> This midnight wind doth sigh,
> Like some sweet plaintive melody,
> Of ages long gone by.
>
> "It speaks a tale of other years—
> Of hopes that bloomed to die—
> Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
> And loves that mouldering lie!
>
> "Mournfully! Oh! mournfully,
> This midnight wind doth moan;
> It stirs some chord of memory,
> In each dull heavy tone.
>
> "The voices of the much-loved dead,
> Seem floating thereupon—
> All, all my fond heart cherished
> Ere death had made it lone."

My first object was to lie and rest my senses, so that I should recover a little of my bodily strength, as well as have my thoughts about me. Of wild beasts I could not be afraid; I knew there were none. Of the wilder animals still, the Desert bandits, I also had every reason

to believe there were none. But, from my elevated position, I could see their approach, or that of friends, nearly all around me. My only fear was to perish of thirst, for it attacked me now severely. Thus I lay for an hour or so, and then got up to watch the objects of Desert. All things were deformed in the shadowy moonlight, and most things looked double with the reeling of my poor senses. Several times I imagined I saw a camel coming, actually passing by a few paces from the base of the mound. Frightened at these illusions of the brain, I determined to try to sleep; my thirst still increased and prevented me. As fatigue left me, my head became clearer, and more serious thoughts occupied the mind. The moon, however, I watched, wheeling her "pale course," for I knew she finished now her shadowy reign a few hours before morning. It is impossible to give any outline of the thoughts which now rapidly and in wild succession passed my mind: suffice to say, I committed my spirit to the Creator who gave it. I repeated mechanically to myself aloud, "Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." I now took the bold resolution to return to Ghat, not wasting my strength in the morning, after having made a short search in The Desert. It was the only chance of saving my life, if I could not at once find the encampment. This resolution kept up the strength of my mind, and prevented me from sinking into despair. I had nothing to eat, nor drink, but I might reach Ghat in the evening of the second day, or if strong enough, I might get back in one long day. I knew the route along the line of Wareerat, and could not possibly lose myself when I was only to pursue the camel-track at

the base of this mountain range. The only difficulty was, lest I should turn to the right and get entangled amongst the sand-hills and dwarf wood, before I reached the turning of the road which would conduct me direct to Ghat. Things which have made an impression in childhood, the soonest recur to the mind in these distressing cases. I thought of poor Hagar with her Ishmael, exposed to perish with thirst in The Desert: it was exactly my case, whilst dim vistas of childhood now filled up the chasms of opening memory. Byron's dying gladiator, in the last struggles of death, saw the green banks of the Rhine, the flowery scenes of his childhood's days, and, amid the horrid din of the Roman amphitheatre, heard the innocent shouts of his little playmates. I was now suffering a dreadful thirst, and might perish unless the same Providence directed me to the well, or the encampment, as guided the wretched handmaiden of Sarah.

Within seven or eight miles from the place where I now lay, I recollected there was the well Tasellam, under the shadow of The Rock. But how to find it, when I could not find the encampment lying still nearer me! Then came lesser thoughts and vexations. What was I to do in Ghat? How get back even if I escaped with my life in my teeth to the oasis? And would not the first thing, on my escape, be an attack of fever? Then recurred to me the words of my friend Fletcher, ' Expose yourself to no unnecessary risks." The strongest self-condemnation stung me, I was vexed at my extreme folly. Shall I add, that my thoughts wandered far over The Desert, skimmed over the surge of the Mediterranean, and ascended on the wing of the east wind,

now cooling my burning forehead, and sought some sad solace in dear objects of my fatherland. Oh! the heart shrinks from revealing to the world its secret thoughts, its sorrowful regrets, its bitter self-reproaches! I must be silent of the rest. I now got up, sleep I could not. I was rejoiced to see a blacker shade thrown upon all night-visible things. The moon had performed her nocturnal duty, submissive and obedient to the law imposed upon her by universal nature, and had also sunk back, like the sun, below the Giant Demon Rock. I then lay down again, and just before day, after a few moments of broken sleep, for I even slept and forgot my perilous plight, another time I came out of my living grave to make observations. I looked at the eastern and western horizons, and thought the eastern was the lighter of the two, and there was the false dawn, or the dawn itself. I had often watched these dawns in the route from Tripoli to Ghadames, and grew wise in interpreting nocturnal sights and signs by dire experience. I lay down once more. Half an hour past, I came again and the last time forth, for all the east was now inflamed with the breaking out of day. The wheels of the sun's chariot were of radiant light vermilion, the horses, of darting orient flame, were being yoked on, and I stood silent and sad to see "the great king of day" mount, and commence his diurnal course. The Rock of Demons repelled the light, and shrouded itself in deeper gloom, as Desert morn advanced,

"And sow'd the earth with orient pearl;"

for even in the dry Desert the morning sheds some moisture, if not dew-drops. But on that Rock my

thoughts now concentrated—there I must soon return, and revisit all its dark and rugged precincts. This was my only chance to meet with any persons sent in pursuit of me, if such there were. Began to see I had wandered at least eight miles from the Huge Rock. I threw my mantle over my shoulders, put the dagger under my left arm, and took the lance in my right hand, which felt heavy, for I had become weak and weary with the past night's traverse of The Desert, and the painful vigils afterwards. Descending from the mound to the level of the plain, I looked back upon my bed and grave, as if loth to leave it. As soon as there was light enough to see objects somewhat distinctly, I prayed to God for deliverance, and sallied forth with an unshrinking mind. I was amazed at the illusions of The Desert, for it was now day; the night might have its deceptions and phantasmagoria. Every tuft of grass, every bush, every little mound of earth, shaped itself into a camel, a man, a sheep, a something living and moving. Before the day was hardly begun, I sprang over again to the base of the Rocky Palace, and saw now the detached pieces which during the night I had ascended; but, for the life of me, I could not find the place I visited first, and made geological discoveries, never, never to be divulged. I continued to pace up and down, north and south, for an hour, until weariness began anew to attack me. I sighed and said to myself aloud, "So soon tired!" I now returned to the plain and made another straight cut. Although the day was pretty well developed I was staggered at the deceptions and phantasms of The Desert. Every moment a camel loomed in sight, which was no camel. There was also a hideous sameness! the rea-

son, indeed, I was lost. For there were no distinguishing marks, the mounds followed shrubs, the shrubs mounds, then a little plain, then sand, then again the mounds and shrubs, plain and sand, and always the same—an eternal sameness! Now falling into the track of a caravan, I was determined to pursue it, but it was with great difficulty I could follow out the traces. For at long intervals the hard ground received no impressions of men or camels' feet, and I repeatedly lost the track, going a hundred or more yards before I could get into it again. I continued north. I saw the camels' feet, the sheep's feet, and the prints of the camel-drivers, and sometimes I thought I saw my own foot-marks. But the slaves! Where were the impressions of the naked feet of some fifty slaves? Now I groaned with the anguish of disappointment. I must abandon the track in despair. I had already pursued it painfully over sand and rock and pebbles, and shrubs, and every sort of Desert ground.

All this was fast wasting away my little remaining strength. I now mounted two very high mounds. Nothing lived or moved but myself in the unbroken silence, the undisturbed solitude! I observed my being too far north, I must return south. Another camel appeared. Yes, it was a small black bush, on the top of a little hillock, shaping itself into a camel. Now a marvel—life I was sure I saw. Two beautiful antelopes, light as air, bounded by me with amazing agility, and were lost in a moment amongst the shrubs and mounds of the desert plain. I fell to musing on natural history, and accounted for these gazelles by the presence of the well. I then recollected the Targhee hunter. For an instant I forget my situation. But where was I? What was I

doing? Was I to return to Ghat, or perish in The Desert? My strength was failing me fast. I could not pursue for ever this wild chase at the base of the rock of the Jenoun. Under their baleful influence, I shall wander and wander till I drop and perish! I must make up my mind. The sun was not yet high up. I could walk till noon on the journey back, and then sleep a few hours and rest. The chill of the morning had taken away my thirst. I wrapped a handkerchief over my mouth, and took all the precaution I could against the approaching thirst at noon-day. The lance was heavy. Shall I throw it away? Could it not afford me a moment's protection in meeting a single bandit, which class of men mostly go alone? I keep my lance, but determine to sit down to rest, previous to departing for Ghat. I had often noticed the Arabs make a straight cut of route by raising up the right arm, and putting under it the left hand to support it, and then waving up and down the right and left arms together. After my short rest, I mimicked them. Mimickry is instinctive in us. I singled out for myself a distant hill on the plain, lying south in the route by which we had come here. Now then, I took the first step towards Ghat. I continued an hour, but oh! how weary I had become. Nature seemed ready to sink, and I dropped suddenly on the side of a small sand-mound. . . . . . . What shall I do? . . . . . Shall I shed tears to relieve me? . . . . . No, I have long given up shedding tears. And, now! I must keep up at the peril of my life. My heart renews its courage. I again get up and begin to walk, limping along. The small hill was before me—but should I ever reach even that? . . . . . My strength

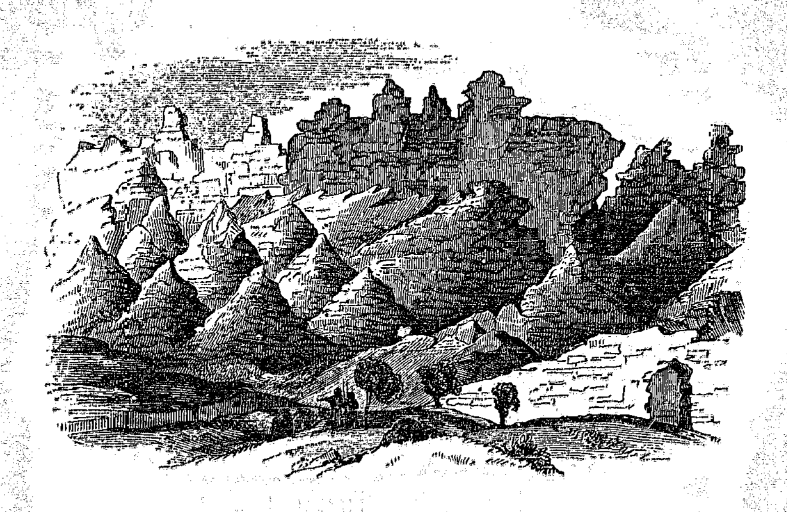
of body was now gone, though the mind would not yield. . . . . . In the last moment of human extremity . . . . . . death itself . . . . . comes deliverance! I continue my route to Ghat. I have just strength to raise my lance from the sand it pierces. I turn an instant round to the right hand, and a white figure passes by. . . . . , What is that? A friend or an enemy? I continue on. Is this one of our people, or of strangers? Shall I take him for a guide? Before I can think of it, I espy something in advance. But I fear an illusion, another deception. No! it is the head of a camel! I spring on with my little remaining staggering strength. To my joy unspeakable, I find myself upon my own camel—my own little encampment! But what a strange, a ludicrous scene! Here is poor Said skulking by the supper of the previous night, still placed on the fire, but which is gone out, his hands covering his face, and his head hanging down, his eyes swollen with tears but staring on the sand. The camel looks restless about, and moans. I cry out—"Said!" He starts up as if from a death-trance. He bellows out—"Aye wah," and begins to sob aloud. The slaves, close by, hear the noise and rush upon us. Where are the people? I see only slaves. They are all gone towards The Rock in pursuit of me. I now lie down and they bring me something to drink*. I begin with a little cold tea, and then eat a few dates. Afterwards, we got the supper cooked the previous night heated. About a quarter of an hour elapsed, when some of the party returned, and then the rest from the pursuit.

* I hope I offered up a heartfelt prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty for my deliverance from perishing in The Desert.

They had gone as soon as it was light this morning. Last night some of them had been after me, and traced my steps, wandering over the sand, round and round, till they were nearly lost themselves, and got back to the encampment with difficulty. As soon as I recovered a little rest, our people came up to me and began to joke and laugh. "Ten dollars," said one, "you must give us for the trouble we have had in seeking for you." Another said, "Lay down, Yâkob, sleep, we will wait till noon before we start, to enable you to rest." It was now 9, A. M. But the greater number of our party seemed confused, not knowing what to think or say. In my absence, the general impression was that I had been killed by the demons. Some, more sober, thought I might have fallen into the hands of the Touaricks. Now they said: "You were very foolish, you ought not, as a Christian, to have presumed to go to the Palace of the Demons, without a Mussulman, who could have the meanwhile prayed to God to preserve you, and likewise himself. The demons it is who have made you wander all night through The Desert." The Medina Shereef, who was of our party, boldly asserted, "The palace is full of gold and diamonds. The Genii guard it. No wonder then they were offended with your going, and struck you as a madman so that you could not return." Others asked me what I saw, but would not believe me when I told them I saw nothing. So it came to pass, that I nearly lost my life for the sake of confirming them more strongly than ever in their superstitions. I, who was to have taught them the folly of their fears by practical and demonstrable defiance of the Genii confirmed and sealed the power of the Genii over this Desert.

But I must observe, my companions of travel did not adopt the right method of rescuing me from the malignant influence of the Genii. If they had sent a man in each direction from the camp, I should soon have been found. All going in one direction to The Mountain, the other routes were entirely unexplored. If ever I travel The Desert again, I shall provide myself with a pocket-compass, and something still better, a small tin or other box, of sufficient size to hold about a quarter of a pound of crushed dates, or other concentrated food, and a small bottle of spirits and water. The compass to be always in my pocket, and the box always tied round my neck night and day. In the case now narrated, with this little stock of provisions I could have got safe back to Ghat, and waited and rested on the road. As it happened, there was every probability I should have perished, if I had not found the encampment. I continued for a full hour to drink ghusub-water and tea, with a few dates. Then I ate more solid food, and took coffee. My mind now rebounded, and the joy of deliverance seemed as if it would counterbalance the dreadful anxieties of the past night. What a pure pleasure I now tasted a few moments! In a freak, I sat down and sketched The Demons' Palace, laughing defiance upon it all the while, with the wayward self-will and harmless spite of a child. I took this vengeance on the unlucky Black Rock.

Now all was passed, I fancied I had merely experienced a distempered dream and ugly vision of The Desert. But when I rose to mount my camel, I found it had been no vision—I was obliged to be lifted upon my camel. Little did I think during the last (to me



ever memorable) night, while chasing wearily about the dreary Desert, my own countrymen had before visited the same identical Demons' Rock. I had heard, indeed, some of the people say it had been "written by Christians."

Let us turn now to Dr. Oudney, and hear what he says about The Rock. On an excursion westward, from Mourzuk to Ghat, they arrived near Ludinat, in the valley of Serdalas or Sardalis. At a small conical hill called Boukra, or "father of the foot," the people of the caravans amused themselves by hopping over it; he who does it best is considered least exhausted by the journey. Near this are a few hills, among which a serpent, as large as a camel, is said to reside. "The Targhee is superstitious and credulous in the extreme: every hill and cave has something fabulous connected with it."

Of the nature of the mountains hereabouts, the Doctor says, "We entered (after leaving Serdalas) a

narrow pass, with lofty rugged hills on each side; some were peaked. The black colour of almost all, with white streaks, gave them a sombre appearance. The external surface of this sandstone soon acquires a shining black, like basalt; so much so, that I have several times been deceived, till I took up the specimen. The white part is from a shining white aluminous schistus, that separates into minute flakes like snow. The ground had in many places the appearance of being covered with snow."

They now got on the plain of the Kesar Jenoun. The hills of Tradart or Wareerat (apparently the same word, but sometimes called Tasecly) now appeared on the east, and the high sands on the west. "The Tradart (or Tasecly) range," says Oudney, "has a most singular appearance; there is more of the picturesque in this than in any hills we have ever seen. Let any one imagine ruinous cathedrals and castles; these we had in every position, and of every form. (I myself often thought of Windsor Castle, and the many hoary-headed old castles of England.) It will not be astonishing that an ignorant and superstitious people should associate these with something supernatural. That is the fact; some particular demon inhabits each. The cause of the appearance is the geological structure. In the distance there is a hill more picturesque and higher than the others, called Gassur Janoun, or Devil's Castle. Between it and the range there is a pass* through which our course lies. Hateetah dreads this hill, and has told me many strange stories of wonderful sights having been

* It is a very wide valley, nay an extensive plain. But the Doctor writes about it before he arrives there.

seen; these he firmly believes, and is struck with horror, when we tell him we will visit it."

Our countrymen kept the range of Wareerat the whole day, and were amazed with the great variety of forms. And when Clapperton thought he perceived the smell of smoke the previous night, Hateetah immediately said it was from the Devil's House. Another smaller rock is called the Chest, under which a large sum of money is said to have been deposited by an ancient people who were giants of extraordinary stature. The present race of Touaricks are, indeed, giants compared to some of our pigmy European nations. Oudney made an excursion to Janoun, the Kesar Jenoun. He says, "Our servant Abdullah accompanied me. He kept at a respectable distance behind. When near the hill, he said, in a pitiful tone, 'There is no road up.' I told him we would endeavour to find one. The ascent was exceedingly difficult, and so strewed with stones, that we were only able to ascend one of the eminences; there we halted, and found it would be impossible to go higher, as beyond where we were was a precipice." It would appear the Doctor ascended one of the detached blocks which I ascended last night to observe the fires of the encampment. Hateetah got alarmed at the departure of Oudney, and Clapperton was not able to allay his fears: he was only soothed when the Doctor returned. The Sheikh was astonished, as much as our people, when the Doctor said he had "seen nothing." How like things happen! Even at the distance of twenty long years, between my visit and the Doctor's, it seems as if I was narrating one story. The Doctor was also mainly incited by the same feeling as myself, to

observe the geological structure. He observes, "The geological structure is the same as the range (Warcerat) that is near." To-day, after twenty years, and without knowing what the Doctor had written, when I made the same observation to our people, and tried to persuade Haj Ibrahim, the most intelligent of my companions, that there was nothing in this huge block different from the mountain range near it, being of the same stone and consistence, he replied drily, looking at both formations, "Yâkob, it's not true. You see on the Kesar Jenoun the very stones which the Demons have built up like the Castle at Tripoli. When you will be blind, how can you see? Why not believe in our Genii?"

This leads me to notice the Mahometan belief in Demons or Genii. According to the best commentators, the term جن "*Jinn*" signifies a rational and invisible being, whether angel or devil, or the intermediate species called "genius" or "demon." As the word Genii is used in the passage of the Koran, "Yet they have set up the Genii as partners with God, although he created them," (Surat VI.) some believe it refers to "the angels whom the Pagan Arabs worshipped, and others the devils, either because they became their servants, by adoring idols at their instigation, or else because, according to the Magian system, they looked upon the devil as a sort of creator, making him the author and principal of all evil, and God the author of good only." We all know what a share the Genii have in working the wonderful machinery of the Arabian Nights Tales. The Touaricks give them still greater powers, and make them a sort of delegated or deputy

creators, according to the Magian system, but do not attribute to them the malevolent passions of an evil being. They are probably influenced by the Koran in this, which in the Surat, entitled "The Genii" (lxxii.) makes a portion of them to have been converted by hearing the reading of the Koran: "Say, it hath been revealed unto me, that a company of Genii heard me reading the Koran, and said, Verily we have heard an admirable discourse, which directeth into the right institution; wherefore we believe therein, and we will by no means associate any other with our Lord." The ancient Pagan Arabians also believed that the Genii haunted desert places, and they frequently retired, under cover of the evening's shade, to commune with these familiars of The Desert.

It is, perhaps, worth while to compare this Desert Pandemonium, which the imagination of the Touaricks has built up amongst their native hills, aided by the light of the Koran, with what the creative mind of Milton has constructed by the aid of the learning of his times, and our own Scriptures. The difference is as striking as contrast can present. But yet there are some wonderful affinities, showing that mind is one and the same amongst barbarian or civilized nations. Blackness and darkness enter into the situation of both pandemoniums. The Desert Pandemonium has its pillars and turrets, its frieze, bas-reliefs, and cornices of ornamental architecture, though all done by the hand of "geological structure,"—its dark colours shining with "a glossy scurf." The Desert Pandemonium is also alive with myriads of spirits, peopling its subterranean vaults. The Desert Pandemonium has finally its riches, its jewels,

and its treasures, such as Mammon, "the least-erected spirit," discovered and "led them on" to, in the deeps of hell. We may now transcribe the description of Milton's Pandemonium, the great ingredient of contrast being light and splendour amidst the "darkness visible" of the regions of perdition.

> "Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
> Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
> Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet,
> Built like a temple, where pilasters round
> Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
> With golden architrave; nor did there want
> Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
> The roof was fretted gold."
>
> * * * * *
>
> "The ascending pile
> Stood fix'd her stately height; and straight the doors
> Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
> Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
> And level pavement; from the arched roof
> Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
> Of starry lamps and blazing crezzets, fed
> With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
> As from a sky."

7th—From the Kesar Jenoun, and indeed before arriving there, the valley assumed the form of a boundless plain, widening during the whole of our march to-day. We had still on our right, the chain of Wareerat, and, on our left, but scarcely visible, the low ridge of sand hills. We frequently find this sort of Desert geological phenomena; a range of rocky hills or mountains has a parallel range of sand hills, and the intermediate space is a broad valley or vast plain. In traversing this valley-plain, covered now with coarse herbage, now sand, now mounds of earth, now pebbles, now quite bare, our pro-

gress was precisely like that of a ship sailing near the shore, with bluff rocks and headlands jutting and stretching into the sea. So were we on our Desert ships (the camels) coasting slowly but surely along; whilst the mountains and their varied magic shapes continually mocked our weary efforts, and our strained vision; now appearing near, then distant, again near, again distant, and ever changing their wild, fantastic forms. I thought we passed the tree under which I made my grave-bed of the past night, but here were many mounds and many dark lethel-trees crowning the many mounds. The detached rocks I did see, and recognized fully my error. but which I had conjectured, in wandering so far northwards. Our people observed justly, "Yâkob, we all went to find you, for we wished all equally to bear the responsibility. If you had been lost, who knows but what we should have been all blamed for having put you away, or left you behind?" This is, perhaps, but too true a conjecture. These poor people would have, perhaps, not only been blamed for my death, but accused of it. I was glad for their sakes, as well as my own, that I escaped from a Desert death. The story of the visiting the Palace of Demons would have been told, of course, variously by so many different people. How could they tell the story in the same way! These varieties of evidence would have been considered unsatisfactory, if not conclusive against them, whilst some people, suspicious of the Moors, would have believed the whole was a "cunningly-devised" trumped-up invention. The deaths of Park and Laing may have been unjustly charged upon the Africans in this way. How, and for what they died, is now altogether beyond our investiga-

tion. Even the more recent death or assassination of Davidson is a mystery of The Desert. We encamped close by a little stunted herbage, on which the camels scantily fed. Weary with the previous night's adventure, immediately on being lifted off the camel, I fell down fast asleep upon the ground. Our course to-day due north.

8th.—Did not rise until the sun was wheeling his daily course high up the heavens. Felt better, and walked a little in the morning. No symptoms of fever from the former night's exposure. In general the open Desert is perfectly salubrious. It is in the oases, mostly situated in the valleys, where the fever is generated. The Demon Temple still in view, with all its mysterious hideousness, crowned with its grisly towers. It now stands out in all its defiant isolation; the sand hills which broke upon its view, running north and south, are now seen far beyond. It is its detached condition from the neighbouring chain of Wareerat, with which its geological structure is indissolubly connected, that has given this huge pile its supernatural reputation. The Demons' Rock is apparently a huge square, having four faces, and requiring a day to make the tour of its rugged and jutting basements. Its highest turret-peaks may be some six or seven hundred feet. The wady now has disappeared,—all is an immeasurable expanse of plain, and bare as barrenness and barren wastes can be. I observed a peculiar mirage to-day—lakes of still black shining water.

A part of our caravan, and not the least interesting, are six Soudan sheep, which belong to Haj Ibrahim. Their species is well known, but I must mention what an

agile and strong animal is the Aheer and Housa sheep, being brought from both countries. This Soudan sheep is the best walker in the whole caravan, and the last which feels fatigue or drops from exhaustion. He browses herbage as the camel on the way, nibbling all the choicest herbs, and sometimes strays at a great distance from the caravan. He has had forty days' training from Aheer, and, as a slave said, "He's a better pedestrian than the mahry." He is an attacking animal, not scrupling even to attack the hand which feeds him with a little barley. He is so formidable to the sheep of the Barbary Coast, that I have seen a whole flock scamper away at the simple sight of him. He is tall, his legs long, and his limbs generally better proportioned than the common sheep. As he requires no wool to shelter him from cold in the sultry regions of Central Africa, Providence has only given him a coat of hair; and his tail is like that of the common dog. The head offers nothing remarkable, but his look is bold, and his heart courageous. He butts fiercely at all strangers, and he is the only lord of freedom whilst marching over The Desert. In the companionship of these sheep over The Desert, they acquire a strong affection for one another, and I saw at Ghat two separated from a flock with great difficulty, the whole flock pursuing savagely the man who had taken away from them two of their *compagnons de voyage*. In going over Desert they require little attention, and will go without water for half a dozen days together. When, however, we come to a well, they are the first that will be served, neither sticks nor blows will keep them off. We have also, as travelling companions, ten or twelve parrots of the common blue-grey Soudan

breed. This parrot has a white broad rim round the eye; its body is a light greyish-blue, legs, beak, and claws black, under-tail feathers white and upper scarlet. Each two or three of the parrots have a little round house to themselves, about eight inches in diameter, made of skins, and pierced with holes to let in the air and light, besides a door. Their quarrels are frequent, for quarrelling seems an essential part of the nature of all animals, the rational and irrational, and they often fight desperately, and are obliged to be separated. They are carried on the heads of the slaves, being, as these poor people, the purchased luxuries of the rich. The parrots are allowed to have an airing and a walk morning and evening. They all talk in good grammatical Negro language, and can occasionally aid our researches in Nigritian tongues. Parrots are brought from as far as Noufee.

The wood in the valley we just left, is the Lethel. Its leaves are powdered over with a white saline substance, indeed, why not salt itself? Some of these trees are very large, having very thick trunks and boughs, perhaps forty feet high, and ten feet round the thickest trunks, which wood, when palm-wood is scarce, is used instead for building. On the plain, however, the Tholh* began to appear. This tree is found, as noticed before, in the most desolate places of The Desolate Sahara. It is sometimes very large for trees here, perhaps thirty feet high, and six or seven of width round its broadest

* Tholh—الطلح—*Acacia gummifera*, (Willd.) It bears what the Moors and Arabs call *Smug Elârab* (صمغ العرب), or "Gum Arabic." This is the most hardy tree of The Desert, and, like the karub-trees of Malta, strikes its roots into the very stones.

trunks. The camels browse on it always, and when hungry crop with avidity a great quantity of the prickles and thorns, and thorny leaves. It is a mystery to me how the camel can chew such thorns in its delicate mouth. The Koran mentions the tholh (Surat lvi.), as one of the trees of Paradise, which Sale has translated Mauz, "the trees of mauz loaded regularly with their produce from top to bottom." But tholh here seems to refer to a very tall and thorny tree, which bears an abundance of beautiful flowers of an agreeable odour, one of the many species of acacia, and not the ordinary gum-arabic tree.

Near sun-set we left the plain, and I took an everlasting farewell of the Temple of Genii. Poor inanimate Rock! which should so much bewilder man's crazy brain, and fill the desert travellers with such strange fancies. We turned to the north-west into a gorge of the chain of Wareerat. In this gorge, besides the usual black sand-stone, with glossy basaltic forms, were large deposits of chalk, one of which our route intersected, on the top of the ridge, where also the action of water was extremely well marked. The action of water remains a long time visible in The Great Desert, perhaps twelve, twenty, nay, fifty years, during which several periods, even in the driest regions of The Sahara, there is sure to be a heavy drenching rain,—an overflowing, overwhelming mass of water falls on the desert lands. The districts of Ghat remained some eight or ten years without an abundant rain, till this last winter, when it came in most overpowering showers*. The action of rain on the

* Dr. Oudney says, who was a man of science :—"Rain sometimes falls in the valley (of Sherkee, Fezzan,) sufficient to overflow

earthy bosom of The Desert is very much like that of the action of the sea on its shores, which has led to the remark, that The Sahara looks as if it been "washed over" by the ocean. The mounds of earth so frequently met with in The Desert are formed by water in the time of great rains. In this gorge were big blocks of stone, on which were carved Touarghee characters. It was fortunate I knew the characters, for the people wished to persuade me they were those of very ancient people, and of Christians, whilst none of the party could read them. They are probably the names of shepherd and Touarghee camel-drivers, wandering through Desert. Some of the letters have a very broad square Hebrew or Ethiopic look about them. The gorge was steep, narrow, and intricate in the first part of its ascent. We then descended and encamped between the links of the chains, which form so many valleys, some broad and deep. It was a good while after sun-set, when we brought up for the night, and we had come a very long day. All were greatly fatigued, especially the poor slave girls.

9th.—Rose early, and started early. The feet-marks of the aoudad were observed on the sand. Course through the gorge north-east. After a couple of hours we cleared the gorge, entering upon a broad open plain or valley. Here I observed the chain of Warcerat was

the surface and form mountain torrents. But it has no regular periods, five, eight, and nine years frequently intervening between each time. Thus, no trust can be placed in the occurrence of rain, and no application made in agricultural concerns." In truth, the rain which falls in these uncertain intervals, seems to answer no available purpose, unless to feed the wells and under-currents of water.

rounded off on the eastern side, and of considerably less altitude, whilst the peaks of the opposite or western side were steep and escarpé, owing apparently to the action of the water in the wady.

Continuing our course on the plain for an hour or two, we arrived at the oasis of Serdalas, a handful of cultivation, but very fair and of vigorous growth. The valley or plain of Serdalas, which is also called Ludinat, and the site of a Marabet, is an extensive undulating plain, bounded east and west by two ranges of mountains, stretching north and south. Near the spot of our encampment are wells of excellent water, seven or eight of them, and the largest is a thermal spring, which is about the centre of the oasis. It is banked up, or rather issues from a rocky eminence, where large lumps of bog iron may be picked up. Formerly this spring was fortified, the high walls built around its mouth still remaining, and there are besides the brick ruins of a castle close by. Tradition relates that the oasis was formerly colonized by Christians, and others say, by Jews. It may, indeed, have been colonized previously to the arrival of the Arabs in Africa by the ancient Berbers, or Numidians, but the castle itself is of Moorish modern construction. The present miserable population does not exceed ten persons, Fezzaneers and one or two Touaricks, who cultivate a little wheat and ghusub. The houses are huts of sticks, date-leaves, and dried grass. Near the great spring is a large tree, with prickly thorny leaves, not unlike the tholh. It is called *Ahatas*, اهتس, and was brought from Soudan, where its species grows to an enormous magnitude. Its wood makes excellent bowls, spoons, and several useful

domestic utensils. This tree measures at least twelve feet round its trunk; its principal branch is prostrate, bent beneath the burden of many a Saharan summer's heat and winter's cold. From the old paralyzed arm, however, shoot up young green branches, offering a pleasant shade to the weary and thirsty wayfarer in these wilds. Under this tree money is buried to a great amount, but the writings, pointing out the particular spot, were destroyed by a son of the Marabout, whose tomb consecrates this desert spot. Several small birds are hopping about, like those seen in Ghat, with white heads and white under tails, the rest black. This seems a *boná fide* feathered tenant of Sahara.

We remain here to-day and to-morrow. It is, perhaps, for the better, for we are all knocked up. By preserving the body we preserve the mind. Our party consists of four merchants, the rest being servants and slaves. My friend Haj Ibrahim is the principal one. We have the Medina Shereef, who is in charge of a male and two female slaves, the property of the Governor of Ghat. He continues his route from Tripoli to Mecca, and expects to be absent two years on his pilgrimage. The Shereef makes great pretensions to learning and sanctity, and I believe he is clever, if not learned; he says to me, "My business is study and prayer." He asked me about Khanouhen, his father-in-law, and the presents which I made the prince, and said, "Khanouhen sent back his presents to you, and would not accept them." I told him I commuted the goods into silver; at which he laughed and remarked, "Ah! Khanouhen is deeper than the devil himself." He considers Jabour's protection omnipotent in the route of Timbuctoo, but says the

Touaricks only, and not caravans, can protect European travellers: I think the Shereef is right. Another of our merchants is a very civil Ghadamsee, and acts as a sort of broker for Haj Ibrahim. He is very civil and good-natured, but, nevertheless, keeps mostly in his hand a little nasty whip, with which he lays it into the unlucky slaves. The last of the four is a queer dwarfish Touatee, from Aïn Salah, who is carrying a few little bags of gold to Tripoli, perhaps a dozen ounces. At the instigation of the Shereef, who likes a laugh, I keep roasting him on the way, telling him, "You have got so much gold about you that we are sure to be attacked by banditti before we arrive safely at Tripoli." This makes him very savage, and sometimes he calls me a kafer. Haj Omer is the great factotum of Haj Ibrahim, an Arab of Tripoli, and a most hardy hard-working fellow. Omer has two camels which are hired by his master. One of these foaled a little before we left Ghat, and he carried the young camel the half of a day's journey on his back. Omer never rides, walks all day long, pitches the tents, looks after the camels, looks after the slaves, and from morning to night is on his legs. So these people can work when it is necessary; indeed, I am sure, with a good government, and an equitable system of trade, the Moors and Arabs of North Africa would be as industrious and persevering as any other people.

It is now afternoon, and very hot. The weather has been sultry the four days of our route. But our faces are nearly always north, and a slight fresh breeze blows from either N., N.E., or N.W. every day, a most grateful relief. It is, however, cold at nights, and very cold in

the morning after the heat has been absorbed during the night. The negresses are busy either pounding ghusub, or washing themselves, or making the toilet and arranging their sable persons in showy trinkets. Certainly woman in the negro races is a remarkable creature. She bears her bondage and its hardships with consummate fortitude, and the greatest good humour and gaiety, never quarrelling or sulking with her master, and only now and then having a little bickering of jealousy or rivalry with her fellow slave. Two or three slaves only, for the present, are unable to keep up, and placed on the backs of camels. I am astonished to see how well they keep up, what fatigue they are capable of bearing; I should myself die of exhaustion were I placed in their situation. There is a little boy only four or five years of age, who walks as well as any of them. He refused my offer to give him a ride, and answered, "I don't wish to ride. I walked all the way from my native country to Ghat." Should this little creature continue to walk his way to Tripoli, by the time he arrives in that city he will have walked over eighty-five days of Desert, besides the distance he may have walked before reaching Aheer, perhaps some additional thirty days.

Another of Haj Ibrahim's camels foaled to-day. The foal is stretched upon the ground as if lifeless, the mother standing over and staring at it. But the foal will not remain so long, for to-morrow or next day it will be up on its legs, and after four, five, or six days, it will be able to run after its dam. In fact, the foal, now five days' old, runs after its mother part of the day's march, and after two or three more days it will be able to continue a whole day's journey. Here is an instance

of the immense superiority of the lower animal over the higher animal man. It is curious that the cry of the foal is very much like a child, and I once turned round to see a negress child crying, and found it was a camel-foal. In marching the foal is tied upon the back of its mother, and so borne along, the dam grumbling regular choruses to the cry of the foal. (*Later an hour.*) The foal is actually upon its legs, about four hours after its birth, and it has sucked its mother twice. The mother does not quarrel so much about her child as the first she-camel. Such is the varying dispositions of brutes. A foal is worth ten dollars when a year old. Most she-camels have a foal every other year, but some few every year. The foal remains a whole year with its mother. None of these camels give milk, because there is not sufficient herbage in our way. In cases of extremity, when the herbage is scarce and the camels give little milk, the Touaricks of Ghat will drive their camels to graze as far as Aheer, or even to Soudan. Milk is an essential portion of their means of existence. The reader must not be surprised to find so frequent a mention of the Camel-Ship of The Desert. In the Koran the camel is thus introduced, "Do not they consider the camels, how they are created?" (Surat LXXXVIII.) and very properly, as a wonderful instance of the creative might of Deity. These animals are of such use, or rather necessity, in The East and in The Desert, that the creation of a species so wonderfully adapted to these countries, is a very apposite and proper instance to an Arabian and African, or even an European (travelling here), of the power and wisdom of the Creator. Like the reindeer, and the lichen, or moss, on which it feeds in

the polar regions, the camel and the date-palms in the Great Desert furnish striking and remarkable examples of the inseparable connexion of certain animals and plants with human society and the propagation of our common species. Providence, or nature, for it is the same, has so formed the faithful, patient and enduring camel, as to create in this animal a link of social and commercial intercourse amongst widely-scattered and otherwise apparently unapproachable nations. The she-camel which I am riding through these solitary wastes never fails me, except from sheer exhaustion, the enduring creature never giving in whilst nature sustains her! In the most arid, herbless, plantless, treeless, thirsty wastes, she finds her loved-home, for The Desert is the natural sphere of life and action for the camel. The Desert was made for the Camel, and the Camel was made for The Desert.

10*th*.—Did not sleep very well, and felt very cold during the night. But as soon as the sun is up it is hot. Such is The Desert. It is also cold in the shade, and hot in the sun. When riding, a hot wind burns the one cheek, and a cold wind blanches the other cheek*. You wander through these extremes like the spirits of the nethermost regions,—

> "And feel by turns the bitter change
> Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce;
> From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice—
> Thence hurried back to fire."

I usually am obliged to wear my cloak out of the sun, besides a woollen burnouse.

* The blowing hot and cold with the same breath is here a reality, or thereabouts.

Visited the marabet, or mausoleum, of Sidi Bou Salah, about two hundred paces from the large spring. My Fezzanee guide told me the daughter of the buried Marabout was still living in the oasis, but his sons were residing in Fezzan. When the corn was reaped, late in the spring, he himself should return to Fezzan. One or two persons would remain here. The tomb of the Marabout is enclosed within the usual square little house, having a dome or cupola roof, but it is not clean whitewashed, as these sanctuaries generally are on the Coast. On the tomb is a coverlet of particoloured and showy silks. The room of the mausoleum is snug and clean. A little lamp is kept burning at the head during the night. This is a sort of perpetual fire. There are two or three outhouses, or rooms, adjoining, in which, if anything be deposited, it is quite safe, it is sacred, no robbers in these wild countries being bold enough to commit such a sacrilege against the God of the Islamites. The entire oasis is peculiarly protected by the halo of the awful Marabout here buried. It is a place of perfect security for all travellers. In this way the sentiment of religion confers its advantages, whatever may be the creed of its professors. No doubt the sentiment of religion, as connected with superstition, inflicts upon mankind intolerable evils; but here, at any rate, is some compensation.

I surveyed again the great thermal spring. The water issues from a rocky ferruginous soil of iron ore, giving the water a mineral taste. Yet it is of the best quality. Apparently the water descends from the neighbouring mountain chains, and collects here, but its flow or stream is perennial. From this little eminence I had a panoramic view of the country, and was grate-

fully affected with the beautiful situation of the oasis. In the hands of Europeans, a city would be created here, one of the largest of The Great Desert, for water abounds on every side. This oasis would become the centre of a dense population, fed from the products of the soil. A mart of commerce would concentrate a great Saharan traffic, ramifying through every part of Africa. But what can be expected from people whose one predominant and *quasi*-religious idea teaches them that everything should remain as it is; as it was before so shall it be hereafter. People nevertheless pretend that political causes keep the oasis in its present miserable condition. Serdalas belongs to the Touaricks, who let it out to the Fezzaneers, but will not permit them to plant date-palms, lest the oasis should flourish and rival Ghat, and so injure that mart of commerce. Be it as it may, man always fails of his work, and if he does so in the more genial climes of Europe, what can come of his idleness and his improvidence in The Vast African Desert? Desolate as The Sahara may be in its essential character, it is rendered still more so by the neglect of its heedless and dreamy tenants. Many are the oases in this neglected, abandoned state. And the saddening, sickening thought often recurs to me, that, however desolate The Sahara may have been in past ages, it is now getting worse instead of better. Ghadames, and many oases of Fezzan, are dwindling away to nothing, the population lessening, and dispersing under the curse of the Turkish system!

Fezzan is only reckoned five days from Serdalas, good travelling, but, with a caravan of slaves, it will occupy us six or seven days. How fond of lying are the Moors,

or, shall we say, boasting? The Shereef, I hear from my other companions, is not going on a pilgrimage to Mecca, as he boasted to me. He merely goes to Tripoli on a trip to sell his three slaves for the Governor, his uncle, and purchase a little merchandise in return.

Had a visit from the daughter of the Marabout, the wild Sybil of The Desert. She is an Arab lady of some seventy or more years of age, but, like most ladies, does not know how old she is. At first sight of her, I

> "Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
> Her tatter'd mantle,
> Her moving lips,—
>
> "Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks
> of blackest shade."

The Pythoness asked me how I liked her country, a hundred times, and then begged for something in the name of Allah. She kept saying, "What have you got for the daughter of the great Marabout?" "What have you got for her who dedicates her life to God?" She was very proud of the distinction, *Bent-El-Marabout* ("daughter of the Marabout"). And why should she not be proud? When all comes to all, the Saharan lady is as good as a Roman Nepote of the Pope. She continued, "What have you got for the daughter of the great Marabout?" And, indeed, I had got very little. I then gave her a little looking-glass, the only one I had. But this is no privation in The Desert, however necessary elsewhere. The looking-glass exceedingly delighted the sybil, for in it she saw the stern features of her face, with her dauntless eye. She then got familiar. She wondered why I was not

married, and how I could go to sleep without a wife She prayed me to take one from Fezzan, or buy a negress of the caravan, telling the people, "The Christian is very good, but very foolish. The Christian has plenty of money, and does not buy a wife." I told her it was prohibited to buy slaves. And as to a wife, I could not carry her about in The Desert. To which she at length, after much persuasion, consented to agree. The daughter of the Marabout showed no hostility against me as a Christian, although of such pure blood, and in which the antagonism of the eastern to the western spirit is supposed to be stronger. She gave me her blessing, and we parted friends. The only piece of dress of any kind which the Maraboutess wore was a thick, dark, woollen frock, with short sleeves. She had no ornaments; her hair was black, mixed with grey, long, and dishevelled about her neck and shoulders. An air of the Pythoness overshadows the countenance and carriage of this Desert priestess. Amongst the people she is a holy being. She lives alone. She has the power of foretelling future events. She receives small presents from all the ghafalahs which visit the oasis, as tithes of the Marabout shrine. She never leaves this Desert spot. Her person was ever inviolable. It is related that, many years ago, an Arab once attempted to surprise her in the night, and share a part of her bed, but was immediately struck dead before he could stretch out his hand to open the door of her grass-built hut. So The Desert has its incorruptible vestals. But the conversation which her ladyship had with me was all pro-matrimonial, and would not have suggested to the stranger that she was an ancient maiden of inviolate chastity. Perhaps she might

have thought this sort of conversation would please me best. The Maraboutess, as well as the few Fezzaneers in Serdalas, are of short stature, of a very dark-brown complexion, approaching nearly to black, and some have the broad distended nostrils of the negro. The Shereef said to me this afternoon, "I'm going to pray at the Marabout shrine; I go happily, I return happily." Our Shereef is a little self-righteous.

Evening, died a young female slave. She had been ill a month. She was of the most delicate frame, and cost seventy dollars as a great beauty. She was buried in the grave-yard of the Marabet without any ceremonies. Happy creature to have so died. They first tried to dig a grave in open desert, but not succeeding, they carried her to the burial-ground of the Marabet.

11*th*.—To-day is the fourteenth day of the month, and Wednesday instead of Monday, by the reckoning of my fellow travellers. A fine morning, but we all felt severe cold during the past night, and which nipped up the poor slaves.

This morning visited Haj Ibrahim early, and seeing a young female very ill I remarked: "You had better leave her with the daughter of the Marabout." He replied, much agitated, "Oh, no, it's a she-devil." Thinking she might be sulky, as Negroes often sulk, I made no other observation. A few minutes after I heard the noise of whipping, and turning round, to my great surprise, I saw the Haj beating her not very mercifully. He had a whip cf bull's hide with which he gave her several lashes. This displeased me much, for I thought if the girl had sulked a little she might have been cured without

recourse to the whip, in her debilitated state. About á quarter of an hour afterwards, or not so much, I saw Haj Omer, servant of the Haj, going towards the grave-yard, with a small ax in his hand, and suspecting something had happened, I followed to see what it was. On arriving at the Marabet, I asked,

"What are you going to do?"

"Dig a grave, only," was the reply.

"What," I continued, "are you going to dig the grave of the Negress whom Haj Ibrahim was just now beating?"

"Yes," Omer returned, greatly ashamed.

I was not surprised at the answer, but a disagreeable chill came over me. Omer then added apologetically, "They bring these poor creatures by force, they steal them. They give them nothing to eat but hasheesh (herbs). Her stomach is swollen. We couldn't cure her; Haj Ibrahim beat her to cure her. She had diarrhœa." This requires no comment. I add only, if Haj Ibrahim, who is a good master, can treat his slaves thus, what may we not expect from others less humane? There is no doubt but that the whipping of this poor creature hastened her death. She was, indeed, whipped at the point of death. I stopped to see the lacerated slave buried. She was some eleven years of age, and of frailest form. A grave was dug for her about fifteen inches deep and ten wide. It is fortunate there are no hyenas or chacalls to scratch up these bodies. They do "rest in peace." Into this narrow crib of earth she was thrust down, resting on her right side, with her head towards the south, and her face towards the east, or towards Mecca. She had on a small

chemise, and her head and feet and loins were wrapped round with a frock of tattered black Soudan cotton. Omer, before he put her in, felt her breast to see if she were really dead. At first he seemed to doubt it, and fancied he felt her heart beating, but at last he made up his mind that she was really dead. I felt her hands. They were deathly cold. At times Moors bury people warm, and not unfrequently alive. They are always in a desperate hurry to get corpses under ground, thinking the soul cannot have any peace whilst the body lies unburied. As the last service to the body, Omer took some earth and stopped up her nostrils. This was done to prevent her reviving should she be not really dead, and attempt to move. Unquestionably if buried in the open desert, it is a service, for the wretch only revives to die a more horrible death. Some small flag-stones were then laid over the narrow cell, and these were covered with earth, in the form of a common grave, being only a little narrower than our graves, as the body is turned up on its side. The two poor young things lay side by side, the one who died yesterday, and the one to-day, giving their liberated spirits opportunity to return to the loved land of freedom, the wild woods of the Niger. Happy beings were they;—better to die so in The Desert, in the morning of their bondage, than live to minister to the corrupt appetites of the unfeeling sensualist! Seeing others, free people, with pieces of stone raised up at their heads, and wishing the slave and the free to have equal rights in the grave, I fetched two pieces of stone and placed them at their heads likewise. If it be permitted to pray for the dead, God save, in mercy, these two youthful, frail, but almost sinless souls!

DIRGE*.

"O'er her toil-wither'd limbs sickly languors were shed,
And the dark mists of death on her eyelids were spread;
Before her last sufferings how glad did she bend,
For the strong arm of death was the arm of a friend.

"Against the hot breezes hard struggled her breast,
Slow, slow beat her heart, as she hastened to rest;
No more shall sharp anguish her faint bosom rend,
For the strong arm of death was the arm of a friend.

"No more shall she sink in the deep scorching air,
No more shall keen hunger her weak body tear;
No more on her limbs shall swift lashes descend,
For the strong arm of death was the arm of a friend.

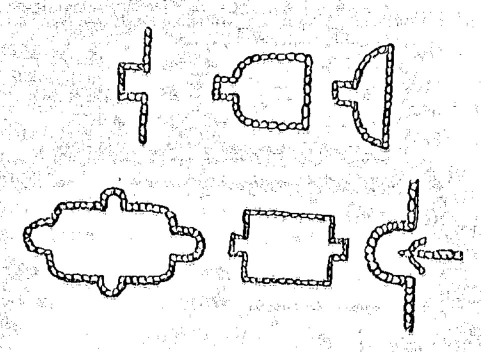
"Ye ruffians! who tore her from all she held dear,
Who mock'd at her wailings and smil'd at her tear;
Now, now she'll escape, every suffering shall end,
For the strong arm of death was the arm of a friend."

I returned to the encampment and found the caravan in motion. Burning hot to-day. I felt the heat as oppressive as in my journey of August to Ghadames. Fortunately our faces were north-east, away from the sun in its greatest power. No one can understand this passage, *καὶ ἡ ὄψις αὐτοῦ ὡς ὁ ἥλιος φαίνει ἐν τῇ δυνάμει αὐτοῦ*, (Rev. i. 16,) who has not travelled under the influence of the Saharan sun. The rays dart down with a peculiar fierceness upon your devoted head, depriving you of all your life-springs. As to its splendour, the eye of the eagle turns away daunted from its all-effulgent beams. Since leaving Ghat we have passed many graves of the "bond and the free," who have died in open desert. Passed one to-day, with Arabic

* Adapted from an anonymous piece, called "*The Dying Negro.*"

characters carved on the stone raised at its head. Passed by also several desert mosques, which are simply the outline in small stones, of the ground-plan of Mahometan temples.

We have, in many instances, only the floor of the mosque marked out, or rather the walls which inclose the floor. Within the outlines the stones are nicely cleared away. Here the devout passers-by occasionally stop and pray. The desert mosques are some of them of these shapes—



The places projecting in squares or recesses are the kiblah, upon which the Faithful prostrate themselves towards the east, or Mecca*.

Our course is through an undulating country of hills and valleys. We made a short day, for we began to fear we might lose many of the slaves. A Touarghee caravan, going to Fezzan, overtook us *en route*, but soon turned off to the north-west.

* "But we will cause thee to turn towards a *Kiblah* that will please thee. Turn, therefore, thy face towards the holy temple of Mecca; and wherever ye be, turn your faces towards that place."—*Surat* ii.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM GHAT TO MOURZUK.

Another Range of Black Mountains.—Habits of She-Camels when having Foals.—Our Mahrys.—Intelligence of my Nagah.—Geology of Route.—Arrive at the Boundaries of Ghat and Fezzan.—The Moon-Stroke.—Sudden Tempest.—Theological Controversy of The Shereef.—Wars and Razzias between the Tibboos and Touaricks.—Forests of Tholh Trees.—The Shereef's opinion of the Touaricks.—Dine with The Shereef.—Saharan Travellers badly clothed and fed.—Style of making Bazeen.—Mode of Encamping.—Cold Day, felt by all the Caravan.—Well of Teenabunda.—Arrival in The Wady of Fezzan.—Meeting of the two Slave Caravans.—Tombs of Ancient Christians.—Routes between Ghat and Fezzan.—Weariness of Saharan Travel.—Oases and Palms of The Wady.—We meet a rude Sheikh, demanding Customs-Dues.—Haj Ibrahim's opinion of the Virgin Mary.—Black Jews in Central Africa.—My Affray with the Egyptian.—Route to Tripoli, *viâ* Shaty and Mizdah.—Features and Colour of Fezzaneers.—My Journey from The Wady to Mourzuk, on leaving the Slave-Caravans.—Tombs of former Inhabitants, and Legends about them.—Bleak and Black Plateau.—The Targhee Scout.—Have a Bilious Attack.—Desert Arcadians, and lone Shepherdesses.—Oasis of Agath, and its want of Hospitality.

12*th.*—A LONG, long, weary day, and tormentingly hot in the middle of the day. Course north-east, over plains scattered with small stones. Traversed a few small ridges of hills. A new species of stone to-day, the hard slate-coloured, and some of it with a granite-like look. Afternoon, came in sight of the other chain of black, or, as sometimes designated, Soudan mountains, stretching boundlessly north and south, like those near

Ghat. This chain likewise extends to the Tibboo country. It is an error of some of the late French writers, to make the Saharan ranges always run east and west. This direction of development only applies to the Atlas ranges of the Coast. No trees, and no herbage for the camels. The hasheesh which the camels ate this evening was brought us from the encampment of yesterday. The poor slaves knocked up to-day; rested many times on the road, and another very ill. In all probability she will follow her companions lately dead. Others, however, sang and danced, and tried to forget their slavery and hardships. But the death of the two girls is a damper for the rest, and they have not been so merry since that mournful occurrence. The she-camels, which have foals, give no milk for want of herbage. The two mothers bite one another's children. This, perhaps, they do to teach the young ones their true mothers. One of them makes a great noise over her young one, and disturbs all the caravan. Evening, whilst all the people were at prayers, and prostrating in their usual parallel lines, I went up to her, and began teazing her. The angry brute slowly and deliberately got up, but, once on her legs, she made a dead set at me, running after me. Meanwhile, receding backwards as fast as I could, I fell over some of the people praying and prostrating, and the camel attacked them as well as me, spoiling their devotions. The camel now returned to her foal; and, prayers over, Haj Ibrahim said to me, laughing, "Yâkob, the camel knows you are a kafer, and don't pray with us. So she attacks you. Camels never attack good Moslems at their prayers." The foal of seven days' old walked the whole of our long march to-day! and nearly as fast

as a man. So the poor camel begins to learn by times its lessons of patience and long-suffering. The mahry of the Haj is very vicious and greedy, and bites all the other camels which eat with it. Camels are made to eat in a circle, all kneeling down, head to head, and eye to eye. Within this circle of heads is thrown the fodder. Each camel claims its place and portion, eating that directly opposite to its head. The people eat in the same manner in circles, each claiming the portion before them, but squatting on their hams instead of kneeling. The mahry of the Haj is quite white, and is a very fine animal; but its eye is small and sleepy-looking, so that it does not appear to have the amount of intelligence of the Coast camels. We have another smaller mahry, and some of the mahrys are as diminutive as others are gigantic in size. My nagah feeds by herself. The males never bite the females as they bite one another,—a piece of admirable gallantry, so far, on their part, but they rob the females of their fodder, and I am obliged constantly to keep driving them away from my nagah. The nagah knows she receives her dates from our panniers. Stooping down on one of them this evening to find something, putting my head right in, and raising myself up, I found the nagah's head right over my shoulder, attentively watching me, to see if I was bringing out her dates. She distinguishes me well from the Moors and Arabs, by my black cloak, and is usually very gentle and civil to me, and familiar, more especially about the time of bringing out the dates.

13*th*.—Our course north-east, over an undulating plain of sand and gravel, and at intervals the desert surface was a plain pavement of stone, of a dark slate-

colour. Greater part of the route strewn with pieces of petrified wood, but no pretty fossil remains. Wood, apparently chumps of the tholh. We had all day the new range of black mountains on our right, which extend southwards far beyond the Fezzanee country to the Tibboos. Intensely cold all day, the air misty, and the wind from north-west. But I prefer this cold to the heat of yesterday. Haj Ibrahim complained of the cold, and was alarmed for his slaves. One of the females he chased on his mahry, the girl running away on foot, and gave her two or three cuts with the whip. She had been accused of too great familiarity with a male slave. Crime and slavery go hand in hand: Miserable humanity!

About noon, we reached the territory of Fezzan. Good bye, Touaricks! farewell to the land of the brave and the free! Farewell, ye Barbarians! where prisons, gibbets, murders, and assassinations are unheard of. We now tread the soil of despotism, decapitations, slavery and civilization, under the benign Ottoman rule, in conjunction with the Christianized Powers of Europe! The boundaries of Ghat and Fezzan are determined by two conspicuous objects, first, by a chain of mountains running north-east and south-west, joining the oases of Fezzan on the north, and extending to the Tibboo towns on the south, the eastern side of all which chain is claimed by the masters of Fezzan, the western by the Touaricks of Ghat; and secondly the forests of tholh trees, which are now appearing in our north, affording abundant wood to the people of the caravan, and browsing for the camels. I am now, then, once more under the power of the Porte, and within the region of Turkish civilization.

Passed other desert mosques, with some Arabic characters written in the sand, near the Keblah.

To-night the moon shone with a sun's splendour; all our people seemed startled at this prodigious effulgence of light. Several of the slaves ran out amongst the tholh trees, and began to dance and kick up their heels as if possessed. It might remind them of the clear moonlit banks and woods of Niger. Haj Ibrahim at last got out his umbrella and put it up. "What's that for?" I asked. "The moon is corrupt (fesed), its light will give me fever. You must put up your broken umbrella." So said all our people, and related many stories of persons struck by the moon and dying instantaneously*. This is another illustration of the passage, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." (Ps. cxxi. 6.) In the Scriptures are several allusions to a stroke of the sun, (see Is. xlix. 10, Rev. vii. 16,) but few to the moon-stroke. Saharan opinion is that the moon-stroke is fatal. I am not aware that the moon-stroke is well authenticated by our eminent physicians. The writer of the psalm spoke the current language of his epoch of science. It is probable that "moon-struck madness," and strokes of the moon, are the effects of noisome or infectious vapours which crowd about the night, and obscure with a still paler light that pale luminary. The sun-stroke seems to be well-authenticated; many cases of Europeans going hunting and sporting in the open country of Barbary, then and there

* In the East Indies persons are known to become blind *for the night*, (something like the *night-blindness*, which we have before mentioned,) by the influence of the moon; or such is what people say.

receiving a stroke of the sun, and dying with fever, are on record.

14th.—Course as usual, north-east. Cold to-day. Skirt the mountain-chain on our right, and traverse a vast plain, scattered with pebbles and other small stones. As yet, we have not passed over sands or through any sandy region, although sand-ranges bounded the west in the early part of the route; here and there a little sand, loose and flying about. Our road is a splendid carriage-road. Oh, were there but water! But water is the all and everything in The Desert. Encamped on the limitless plain. How variable is Saharan weather: now, at sunset, a tempest rises, and sweeps the bosom of The Desert with "the besom of destruction!" A high wind continued all night. I fancied myself at sea, but preferred the Ocean Desert, its groaning hurricane, its hideous barrenness, to the heaving and roaring of the Ocean of Waters. We passed another desert mosque; it was only a simple line, slightly curved for the Keblah. There were also some letters written on the earth, in Arabic, passages from the Koran. Other writing on the ground is always smoothed over, and not allowed to remain. Part of the road was covered with heaps of stone, as if done to clear it, as well as to direct travellers *en route.*

The Shereef introduced the subject of religion to-night in conversation. He observed:—

"The torments of the damned are like all the fires in the world put together."

I.—"Are these torments eternal?"

The Shereef.—"Yes, as everlasting as Paradise."

I.—"But do you not continually say, 'God is The Most Merciful.' How can this be?"

The Shereef.—"I don't know, so it is decreed." The Shereef boldly continued, "In this world* God has given all the infidels plenty of good things, (this being a sly allusion to the Christians and their possession of great wealth); but, in the next world, the believers only will enjoy good, and the kafer will be miserable." "You, Yâkob," he proceeded, "are near the truth, very near, and near Paradise, because you can read and write Arabic, and understand our holy books."

And so he went on preaching me a very orthodox sermon. I asked him how God would dispose of those who never read or heard of Mahomet or the Koran. He couldn't tell. The same queries and objections are, nevertheless, applicable to our own and to nearly all religions, which make the condition of believing one thing, and one class of doctrines, absolute for salvation. The Touatee gold-merchant, who was close by at the time, interposed, "You are near jinnah (Paradise), Yâkob, one word only, 'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God.'" I returned, "If this be not uttered from the heart it is useless and mockery." "By G—d! you are right, Yâkob," exclaimed the

* In the Koran it is intimated that God fattens the wicked in this world for the day of slaughter in the next. I forget the Surat. The Arabic is—سنستدرجهم—signifying, "*We* (God) *make them proceed by degrees;*" that is to say, We, God, give the wicked pleasures and enjoyments in this world, that we may punish them the more in the next world. This is a most abominable sentiment, and intolerable to a right-thinking mind. But I believe such a blasphemous opinion has also been held by some mad-brained Christians.

Shereef. Like most Mahometans, the Shereef says, "The coming of Jesus is near, when he will destroy all the enemies of God, Jews and Christians, and give the world and its treasures into the hands of the Moslemites. I asked him why he represented all mankind but the Moslemites to be the enemies of God? My mind always recoils from the thought of arranging mankind, and marshalling them forward, so many enemies of God, as if the Eternal and Almighty Being who planned, formed, and sustains the universal frame of nature, could have enemies! Man may be the enemy of his fellow man, but cannot be the enemy of God. The Shereef here did not know what to say, and I think replied very properly, *Allah Errahman Errahem*, "God is most merciful!" a sentiment which all of us admit in spite of our peculiar dogmas of theology. But this conversation offers nothing new or different from those which I had with my taleb Ben Mousa, at Ghadames.

The Shereef then spoke about slavery, and asked me, why the English forced the Bey of Tunis to abolish the traffic in slaves. I explained the circumstances, adding, the Bey was not forced, but only recommended, by the English Government to abolish the slave traffic. He then began a long story in palliation of the traffic, stating that the slaves knew not God, and that in being enslaved by the Mohammedans they were taught to know God. I soon stopped his mouth, first, by telling him, the Turks not long ago had enslaved the Arabs and sold them for slaves at Constantinople, and then, adding, "Nearly all the princes, whence the Soudanese and Bornouese slaves were brought, are professedly Mahometans, as well as their people." He acknowledged, however, slaves were

mostly procured by banditti hunting them, not captured in war. He finished, "The Touaricks of Ghat formerly hunted for slaves in the Tibboo country, twice or thrice in the year, and in these razzia expeditions some would get a booty of three, or five, six, ten, and twenty, according as they were fortunate. Now they have other business on hand, the war with the Shânbah. The Touaricks of Aheer, those who bring the senna, are now the great slave-hunters." The Shereef showed me a Tibboo youth seized by the Aheer people. The Shereef's account of the Touarghee razzias in the Tibboo country is confirmed by the reports of our Bornou expedition, or rather the Shereef confirms the reports of our countrymen. Dr. Oudney says, "It is along these hills (the ranges which go as far as the Tibboo country) the Touaricks make their grassies (razzias) into the Tibboo country. These two nations are almost always at war, and reciprocally annoy each other by predatory warfare, stealing camels, slaves, &c., killing only when resistance is made, and never making prisoners." But, it must be observed, Touaricks are never made slaves; they may be murdered by the Tibboos. Not six months ago the Aheer Touaricks captured a Tibboo village. The few who escaped fled to the Arabs, under the son of Abd-el-Geleel, imploring aid for the restoration of their countrymen and property. These Arabs, who themselves mostly live on freebooting, were glad of the opportunity for a razzia. They recaptured everything, and restored the poor Tibboos to their village, making also a capture of a thousand camels from these Kylouy Touaricks.

Enjoy better health in this journey, than on that from Ghadames to Ghat. Felt myself stronger, and hope yet

to undertake the journey to Bornou before the summer heats.

15th.—Course to-day nearly east. Encamped just as the sun dipped down in the ruddy flame of the west. Strong wind, blanching the sooty cheeks of the poor slaves, who were borne down with exhaustion. They were literally whipped along. And the little fellow who refused a ride from me, got a whipping for sitting on the sand to rest himself. I now made him mount my camel, which his master, not a bad-natured man, thanked me for. All day we continued to traverse the vast plain, having on our right the same chain of hills, and, on the left, the sand groups, as far as the eye could see. These broad, now boundless plains, or valleys, are unquestionably the dry beds of former currents. Even now our people called them wadys or rivers. The chain of mountains and the chain of sand-hills are their natural banks. The tholh-tree was most abundant to-day. I never saw it so thickly scattered before. It was spread over all the plain, now in single trees, and now in forest groups, which were also magnified in the distance, and had a grateful and refreshing effect upon the vision, wearied with looking on stones or gravel, or bare desert, or black rocks and glaring sand-hills. Unquestionably these trees of the African are as old as those of the American wilderness. The tholh-trees of the dry thirsty African plain are however but dwarfs compared with the giant trees of the American forest, watered by ocean rivers. The tholh would seem to live without moisture; it is fed by no annual or periodic rain, no springs. And yet it buds, opens its pretty yellow flowers, sheds its fine large drops of translucent gum,

flourishes all the year round, and tempts with its prickly leaves as with richest herbage, the hungry camel. Indeed, about this part of the route the camels get nothing else to feed on. We have seen no living creatures these last five days. On one part of our route our people pretended to trace the sand-prints of the wadan, and others affirmed them to be the foot-marks of the wild-ox. I must except the sight of a few small birds, black all over but the tails. Some one or two had white heads, as well as white tails. People say these birds drink no water, as they say many animals of The Sahara drink no water. The little creatures certainly do not drink much water. Two or three dead camels thrown across the route of this day's march. The live camels usually turn off the way from them. Several Saharan mosques, the form of a cross being made in the Keblah one of them, as seen in the diagrams.

The Shereef's ideas of the Touaricks are not so favourable as those of his uncle, the Governor of Ghat, and in some respects they are more correct. The Shereef says:—"The Touaricks are not of the Arabian race. They are the original inhabitants of Africa (Numidians). Their language is a Berber dialect. They are a race generally of bandits, and, when their food fails them, like famished wolves, they make irruptions into their neighbour's territory, and plunder what is before them. This they do in small bodies, when camel's milk fails them at home. The Aheer Touaricks are of the same race as those of Ghat. Many of those of Aheer have no fear of God, and never pray like the rest of professed Mohammedans. Those of Ghat are perhaps the best of the Touaricks, and the most religious. The

Touaricks of Touat encircle those of Ghat, lying across the route of Timbuctoo. Their Sultan's name is Bassa, a giant of The Desert. He eats as much as ten men. He is the terror of all. But Jabour knows him, and enjoys his friendship and confidence. The road from Ghat to Timbuctoo, through Bassa's territory, is extremely short. It is stony, through high mountains, and intensely cold. Springs of water abound there." Such are the ideas and opinions of the Shereef on the Touaricks. The mountains of the route alluded to, are the grand nucleus of the Hagar, which intersect and ramify through all Central Sahara. The Shereef, and some others travelling with us, delight in paradoxes, and maintain, in spite of Hàj Ibrahim, who has been to Constantinople and seen the Sultan of the Turks, that there is no Sultan now, the administration at the Turkish capital being in the hands of Christians.

The Shereef now invited me to dine with him from bazeen, and when I sat down, kept addressing me:—"Eat plenty!" But only think of three grown men sitting down to a small paste dumpling, with a little melted butter poured over it, and the host crying out lustily to me:—"Eat plenty!" Such, indeed, was our repast! Of course, returning to my encampment, I ate my supper as if nothing had happened to me. And this little dumpling supper is the only meal in the day which our people eat. Well may they cry out about the cold, and pray for the heat. In a hot day a man is supposed to eat half the quantity which he does in a cold day. I am, therefore, still of the same opinion as before expressed, that the sufferings of these people, who travel in Sahara, are enormously increased from their want of

sufficient food and clothing. As to clothing, many of them, in this trying season, go half-naked.

Some of our Arabs, who make bazeen for a large party, have a scientific way for its cooking and preparation. On the Ghat route a young Arab was accustomed to fill up three parts of a large iron pot with water. This water he would boil, throwing into it the meanwhile peppers, sliced onions, and occasionally, as a luxury, very small pieces of dried meat, or scraps from which fat had been strained. The pot having boiled until the onions and peppers were soft, he now brings the meal, mostly barley-meal, but sometimes coarse wheaten flour. This he pours into the pot, forming a sort of pyramid in the boiling water. He then gets a stick, mostly a walking-stick, pretending first to scrape off the dirt, or rubbing it in the sand; with the stick so polished, he makes a hole in the centre of the pyramid of meal, through which the water bubbles up and circulates through the mealy mass, now fast cooking. He now gets two small pieces of stick, and puts them into the ears of the iron pot, which generally are burning hot. He removes with the pieces of stick the pot from off the fire, and places it on the sand. He now squats down over it, putting his two feet, or rather the great toes of the feet, one on each ear of the pot, which gives him a poise, or sort of fulcrum. And then, again, taking the long stick, he stirs it up with all his might, round and round and round again, until all the water is absorbed in the pudding-like meal, and the meal is thus well mixed into a sort of dough. However this dough is not unbaked paste, but a *boná-fide* dumpling, cooked and ready for the sauce. Now comes the wash wherewith

to wash it down. My young Arab friend takes the dumpling, or pudding, in a great round mass, and places it within a huge wooden bowl. He then goes off for the oil, or liquid butter, which is usually kept in a large leather bottle, or goat's-skin, with a long neck. He does not pour the oil out, but thrusts one of his hands into the oil, and, taking it out, with his other hand rubs or squeezes off the oil over the mass of dumpling. When he has got enough, he sets to and sucks his fingers, as the great reward of all his labour in preparing the supper of bazeen for his companions. Once he did not sufficiently squeeze off the oil from his hands, and his uncle scolded him for leaving so much on to suck. He protested to his uncle that the bazeen had taken him an unusually long time to prepare*. The supper is now ready. The party squat round it on their hams. They dig into the mass with their fingers, after saying aloud, as grace, *Bismillah*, "In the name of God," before they begin supper. Digging thus into it, they make small or large balls, according to the measure of their jaws, which are generally sufficiently wide, or according to the sharpness or dulness of their appetite. These balls they roll and roll over in the oil or sauce that is often made of a herb called hada, or âseedah, a pleasant bitter, and producing a yellow decoction, (whence the bazeen is sometimes called,) which enables the large

* In the event of my publisher bringing out a new edition of the venerable Mrs. Glass, or Mrs. Rundall, I fervently hope he will not fail to avail himself of this receipt for the making of bazeen. I am also of the opinion of the former ancient dame, with regard to the necessity of catching a hare before it is dressed; and I think the meal likewise must be procured before it is made into bazeen. To be eaten with relish, it besides must be eaten in The Desert.

boluses to slip quietly and gratefully down the throat. Meanwhile a jug of water is handed round, provided always there is any difficulty in getting down the balls; but mostly the water is handed round after the eating. It is drunk with a *bismallah*, and then a *hamdullah*, or "praise to God," the grace after meat, winds up and finishes the repast.

The business of the caravan and its affairs of encampment are always terminated before supper. So the dumpling or pudding-fed travellers now roll themselves up in their barracans, covering their faces entirely, and stretch themselves down on the ground to sleep, frequently not moving from the place where they ate their supper. There is generally a mat or skin under them, and they lie down under the shade of the bales of goods which their camels carry. The first thing on encamping is to look for the direction of the wind, and so to arrange bales of goods, panniers, and camel-gear, as to protect the head from the wind. In this way one often lies very snug whilst the tempest howls through The Desert. People like to retain the taste of the pudding in their mouths, particularly if a little fat or oil be poured over it. I once gave an Arab some coffee after his pudding-supper, which he drank with avidity, but afterwards began to abuse me. "Yâkob, what is your coffee? I'm hungry, I'm ravenous. Why, before I drank your coffee, my supper was up to the top of my throat, but now I want to begin my supper again. I'll never drink any more of your coffee, so don't bring it here." A little more cuscasou is eaten on this route than on that of Ghat from Ghadames, the Fezzaneers and Tripolines preferring coarse cuscasou to bazeen if they can get it.

The poor Arabs are often obliged to put up with zumeetah, which they eat cold. Haj Ibrahim eats his fine cuscasou, which he brought from Tripoli, but I do not consider him a *boná-fide* Saharan merchant. This is his first trip in The Desert.

6th.—Rose as the day broke, with a hazy yellow tint over half the heavens, and started early in order to reach the well before night. Very cold, and continued so all day long. Felt my nerves braced, and liked cold better than heat. In proportion as I liked the cold, all my travelling companions disliked this weather; all were shivering and crumpled up creatures. The slaves suffered dreadfully, having shivering-fits and their eyes streaming with water. However, I could not help laughing at the Shereef and the Touatee, who kept crying out, as if in pain, "*Mou zain el-berd* (Not good is the cold!)" And, to make it worse, they both rode all day, by which they felt the cold more. On the contrary, I walked full three hours, and scarcely felt myself fatigued. Indeed, to-day, I was decidedly the best man of the caravan, and suffered less than any. I always walk an hour and a half every morning. But my Ghadames shoes, that I'm anxious to preserve, are fast wearing out, which spoils some of the pleasure. The small stones of Desert soon cut and wear out a pair of soles, which are made of untanned camel's skin. Observed to the Shereef, to tease him, "Why, you Mussulmans don't know what is good. Your legs and feet are bare. You have nothing wrapt tight round your chest. Your woollens are pervious to the cold air. You're half naked; but for myself, I'm clothed from head to foot, only a small portion of my face is exposed. You must go to the Christians to learn

how to travel The Desert." "The Christians are devils," he returned, "and can bear cold and heat like the Father of the imps in his house (perdition)." "Mou zain, el-berd," cried the Touatee. Yesterday and this morning the slaves were oiled all over with olive-oil, to prevent their skin and flesh from cracking with the cold. This is a frequent practice, and reckoned a sovereign remedy. Hot oil is also often swallowed. Boiling oil is a favourite remedy in North Africa for many diseases. The poor slaves were again driven on by the whip. We reached the well just after sunset. Haj Ibrahim rode far in advance on his maharee to see that the well was all right, our water being exhausted. Happily the weather prevented any great absorption of its water. When the slaves got up, having suffered much to-day from thirst, although so cold, they rushed upon the water to drink, kneeling on the sands, and five or six putting their heads in a bowl of water together. I myself had only drunk two cups of tea this morning, Said having given the slaves all the water we had left. To-day's march convinced me that thirst may be felt as painfully on a cold day as on a hot day.

Course, north-east, inclining to east. Met with some Fezzanee Touaricks, who were a very different class of people from those of Ghat and Aheer. They are simple shepherds, tending their flocks, mostly goats, in open Desert, which browse the scanty herbage of the plain. The mountain chain on our right continues north with us. We found in our route the blood and filth of a camel just killed. Dead or killed camels are generally found near the wells on the last day's journey, after having made five or six days' forced marches to reach them. It

is here they're knocked up, going continually and most patiently to the last moment of their strength, when they expire at once.

Teenabunda or "Well of Bunda," is a well of sweet delicious water. It is some thirty or forty feet deep. There is nothing to mark the site of the well from the surrounding plain, nor palm tree, nor shrub, nor herbage of any kind. An accident alone could have discovered this well. Some stones are placed about in the form of seats, and one can easily see where there has once been a fire from the sign or circumstance of three stones being placed triangularly, leaving a small space between them for the fire. These three stones also support the pot for cooking, as well as inclose the fire. This evening took some bazeen with the Ghadamsee merchants. They are fond of showing me this little mark of hospitality. However the same thing was enacted as at the Shereef's supper. Three grown-up persons sat down to the one day's meal, a smallish dumpling, seasoned with highly peppered sauce of hada, and a little fat. It is quite absurd to call this a supper for three persons; it is mocking European appetite. How they live in this way I cannot comprehend.

17th.—Rose early, but did not start until the sun had two hours mounted the horizon. We usually start half an hour after sunrise. Weather fair and fine, a cool breeze and hot sun, which is suitable for the middle of the day. I do not feel it at all oppressive. Continued north-east. We now caught a glimpse of the palms of The Wady. But here we overtook our Tripoline friends, who had left Ghat ten days before us and were waiting for our arrival. They conducted us to their encamp-

ment. The party consisted of Mustapha, an Alexandrian merchant of Tripoli, and another merchant, having with them some sixty slaves. When our slaves arrived these ran out to meet them, welcoming them in a most affectionate manner as old friends. In fact, most of them had been companions in the route from Aheer to Ghat, sharing one another's burthens and sufferings, helping to alleviate their mutual pains. After being separated and sold to different masters, never expecting to see one another again, it is not surprising there should have been such a tender and affectionate meeting of the poor things. I shall not soon forget the sight of two little girls who unexpectedly met after being sold to different masters and separated some weeks. The little creatures seized hold of one another's hands, then each took the the head of each other with the palms of the hand, pressing its side, in the meanwhile kissing one another passionately and sobbing aloud. And yet those brutal republicans of America,

> "Whose fustian flag of freedom, waves
> In mockery o'er a land of slaves—"

have the devilish cruelty to continue to stigmatize, by their laws of equality and liberty, the Africans as goods and chattels, depriving them of their divine right of sentient and intellectual beings, having all the tenderest and holiest affections of humanity. These poor little girls were quite unobserved by their masters or drivers, who were now occupied with the rakas or courier, who had brought letters from Tripoli in answer to ours sent some time ago. The news is good for the merchants; the Pasha will not exact the customs-dues of Fezzan on those

who return this route, on account of the war between the Shânbah and Touaricks.

Near the well Haj Omer beckoned me to show me what he called, "water-courses of Christians," ancient irrigating ducts of the people of former times. These consisted of raised banks of earth, stretching across the road to the mountains on the right. Along these lines of embankment were large fields of cultivation, showing the country had declined in its agricultural industry, which, indeed, is manifest from every oasis I have yet seen in The Sahara. It is probable these earlier or ancient cultivators of the soil were colonies from the coast. Omer also pointed out at a distance, what he styled "The tombs of Christians," on the sides of the mountains, scattered miles along, showing The Desert to have been cultivated to a far greater extent in past times.

Our route from Ghat to Fezzan is good enough perhaps for man, being simple and plain, easily traversed, generally on level surfaces, but it is very bad for animals, there being scarcely any herbage, except at Serdalas, and the Ghat Wadys. Our camels had little herbage for seven days, which greatly tried their strength and endurance. The caravan we now joined had lost two camels, and I was afraid for my nagah. Water they had none for six days. The Soudan sheep also went without water these six long days. Our route is thus mentioned by Dr. Oudney: "There are several routes to Ghat (from Mourzuk); and the upper one, where we had to enter the hills, was last night fixed for us. There is plenty of water, but more rough than the lower, which is said to be a sandy plain, as level as the hand, but no

water for five days." Travelling with slaves, a route is always extended one-fifth, at the very least: such was our case.

Afternoon, we encamped at the mouth of the wady, weary, thirsty, and exhausted, which forcibly brought to my mind that oasis of rest, (wearied and disgusted as I felt with Saharan travel,) so divinely described in Desert pastoral style: *ουδε μη πεση επ' αυτους ὁ ἥλιος, ουδε παν καυμα . . . . και ὁδηγησει αυτους επι ζωσας πηγας ὑδατων.* (Rev. vii. 16, 17.) We have in these divine words the smiting and parching of Saharan sun and heat, and the Lamb-Shepherd leading the drooping flocks to the living life-giving springs of the oases of Desert.

Our people called the series of little oases, which we now entered, *El-Wady.* But this term is hardly sufficiently distinctive, and, I think in the general division of Fezzan, it is called *El-Wady Ghurby*—الوادي القري—or "The *Western* Valley," in contra-distinction from *El-Wady Esh-Sherky,* "The *Eastern* Valley."

18*th.*—Entered fully into The Wady this morning. After so much Desert, was delighted to ecstasy with the refreshing sight of the distant forests of palms, crowd upon crowd in deepening foliage, their graceful heads covering the face of the pale red horizon, as with hanging raven locks of some beautiful woman. Saw a few huts of date branches, some wells, and here and there a villager. The huts were so blended with the date-palms, in colour and make, that it was with difficulty our eye could catch sight of them. I am often astonished how these slight, feeble tenements can protect the people from the sun and cold and wind. It is like living in open Desert.

When we had continued our course some two hours, the Sheikh of the district came running out after us, demanding the customs-dues, and attempting to stop the slaves for payment. "What does this fellow want?" I said to our people, feeling myself now under the protection of the Tripoline government, and knowing the Sheikh to be subjected to the Bey of Mourzuk. They replied, "Oh, he wants some slaves to work at the water (by irrigation)." The Sheikh would not be said "nay." He demanded to see the teskera of the Pasha exempting us from the duties, which he could not, as Haj Ibrahim was gone to purchase dates. He then commenced seizing the slaves, but our Arabs now attacked him, pushing and dragging him away. These people are mighty fond of a little scuffling. We encamped for the night in The Wady. More "Tombs of Christians" were pointed out to me. Many dwarf palms were scattered about, wild and producing no fruit. Water may be under the surface. Our people say these palms would all bear fruit if cultivated and watered. Undoubtedly many more could be cultivated. There are innumerable palms in this wild dwarf state. My nagah growled and grumbled on seeing the palms, rightly concluding that we were arrived in an inhabited country. These melancholy-looking creatures are extremely wise. The other evening we had great trouble to get the nagah to eat herbage when she was brought to the encampment. She had for her supper every evening a few dates and barley for several successive days. Now we left off giving her them on arriving at The Wady, where there was abundant herbage. This she resented, and grumbled nearly all night, keeping us from sleeping, and would not eat the

herbage. On encamping, the camels are allowed to stray and graze an hour or two, and are then brought up to the encampment for the night, the drivers cutting a little herbage for them to eat during the night, or in the morning before starting. Like us, more intelligent brutes, the camels don't like starting on a journey with an empty stomach.

Haj Ibrahim expressed surprise that I had with me religious books. He thought the English had "no books," (that is, religious books.) Some Christians in Tripoli (Roman Catholics) had told him the English people had no books. He then observed to me, that it was wrong to worship Mary, who was not God, or the mother of God, for God had no mother or father. And although the French and Maltese, in Tripoli, had told him the English had a bad religion, it could not, he observed, be a worse religion than this, that of worshiping a woman instead of God. Of Mary, he continued, "She was a good woman, and conceived without a husband. Mary merely wished to bear a child, and as it was a pious wish, God granted her request, and by a simple word she conceived and bore Jesus." Of slaves, the merchant says:—"They are brought from all countries of Soudan, nearly a thousand countries. Only a few slaves captured or brought to the Souk are Mussulmans, they're nearly all Pagans. Mussulmans make war against infidels to get prisoners, as we and you did formerly; the Maltese* and English made us slaves, and we made you slaves. Some of the slaves are Christians,

* The oath taken by the Knights of the Order of Malta, was—"*To kill, or make the Mohammedans prisoners, for the glory of God.*"

(*i. e.* Pagans,) and some are Jews." I was much interested, and questioned the merchant about this latter remark, when a Negro slave, who had been lately to Soudan with his master, observed, "The black Jews keep the Sabbath, and get drunk on that day. They drink bouza (or grain liquor). They also circumcise as we Mohammedans." It is probable these Negro Jews are the corrupt descendants of the converts of Abyssinian Jews, who ages ago penetrated Central Africa *vid* the provinces of Darfour and Kordofan, and the countries lying on the two great branches of the sources of the Nile. In the beginning of our era, we hear of the Eunuch of the "Queen of the South*," or of Abyssinia, who was a Jew, and converted by Philip to Christianity. There is therefore no manner of difficulty in accounting for the presence of these corrupt degenerate black Jews, amongst the tribes of Central Africa.

Two little girl-slaves were barbarously whipped this evening for eating hasheesh (herbage), which they picked up on the roadside. This was done to prevent them having diarrhœa, and eating poisonous herbs. It was nevertheless what they had been taught to do on the Aheer route, and there could not be very much harm in picking up a little fresh juicy herbage, to appease their thirst during the heat of the day's march. The slaves *en route* are only permitted to drink twice in the day, once at noon, and once in the evening. When our supply of water is scanty, only once a day.

* "And behold a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for worship."—(Acts viii. 27.)

19*th*.—This morning made but three hours' journey through The Wady Oases. We had not proceeded an hour *en route*, when the same farce was attempted to be played upon us as yesterday; three or four people coming galloping up to us to stop us, in order to collect the customs-dues. This they did a second time, after letting us go on once. I was determined now to show I was not a slave-dealer, and would not be stopped to suit their caprice, for we told them we had a teskera from the Pasha, exempting us from the gomerick. Proceeding forwards with Said, one of the party, a fellow on horseback, stopped my nagah, seized her, and commenced beating Said. I instantly jumped off, exclaiming, "I'm an Englishman—a Christian, and not a slave-dealer; I have nothing on which to pay duties, and will not be stopped." Our people bawled out likewise, "The Christian has nothing for the gomerick, he has no slaves." The fellow gave Said another rap with his sword on his attempting to rescue our camel. Hereupon, losing all patience, I took the spear, and with the flat part of its head gave the fellow a tolerable blow on the shoulders. Now followed a desperate scuffle, the first I had had in The Desert. The fellow screaming out, suddenly maddened to fury, drew his sword, and made a thrust at me, but the blow was turned by the shaft of my lance. Our people now seized hold of him and me. A little more scuffling went on, and getting clear of the grasp of our people, I made off in advance, with Said, alone. After continuing half an hour through the palm-woods, we turned and saw the whole caravan coming up quickly after us. The party who stopped us had consented to let the caravan follow me. Haj

Ibrahim, who had the Pasha's teskera, was again absent, having gone to purchase more dates. If the fellow had not been very impudent and violent, inflicting blows on Said, I should not have committed this folly of forcing my way, for, after all, it was great imprudence on my part, and might have been attended with very serious consequences.

When the caravan came up, I said, in hearing of our people, to the fellow who was still following them, "If you had struck my servant in Tripoli, the Pasha would have put you in prison. This is not Touarghee country, but a country where there is a government. This country belongs to Tripoli and the Sultan. Your violence was equally improper and unnecessary." All applauded this, and our champion of the sword said nothing in reply. After arriving at the small district of Blad Marabouteen, or "a country of Marabouts," we encamped for the day. The fellow, who turned out to be an Egyptian, a petty officer of the Porte, and Kaed of the district through which we passed, now came to me, sat down by my side, and made it up. I then observed to him, "It's all nonsense." The Egyptian laughed and I laughed. He kept seizing me by the hand, and exclaiming with vehemence, "Gagliuffi! Gagliuffi! ah! that's a fine fellow! Gagliuffi at Mourzuk." Again the Egyptian laughed, and screamed with frantic gesticulations, and our people coming up were also merry with him. "Ah!" he continued, "Gagliuffi, a real cock of the dunghill, a noble fellow, Gagliuffi! Do you know Gagliuffi?" I said I did not. This he couldn't understand, and said, "Ah, Gagliuffi has got plenty of money, he's the Bashaw of Mourzuk. Every time you go to see him he gives you

coffee." Another Fezzaneer, standing by, swore to this: "Gagliuffi is the Bey! Gagliuffi has got plenty of money." Afterwards I reported this affair to Mr. Gagliuffi, our Vice-Consul at Mourzuk. He was greatly amused and flattered at the report of his wealth and consequence. He observed, "Although I'm poor enough, God knows, it's better that these people should think me rich." The Egyptian was commanding a small force of Arabs in The Wady. I learnt from him, the Vice-Consul had been sick lately, but was now better. In The Wady there is fever during summer, but not much now. The Kaed, I saw in conversing with him, had been drinking leghma, and was "elevated," which sufficiently accounted for his interrupting our march, and the violence of his conduct. Our people say, he wished us to encamp in his district, to amuse himself with us. They continued all the evening to praise my spirit for resisting the fellow's impertinence in his stopping us. "To-day you were a man, Yâkob," they kept repeating. I explained, "Fear, where fear is necessary, as in the Touarghee districts. There we must bow the head, for resistance would be dangerous. But here, in the country of the Sultan, why should we fear?" This speech greatly pleased our people, who themselves had not been detained by the Kaed, on account of my forcing the way. Upon the whole, this ludicrous affray raised my reputation for (physical) courage amongst the people. For moral courage I always take credit to myself. It is nevertheless, a very delicate thing in Saharan travel to know when and where resistance is to be offered against imposition: and perhaps, it is better to give way always than to resist, leaving the matters of dispute (of this

sort especially) to be settled by the caravan with which you travel.

The united caravans will remain here some eight or ten days, to give rest to the slaves, as well as to obtain fresh provisions. To-morrow morning I go early to Mourzuk, which is two days from The Wady. Tripoli is distant from The Wady, fifteen, seventeen, or twenty days, according to the progress of the caravan. The route lies direct *viâ* Shaty, four days' distant from this, and Mizdah, in the mountains (Gharian), ten or twelve days, and thence three days more to Tripoli. The route from El-Wady to Shaty consists of groups of sand-hills, of painful traverse. Shaty itself is a series of oases. Between El-Hasee and El-Ghareeah, which now follow, there is an immeasurable expanse of Desert plain. The Atlas Mountains then succeed with their bubbling fountains and green valleys, and olive-clad peaks. Mizdah in The Mountains consists of two large villages.

Saw several of the inhabitants of The Wady, and made acquaintance with the Fezzaneers, as they have been called. Some of them are as black as negroes, others as white as the Moors of the coast, others olive, yellow, brown, &c., and their features are various as the colour of their complexions. The Fezzaneers must be considered Moors and townspeople, rather than Arabs or nomades. Houses in The Wady are of palm-branches, and some of sun-dried mud-bricks, but mostly miserable hovels, the very picture of wretchedness. We passed a village entirely abandoned, (Kelah, as the people said,) apparently from the failure of water. Palms in The Wady are not very fine. There are many patches of

cultivation of grain and vegetables. Water is found near the surface, and the wells are numerous.

20th.—I left our caravan early this morning for Mourzuk. On taking leave of my companions of travel they begged me to come back, and continue the route with them to Tripoli. Could only promise in the style of En-Shallah, "If God wills," for I had long made up my time not to return. Should the Bornou route be favourable, I might go up before the hot weather came on; if not, I intend returning *viâ* Sockna to Tripoli, "the royal road," wishing to see as much as possible of the inhabitants of the oases of The Sahara, on which route were many centres of population. My companions, from whom I had received nothing but kindness, continued to call after me, "Come back, Yâkob," until our little company was out of sight. I thought this extremely friendly, and another instance of the unadulterated kindness of heart found in Saharan traders. Our course now lay somewhat back again, we proceeding south-east. We had to cut through the mountains which had been so long on our right. The range still continued north up The Wady, but how far I cannot tell. I believe no European whatever has travelled the route *viâ* Shaty and Mizdah, to Tripoli. As we ascended through the gorge or break in the chain, "the tombs of the Christians" were again pointed out to me, or rather the burying-places of the earlier inhabitants of these regions. All the early inhabitants, or those before the Mohammedan conquest of Africa, are vulgarly called Ensara by Moors. These tombs consist simply of circular heaps of stones, picked up from the rocks around. Some are

large, perhaps a dozen yards in circumference. Mounting one, I found it hollow at the top; the stones had been merely heaped up in a circular ring. Within was a little sand settled, collected from the wind when it scatters the sand about. There was no appearance of bones, or any inscriptions. The whole mountain range of The Wady, I am told, has heaps of stones piled up in this way. There is no doubt but what they are the graves of former inhabitants.

The question to be solved is, why are these graves of this circular form? why heaps or rings of stones thus heaped up, so different from the long square graves now met with in all North Africa and The Desert? The form of these tumuli evidently denote another people, or at least a people of another religion. Where there are tombs there are legends of the dead. My travelling companions now related to me, that there appears not unfrequently, and mostly at midnight, when the moon has but a narrow dim circlet, a solitary Christian, who flits mournfully through these solitudes, now and then sitting on the circular tombs, now peeping from within the rings of stones, his chin resting on the edge. His aspect is hideous, and he has one big burning eye-ball in the middle of his forehead. His skin (for he is naked) is covered with long hair, like a shaggy goat (a species of satyr), and two tusks come out of his mouth, like those of a wild boar. A holy Marabout once met him, and interrogated him courageously about his doleful doings amongst these graves. The spectre deigned this answer, "I mourn the fall of my fellow-Christians and the triumph of the Faithful over the Infidels. The Devil makes me come here. I shall wander until the appear-

ance of Gog and Magog upon the earth, and then shall be yoked to their chariot, and go out and conquer the world, and kill the Faithful. But I shall be tormented afterwards. Such is my doom: I can't help it." It is said the Marabout pitied him, and prayed to God for him, but it was revealed to the holy man in a dream, not to pray for lost spirits, whom Heaven's decrees had irrevocably doomed to perdition.

There was also another legend related to me by the Fezzan Targhee, who was now my guide through this dreary gorge, full of the tombs of the dead. It is too long to repeat. Suffice it to say that, whilst his great-grandfather and other shepherds were tending their flocks on the subjected plains below, a troop of these Christians broke lose from the dark caverns in the mountains, where they are chained, and began to abuse and banter the shepherds, because they did not say, "There are three Gods." The shepherds withstood the temptation and the terror of their countenances, although they, the shepherds, exceedingly quaked. The Christians, in their rage against the shepherds professing so constantly the Unity of God, dispersed their flocks, drove them into the caverns, and disappeared together with the flocks. But the angel Gabriel descended from heaven, and blessed the faithful shepherds, led them on many miles to a desert place, where there were three tholh-trees which had been planted by these reprobate Spirits in adoration to The Three Gods. Now the number of shepherds also happened to be three. The good Gabriel told them to cut down the trees, and burn them separately. The shepherds did so, and for their obedience, from beneath the ashes a great cake of molten

gold came pouring out. "These cakes are the Gods of the Christians; there are three of these cakes," said Gabriel. "Take each one, and go, and trade to Soudan," added the angelical messenger; and then in a bright cloud ascended over the top of the mountains. It so happened that his great-grandfather thought three was a lucky number, and wished to become a Christian, whereupon God caused a troop of banditti to fall upon his caravan, who plundered him of everything, and reduced him again to beggary. Such are the tales of Marabouts of The Sahara, quite a match for the legends of our Monks of the good and happy olden times.

As these legends finished, we got up to the top of the range, when a cold bleak wind cut our faces, coming north-east over the plateau, which to my surprise now appeared. I expected to find a descent, or another rounded side of the chain. But all east was a bare, bleak, black plateau, as hideous as desolation could render it, according well with the scenery of the desolate grave-stones we had just seen, and the woeful tales about them we had heard. It was the veritable beach of the river Styx. I turned with a chill of horror from the waste back again upon the valley which we had left. How different the view! Here we beheld the ten thousand fair waving palms, which cover the green bosom of The Wady,—a paradise encircled with ridges and outlines of the most frightful sterility. We now mounted our camels, for it was necessary to face also this new desert. I greatly perspired with the labour of the ascent, and now caught a cold, and had a bilious attack, the only time I was seriously unwell during my nine months in The Desert, and strange enough that it

should be occasioned by cold. Our party consisted of myself and Said, the Targhee guide, and Mustapha, the Tripoline Moor, who was going to purchase provisions, and borrow money at Mourzuk. These merchants so ill manage their affairs, that they were nearly out of provisions for their some hundred and odd slaves, themselves and servants, and besides had no money to replenish their stock. Our course was now east verging to the south. On the plain I saw the last of the Touaricks, and it was a noble sight. This was a Targhee Scout, scouring The Desert in search of the Shânbah, well-equipped and mounted on his maharee. He was returning south-west to Ghat, taking the route over the mountains which we had just ascended.



After a few hours we again descended into a small shallow wady, where was a little herbage. We continued all day, and endeavoured to reach a part of the plateau, where were some Fezzan Touaricks tending their

flocks, and where it was said we should get milk and a kid of the goat to kill and eat. The whole of the day it was cold, and the wind piercing, which I attributed to the elevated region we traversed. On arriving at a thin scattered forest of tholh-trees we stopped, but being most unusually exhausted by the fatigue of the ride, and the attack of the bile, I could not dismount from my camel, and was lifted off. We searched a long time for the shepherds, and at length their flocks were discovered. I took a little tea, and surrendered myself to rest and to sleep, not being able to eat anything. My companions pretended to seek out and purchase a kid, but unless you furnish the money, nothing of this luxurious sort is ever obtained in The Desert. I had no money, and we had no kid. Meanwhile our people, who had only brought with them dates, ate up my little stock of cuscasou. I had only laid in a sufficient quantity for some fifteen days, from Ghat to Mourzuk. Passed a bad night, and greatly relaxed.

21*st*.—Up to this time I had always travelled through The Desert with a large number of persons. Our party was now only four. And yet I felt no fear, and went to bed last night in open desert with as much indifference as if I had been in a hotel in Europe. Such is the force of habit. The Desert itself now even begins to wear a homely face to me, and, indeed, for the present, I am obliged to make it my home. We rose early, and I found myself a little better. At the time I attributed my illness to the water of The Wady, but which was incorrect. Before starting, I obtained a bowl of sour milk. To my surprise I saw only women tending these flocks. I asked about their husbands. They were gone away to

work in Ghat, Fezzan, and other parts. Here were three or four adult women, and a few children, wandering solitarily in Open Desert! Not a habitation was near for many miles round! I could not help exclaiming, "Are you not afraid of robbers?" "No," replied an aged woman, "I have been here all my life, and shall die here. Why go away? What better shall I find in Mourzuk or Ghat? Can they give me more than milk? More than milk I care not for. And God is here as elsewhere!" Let the reader picture to his mind's eye, three or four lone females, with a child or two, wandering over a sandy plain, tending amongst a thinly-scattered forest of gum-acacia trees a few small goats, without a house or even a hut to sleep under, only the shade of a straw mat suspended in the prickly trees, and, then, repeat and mark well the truth of Pope's fine lines,—

> "Order is heaven's first law, and this confess'd,
> Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,—
> More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
> That such are happier, shocks all common sense."

Our people observed to me, "This is a country of the Sultan, so the women fear nothing." But the environs of Ghadames are the country of the Sultan, which does not prevent the depredations of banditti. There is no water here, they go to Agath to bring their water for themselves and their flocks. Of course, the complexion of these sheperdesses is quite brown or brown-black, by exposure to the weather. I shall ever remember the modest air with which a nomade young woman came and presented us with a bowl of milk. It was modesty's self's picture! The shepherdess nymph stepped forward

timidly, with her eyes averted, not presuming even to look at us; and as soon as she placed the bowl on the ground, a short distance from us, she escaped to the thicket of the tholh-tree, like a young roe of the timid trembling herd. On her glowing cheek,—

> "Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove,
> While browsing goats at ease around her fed."
>
> "And now she sees her own dear flock
> Beneath verdant boughs along the rock—
> And her innocent soul at the peaceful sight
> Is swimming o'er with a still delight."

Such a picture of pure heartfelt shyness and delicate modesty could only be witnessed in these solitudes, where this maiden shepherdess never perhaps speaks to any man but her own way-worn, severe, but honest-hearted father, when he returns from his little peregrinations, bringing a few blankets, a little barley and oil, the staple matters of existence for these lonely nomades. Nothing was given in return for the milk, for we had nothing to give. But if offered it would not have been accepted, by the laws of hospitality amongst these desert Arcadians. The reason now assigned for not giving us a kid, is, all the men are absent, and they cannot part with one, even if money be sent from Mourzuk for payment.

About 3 P.M., to my great joy, we arrived at the village of Agath. Our route was over a bare level plain, and our progress like at sea, when the masts of the ship are first seen, then the hull; so here we first saw the heads of the date-palms, then their trunks, and then

the clusters of the hovels of the village. I was happy to learn our guide determined to pass the night here. The poor fellow was himself worn to a skeleton in travelling these wastes, with but one eye left, and that very dim. He was glad to "put up" for the night. When he started it was to have been a journey of a day and a half, it was now to be three days. We got into an empty hovel, and with palm-branches kindled a fire, which was kept up in a blaze to serve for a lamp. This is the usual practice, now and then putting on a piece of wood to make a light. Very few Saharans have the luxury of lamps or candles. I still suffered from bile, languor, and exhaustion, and once placed upon my mattress, I did not leave it till next morning. We had no provisions, for our party had eaten up all I had. We tried to get something from the Sheikh of the village, but only succeeded in obtaining a few loaves of newly-baked bread, with a little herb sauce, hot with peppers, to pour upon the bread to moisten it. Mustapha attempted to make a great noise, and talked about reporting him to the Pasha of Mourzuk, and getting him bastinadoed for treating a Christian in this way. I discouraged these threats, and would have no imbroglio, for I knew the character of the Sheikh could not well be worse than that of Mustapha himself. Mustapha demanded meat, but I begged only a little flour and butter to make some bazeen in the morning. The Sheikh promised and took leave. In the morning the Sheikh fled, and we saw no more of him. He deserved to be reported at Mourzuk. Hospitality certainly does not flourish at Agath. It's odd, the only time I

was seriously ill, and really wanted hospitality, I found it not. To-day we picked off several fine pieces of gum from the tholh. Many of the trees had their branches lopped off, first for allowing the goats to nibble the green leaves, and afterwards to use the dry branches for firing.

CHAPTER XXV.

RESIDENCE AT MOURZUK.

Arrival at Mourzuk; and reported as a Christian Marabout from Soudan.—Meet Angelo, who conducts me to his Master, the British Vice-Consul.—Hearty Welcome from Mr. Gagliuffi.—Detail of the Slave-Caravans of The Wady.—Read the Newspapers; Massacre of Jemâ-el-Ghazouat, and the Annexation of Texas.—Visit to the Bashaw of Mourzuk.—Visits to the Commandant of the Garrison, and the Kady.—Poetical Scrap of European Antiquity.—Celebration of a Wedding.—Environs of Mourzuk.—Camera Oscura.—Mourzuk Couriers.—The Kidnapped Circassian Officer.—Old Yousef, the Renegade.—Dine with the Greek Doctor on a Carnival Day.—An Albanian's Revenge.—Greece and its Diplomatists.—Officials of Mourzuk.—An Arab's estimate of God and Mahomet.—What is Truth?—Improvements of the Commandant of the Troops.—How English Politics taste in The Desert.—Visit to the Grave of Mr. Ritchie.

22*nd.*—Rose early, and got off again as well as I could, considering I had had little or nothing to eat for the last two days, and should have nothing till the evening, when we expected to reach Mourzuk. Course east and south-east. Still cold and windy. Palms scattered over all the route, from Agath to Mourzuk, but only a few of them cultivated. It was most refreshing to behold so many trees on our road, after traversing such treeless and sandy wastes. A few wells here and there, and a little corn cultivation. Arrived at Mourzuk at about 4 P.M.

I here thought of a squib which had been published in

a rival paper at Malta, representing me as "The Consul of the Blacks at Mourzuk," in allusion to and satirizing my anti-slavery propensities. These things will come back to one's memory years and years after they have been forgotten. When I read the squib, I little imagined I should ever visit Mourzuk, and yet the visit could be traced readily enough as resulting from my anti-slavery labours in Malta and the Mediterranean. Mustapha stopped at the gate to make his toilet, and I lent him my barracan to make on entering the city. Moors and all Saharan travellers dress themselves up before they enter any large or particular place, when on a journey, and they wonder why I do not follow their nice tidy example. On entering Mourzuk, I suppose I looked very queer, for it was immediately reported to the Bashaw, "A Christian Marabout is arrived from Soudan." We were stopped a few minutes at the gates, to see if I had any exciseable articles. This done, I made the best of my way to the residence of Mr. Gagliuffi. On the road I casually met the Maltese servant of the Vice-Consul. His face brightened up with joyful amazement, and he shook me eagerly by the hands. Englishmen arrive here once in half a century, or rather never, which sufficiently accounts for the excitement of the Maltese. Angelo took me direct to the Consul's house, and I found Mr. Gagliuffi at the door. The Consul was as astonished to see me as his servant. He stared at me as if I had just dropped from the clouds. He had heard of my going to Ghadames, Ghat, and Soudan, but did not expect to see me one while. I need not add, Mr. Gagliuffi gave me a most hearty welcome. I found the Consul in a very fine and spacious house for

oases of Desert, with "all his English* comforts around him," as we say. Seven months had made me forget all these things, and I was now a Saharan entering into the domains of comfortable, if not civilized, life. The appearance of Mourzuk was not very pleasing to me, the major part of its dwellings being miserable hovels. The Castle looked dirty, and tumbling down. Nevertheless, the presence of Turkish troops and officers in uniform about the streets, with a variety of people congregated from different towns and districts of Sahara, gave the place more the aspect of a city than any other town I had seen since I left Tripoli. I was extremely knocked up and unwell, and at once determined not to leave Mourzuk until my health should be restored. I found myself right as to the date of my arrival at Mourzuk, on comparing notes with Mr. Gagliuffi; but two days wrong as to the name of the day, having written down Friday instead of Sunday. As to the Moorish reckoning of Ghat and Ghadames, that was quite different from the name of the day, and the number of the day, as found in Mourzuk. Time is very badly and incorrectly kept in The Sahara.

Some few particulars must now be recorded of the slave-caravans which I left in The Wady. The united number was some one hundred and thirty slaves. Two-thirds were females, and these young women or girls. There were a few children. Necessity teaches some of the best as well as the sternest lessons. A child of three years of age rode a camel alone, and without fear. The poor little creature knew if it complained or discovered itself

* Although Mr. Gagliuffi is an Austrian, a native of Trieste, he has acquired all the English ideas of comfort, and speaks excellent English.

frightened, it would be obliged to walk through The Desert. The slaves were fed in the morning with dates, and in the evening with ghusub. Female slaves, after the style of Aheer people, pounded the ghusub in a large wooden mortar, just before cooking. But they had little to eat, and were miserably fed, except those who had the good fortune to be purchased by Haj Ibrahim. For some of these improvident stupid merchants had actually purchased slaves without the means of keeping them. On arriving at The Wady, they sent jointly, through Haj Ibrahim, to borrow a hundred dollars of the Bashaw of Mourzuk. The messenger was Mustapha. His Highness kindly enough handed him over the money. All the masters carried a whip, but this was rarely used, except to drive them along the road, when they lagged from exhaustion. Thus it was administered at times when it could least be borne, when nature was sinking from fatigue and utter weariness! and therefore was cruel and inhuman. Yet only some twenty were sick, and two died. When very ill they were lashed upon the back of the camel. Some of the young women that had become favourites of their masters experienced a little indulgence. I observed occasionally love-making going on between the slaves, and some of the boys would carry wood for the girls. My servant Said had one or two black beauties under his protection. But everything was of the most innocent and correct character. Some groups of slaves were aristocratic, and would not associate with the others. Three young females under the care of the Shereef, assumed the airs and attitude of exclusives, and would not associate with the rest. Every passion and habit of civilized, is repre-

sented in savage life. A perfect democracy, in any country and state of society, is a perfect lie, and a leveller is a brainless fool. There is also an aristocracy in crime and in virtue, in demons and in angels. The slaves are clad variously. Haj Ibrahim tried to give every one of his a blanket or barracan, more or less large. Besides this, the females had a short chemise, and a dark-blue Soudan cotton short-sleeved frock. Many had only this frock. The poor creatures suffered more from the ignorant neglect of the Touaricks than the Tripoline merchants, and their complaints and diseases usually begin with their former masters. Yet I am assured by Mr. Gagliuffi, that the Touaricks of Aheer are infinitely better and kinder masters than the Tibboo merchants of Bornou, or even many Tripolines. The Tibboos cannot bring a female child over The Desert of the tender age of six or seven, without deflowering her, whilst the Touaricks of Aheer shudder at such sensual brutality, and even bring maidens to the market of an advanced age. The brutal Tibboos besides bring their slaves quite naked, with only a bit of leather or cotton wound round their loins, whilst the Touaricks always furnish them with some little clothing.

23*rd*.—Felt better, but weak. The excitement produced in me by my new quarters and reading the journals, after four months elapsing since I saw the last, made all the people fancy I was already attacked with their Mourzuk fever. Mr. Gagliuffi treated me as such, and the Greek doctor was sent for, who approved of my being treated as attacked, and I took accordingly fever powders. But another night's rest restored me and I discovered no symptoms of fever, for which I could not

be too thankful, as the fever nearly attacks all strangers journeying in Mourzuk. The news from Europe was exceedingly disagreeable to me, inasmuch as I read of crimes and events of a much darker shade than the things which I had seen in Desert amongst the Barbarians. The two events which arrested my attention were the massacre of five hundred French troops near Jamâ El-Ghazouat, and the annexation of Texas, as most relating to my present pursuits. The first was an evident retribution for burning alive a tribe of Arabs in the caverns of the Atlas. Some high personages in Paris deplored this massacre of their devoted and hapless countrymen, but the poor Arabs of the Atlas, the men, women, and children burnt or suffocated alive, were unpitied and unmourned*, because they happened to be resisting the placing of a foreign yoke on their necks. Such is the high tone of our political morality in Europe! No wonder the curse of God is upon us and afflicts us with famine and cholera! The annexation of Texas, for the extension of slavery and the slave trade, I hope will at once and for ever disabuse the minds of our wild democrats, who fancy that because people call themselves republicans and establish a republican form of government, therefore they are the friends of freedom. Better had America been bound hand and foot for ever to the aristocratic tyranny of the mother country, than that she should now become, as she is, the world's palladium of Negro slavery, and the huge breeding-house of slaves to endless generations! We cannot but recommend to these transatlantic tramplers upon the freedom and rights of man,

* As a remarkable exception, some one or two *French* papers did protest against this wholesale burning alive of an Arab tribe.

in defiance of all divine and human laws, the following lines of Mr. James—

> "Oh, let them look to where in bonds,
> For help their bondsmen cry—
> Oh, let them look, ere British hands
> Wipe out that living lie.
>
> "Veil, starry banner, veil your pride,
> The blood-red cross before—
> Emblem of that by Jordan's side
> Man's freedom price that bore.
> No land is strong that owns a slave,
> Vain is it wealthy, crafty, brave."
>
> "The slaver's boastful thirst of gain,
> Tends but to break his bondsman's chain."

24th.—Much better in health to-day. Sent off Said, with a man of this place, to fetch my trunk and other baggage left in The Wady. Find Mr. Gagliuffi keeps up a friendly correspondence with the Vizier of the Sheikh of Bornou. Any one going to Bornou would derive great advantage from the Vice-Consul's letters of recommendation. Mr. Gagliuffi has also considerable influence over the population of Fezzan, and is on good terms with the Mourzuk Bashaw.

25th.—Felt well enough to-day to call upon the Bashaw. His Highness's full name and title is Hasan Bashaw Belazee. I was introduced to him by Mr. Gagliuffi, who previously insisted upon sprucing me up a bit, and removing my Maraboutish appearance by getting me a new red cap or *fez.* My *Christian* hat was left at Ghadames. It was impossible to wear it in Desert or towns, for people always said I looked like a Christian devil when I wore the European black hat. We found

His Highness just recovered from a month's indisposition. He received us very politely, and Mr. Gagliuffi tells me he is really a very good sort of man. His Highness gave us pipes and tea, which is becoming now a favourite beverage amongst the Moors of East, as it has long been in West Barbary, amongst all races of the Maroquines, who have introduced the fashion of tea-drinking and teetotalism at Timbuctoo. His Highness was very talkative and affable. He was amazed at my audacity in going amongst the Touaricks without a single letter of recommendation, and looks upon my arrival at Mourzuk as an escape from death to life. His Highness confessed, however, that the Touaricks are people of one word, and that, after having told me they would protect me, I did right in confiding in their honour. He added, "If you go to Aheer hereafter I will assist you all I can." Mr. Gagliuffi pretends the Bashaw has considerable influence amongst all the Touarghee tribes, and the Touaricks always follow strictly the recommendations which the Bashaw, as governor of the province of Fezzan, and a near neighbour, has taken upon himself to give them. Every person carrying a letter from His Highness to the Touaricks, has invariably been well received. His Highness is very fond of illustrating his conversation by similes, and related a little facetious palaver which he had with a Targhee of Aheer.

His Excellency thus to the Targhee:—"You always thought there was a great mountain separating you from us, protecting you from our armies. You besides always boasted of having an army of 100,000 warriors. But the other day there came to you a bee, and buzzed about your ears, and you all at once fled before the little bee.

How is this? Where are your 100,000 unconquerable heroes?"

The Targhee thus to the Bashaw:—"Ah, ah, how amazing! it was just so."

H. E.—"But are you not ashamed of yourselves?"

The Targhee.—"Ah, ah, but we shall now go and fight them."

H. E.—"Well, we shall see your courage."

The Bashaw explained to us, how the Touaricks of Aheer were put to flight by the Weled Suleiman, whom he the Bashaw, and his master at Tripoli, only esteemed as so many troublesome little bees. This was the affair of the capture of the 1000 camels, when the Touaricks were carrying off the spoils of a Tibboo village, before mentioned. These Weled Suleiman have just joined the rest of the refugees under the son of Abd-El-Geleel. The Bashaw is the famous Moorish commander who captured and beheaded Abd-El-Geleel, and who has sworn to extirpate not only the family of this Sheikh, but all the tribes subjected to his son. The Bashaw received the appointment of Bey or Bashaw of Fezzan, for his hatred to this family, and his services in capturing and destroying its chief. Belazee is a fresh-coloured Moor, and rather good-looking, with a dark, piercing, and cruel eye. He is about forty years of age and very stout. Of his courage there can be no question, and his reputation as a military man is very great in all this part of Sahara. Mr. Gagliuffi had instructed me diplomatically to boast of the attentions which I had received from the Touaricks, for observed the Consul, "If you say the Touaricks did not treat you well in every respect, the Bashaw will commiserate you before your face, but laugh

at you behind your back, and tell his people how happy he is (and I'm sure he will be happy) you have been well fleeced by the Touaricks, of whom the Turks here are jealous in the extreme." Mr. Gagliuffi also volunteered a diplomatic hit of another kind on his own account: "My friend, your Excellency, on entering the gates of Mourzuk, and looking up at the Castle, thought he was entering a town of the dead, it looked so horribly dingy and desolate." I said to the Consul afterwards, "Why did you say so?" He replied, "I am trying my utmost to improve the city, and want the Bashaw to whitewash the Castle. He has promised me he will do it." The Bashaw addressed me, "Think yourself lucky you have escaped, but for the future you must be placed in the hands of the Touaricks by us as a sacred deposit, and then if anything wrong happens we shall demand you of all the Touaricks by force." I thanked him for the compliment; I believe he meant what he said at the time. But such an insulting message could not be delivered to the brave, chivalric, and free-born sons of the Touarghee deserts; they would trample your letter under their feet, or spear it with their spears.

Mr. Gagliuffi and myself then went to see the troops exercised. The commanding officer is trying to reduce them to order and discipline, and succeeds admirably. Before he arrived, great disorder reigned amongst them, and they were constantly found intoxicated in the streets. After the manœuvring, we visited the commander and his staff, who were all extremely polite. The Bashaw does not interfere with the discipline of the army. The Turks can well distinguish, if they please, between civil and military affairs. And it is wrong to consider the

Turkish Government and people, like Prussia and other military nations of the north, as one great military camp. We afterwards visited the Kady, Haj Mohammed Ben Abd-Deen, an intimate friend of the Consul. He had under his care the Denham and Clapperton caravan, and is well acquainted with us English. I was surprised to find the Kady quite black, although his features were not altogether Negro. Mr. Gagliuffi says Mourzuk is the first Negro country. This statement, however, involves a very difficult question. Fezzan, Ghat, and other oases, contain many families of free Negroes, some perhaps settled formerly as merchants, and others the descendants of freed slaves. I do not think the real black population begins until we reach the Tibboos, although Ghatroun is mostly inhabited by Negroes. Certainly, the Negroes have never emigrated farther north in colonies. Mr. Gagliuffi has just received by the courier from Tripoli, several watches sent there for repair, belonging to the Sheikh of Bornou. They were given to the Sheikh by our Bornou expedition, twenty years ago. It is pleasing to see with what care the watches have been preserved in Central Africa, for they looked as good as new.

26*th*.—I must now consider myself recovered from indisposition. At first, people talked so much about Mourzuk fever that I thought I must have it as a matter of course, and felt some disappointment at its not attacking me. Three-fourths of the Europeans who come here invariably have the fever. I speak of the Turks. It attacks them principally in the beginning of the hot, and cold, weather, or in May and November. Fortunately, I am here in February. Mourzuk is emphatically

called, like many places of Africa, *Blad Elhemah*—بلاد الحمة—"country of fever."

Amongst the Christian and European curiosities and antiquities which I have discovered in this Mussulman and Saharan city, is the following poetical scrap, published by myself, some four or five years ago, upon that beautiful rock of Malta, or, according to the Maltese. *Fior del Mondo,* "The flower of the world."

SONNET.

"Hail, verdant groves! where joy's extatic power
Once gave the sultry noon a charm divine,
Excelling all that Phœbus or the Nine
Have told in glowing verse!—Youth's radiant hour
Yet beams upon my soul,—while memory true
Retraces all the past, and brings to view
The magic pleasures which these groves have known,
When Hope and Love, and Life itself, were new,
Delights which touch the SOUL OF TASTE alone,
Taught by the many and reserved for few!
O! busy *Memory,* thou hast touched a chord
Recalling images, beloved,—adored,—
While Fancy keen still wields her knife and fork,
O'er roasted turkey and a chine of pork!"

CLEMENTINA.

I found it flying about in one of Mr. Gagliuffi's old lumber rooms, and, being such a precious gem, I must needs reproduce it upon the page of my travels. Who is the author, and how I came by it, I cannot now tell. I only know it once adorned the columns of the "Malta Times," at a period which now seems to me an age ago.

There was a wedding to-day, and the bride was carried on the back of the camel, attended with the high honour of the frequent discharge of musketry. In order

that I might likewise partake of these honours, the Arab cavaliers stopped before the Consul's house, and several times discharged their matchlocks. It was a gay, busy, bustling scene. The cavaliers afterwards proceeded to the Castle, and discharged their matchlocks, standing up on the shovel-stirrups, and firing them off at full gallop. But these cavaliers are nothing comparable to the crack horsemen of Morocco. Their horses are in a miserable condition, and they themselves ride badly. The horse does not do well in the Saharan oases. In Fezzan he is often obliged to be fed on dates, which are both heating and relaxing to the animal. Meanwhile the discharge of musketry was rattling about the city, the lady sat with the most exemplary patience on the camel (covered up, of course), in a sort of triumphal car. A troop of females were at the heels of the animal loo-looing. The ceremony stirred up the phlegm of the Turks, and delighted the Arabs.

In the evening I visited one of the gardens in the suburbs. The corn was in the ear on this, the 26th day of February. In a fortnight more they will cease their irrigation, and it will be reaped quickly afterwards. We gathered some young green peas. The flax plant is here cultivated; the fibres and dried leaves are burnt, and the seed is eaten; no other use is made of it. Two crops of everything are obtained in the year, one now, in the spring, and the other in autumn. The irrigation by which all this cultivation is produced, rain rarely ever falling, cannot be carried on during the intense and absorbing heats of summer. A couple of asses and a couple of men, or a man and a boy, do all the business of irrigation. Fezzan water is brackish generally, and the

wells are about fifteen or twenty feet deep. These are in the form of great holes or pits. The more distant suburbs present beautiful forests of palms, producing a fine reviving effect upon an eye like mine, long saddened by the ungrateful aspect of a dreary desert. The atmosphere and ambient air is less pleasing to view, presenting always a light dirty red hue, as if encharged with the fine sand rising from the surface. The soil of the Fezzan oases is indeed mostly arenose, and the dates are nearly all impregnated with fine particles of sand, which takes place when they are ripe, and very much lowers their value. But this sandy soil does not sufficiently account for the eternal dirty vermilion hue of the atmosphere of Mourzuk. They say its site is very low, in the shallow of a plain, and to this cause they attribute its fever.

27*th.*—Health quite restored, and got up early. There are two or three round holes in the window-shutters of my bed-room; by the assistance of these, when the shutters are closed, in the way of a camera oscura, all the objects passing and repassing in the streets are most sharply and artistically drawn on the opposite wall. Here beautifully delineated I see the camels pass slowly along,—the ostriches picking and billing about, which are the scavengers of the street, instead of the pigs at Washington, (see Dickens,) and the dogs of Constantinople, (see all the tourists,)—the women fetching water,—the lounging soldiers limping by with their black thick shoes pulled on as slippers,—the slaves squatting in circles, playing in the dirt,—groups of merchants, black, yellow, and brown, bargaining and wrangling,—asses laden with wood,—the coffee-maker carrying about cups

of coffee, &c., &c. Wrote letters for to-morrow's post, and very disagreeable to me, as announcing my tour broken up midway.

28*th.*—Post-day. The courier leaves every Saturday, but it requires nearly forty days to get the answer of a letter from Tripoli. The courier is eighteen days *en route.* A caravan occupies from twenty-four to thirty days. In the route of Sockna there is water nearly every day, but one or two places, the longest space three and a half, and four days. The Commander visited me again this morning, as also the Greek doctor, who calls every morning. The Major now came in. He is a young Circassian; by birth a Christian, but kidnapped and sold to the Turks. He is a very amiable young man, and deeply regrets that he was not brought up a Christian. It is high time this infamous practice of selling the Christians of the East to the Turks, was put a stop to. It is to be hoped that Russia will atone for the wrongs which she has inflicted upon Poland, and offer some compensation for the blood which she is still shedding in Circassia, by abolishing this odious system of Christian slavery through all south-eastern Europe, as in western Asia. Notwithstanding our hatred to Russia's system, and its iron-souled Grand Council, we Englishmen (I presume to speak for all), are willing and happy to do justice to Russia in the efforts which she made, and the aid she rendered the Servians, in emancipating them from the galling yoke of Mussulman bigotry and Turkish tyranny*. Nicholas has a noble and mighty mission before him, not to subjugate Turkey, or infringe

* See Mrs. Kerr's translation of the History of Servia.

upon the liberties of Europe, but to civilize his vast empire, and the wild countries of Northern Asia. But the Czar does not seem to understand his destiny—or the task, more probably, is beyond his power. It must be left to his successor, or happier times. This Circassian tells me he has not had the fever in Mourzuk. He thinks the city healthier than formerly, and attributes the fever to people's eating dates, and their bad living. Dates are not only the principal growth of the Fezzan oases, but the main subsistence of their inhabitants. All live on dates; men, women and children, horses, asses and camels, and sheep, fowls and dogs.

Mr. Gagliuffi gives the following statistics of the slave-traffic *viâ* Mourzuk from Bornou and Soudan:—

In 1843 - - -	2,200
In 1844 - - -	1,200
In 1845 - - -	1,100
Total,	4,500

The two last years shows a diminution, and he thinks the trade to be on the decline. But this evidently arises from the Bornouese caravan being intercepted, or the traffic interrupted by the fugitive Arabs on the route. There has been no large caravan from Bornou for three years. And Mr. Gagliuffi considers the route, at the present, so unsafe, as positively to refuse countenancing my going up to Bornou this spring. However, a couple of small slave-caravans have ventured stealthily down twice a year, conducted by Tibboos. The principal Tripoline slave-dealers who frequent Mourzuk are from Bengazi and Egypt. Slaves are besides brought occa-

sionally from Wadai; and there is a biennial caravan from Wadai to Bengazi direct, leading to the coast a thousand and more slaves at once. Our Consul is frequently employed in administering medicine to the poor slaves, who arrive at Mourzuk from the interior, with their health broken down, and often at death's door. He makes frequent cures, but, alas! it is for the benefit of the ferocious Tibboo slave-dealer. The Consul naturally laments he cannot buy these miserable slaves, who, in this state of disease, are often offered at the market for five or six dollars each. He has no funds at his disposal, or he would procure them by some means, cure them, and give them their liberty.

This evening I called upon a Moor, an ancient renegade of the name of Yousef, who was well acquainted with all our countrymen of the Bornou expedition. His arm was set, after being broken, by Dr. Oudney, which he still exhibits as an old reminiscence of the doctor. Yousef has lately given great disgust to his good neighbours, by purchasing a new concubine slave, to whom he introduced us, notwithstanding that he has his house full of women and children. This sufficiently proves that Mohammedans discountenance the unbridled licence of filling their houses with women. One of his old female slaves, by whom Yousef has had several children, said to Mr. Gagliuffi, "I won't speak to you any more, Consul. Don't come more to this house. Why did you give my master money to buy a new slave?" The Consul protested he did not. Old Yousef laughed, and drily observed :— "When this (pointing to the new slave), is in the family way, I must purchase another wife. If I can't keep my wives myself, I must beg of my neighbours to contribute

a portion of the necessary expense." Old Yousef is a thorough-going scamp of a Moor.

1*st March.*—Occupied in writing down the stations of the Bornou route from the mouth of one of the Sheikh's couriers. There are now two of these couriers in Mourzuk, natives of Bornou. The Sheikh corresponds with Belazee as well as with Mr. Gagliuffi. Bornouese couriers travel in pairs, lest a single one should fail if sent alone. They are mounted on camels, and it requires them forty days to make the traverse from Mourzuk to Bornou. I tired the courier pretty well with dictating to me the route. It is extremely difficult to get an African to sit down quietly and attentively an hour, and give yon information. If ever so well paid, they show the greatest impatience. Afterwards paid a visit to the young Circassian officer. He related to me how he was captured. It was in the broad day, when he was quite a child, playing by a little brook, and picking up stones to throw in the water. The officer says, that in his dreams, he often sees the silvery bubbles and rings of the water rising after he had thrown the pebble into the brook; and, especially, does he see the ever-flown visions of his green and flowery pastimes of childhood, whilst he is out on duty in the open and thirsty desert, lying dozing under an intense sun, darting its beams of fire on his head. The kidnapper took him to Constantinople. His brother came up after to rescue him. But the master, to whom he was sold, terrified him, by threatening, if he should show the least wish to return, to cut him to pieces. The barbarous threat had its desired effect, and he submitted to his fate. This Circassian officer has still a hankering after Christians, and in his heart is no good

Mussulman. He tries to adopt as much as possible Christian manners, and boasts of having all things like them. Such forced renegades deserve our most sincere sympathies.

Evening—Mr. Gagliuffi and myself dined with the Greek doctor. It was a carnival day with the doctor, and he prepared a befitting entertainment. An Albanian Greek dined with us, who had been brought up from Tripoli by Abd-El-Geleel, to make gunpowder for the Arab prince. When the Turks captured Mourzuk they found here the Albanian. He has nearly lost his sight, and is now charitably supported by the Doctor. We were waited upon by the Doctor's servant, an Ionian Greek, and the Maltese servant of the Consul, and so mustered six Christians, a large number for the interior of Africa. The dinner was magnificently sumptuous for this part of Africa. We had a whole lamb roasted. After dinner, its shoulder bones were clean scraped and held up to the light by the Doctor, in order to catch a glimpse of the dark future! This is an ancient superstitition of the Greeks. Besides several Turkish dishes, (for the Doctor lives half Turk, half Christian,) we had salmon and Sardinians. This was the first piece of fish I had seen or eaten for seven months. It was remarked when the large caravan from Bornou comes, expected in this summer, it will certainly bring dried fish from the Lake Tschad. In Central Africa, they dry fish, as meat, without salt, and it keeps well. We had bottled stout, table wines, Malaga, rosatas, and rum. We were all of course very happy, and the Albânian sang several of his wild mountain songs. He was very merry, and swore he was obliged to keep himself

merry, because, not like other people, he had an affair which rankled in his breast. We asked him what it was. The Albanian answered, greatly excited, both with his wine and his subject, "A man killed my brother, and I have not yet been able to kill him. The vengeance of my brother's blood torments me night and day. I pray God to return to my country to kill the murderer." This Albanian is an enthusiastic Greek, and wishes and prays to see his countrymen plant again the Cross on the dome of St. Sophia. "But many of you have turned Turk," I remarked. "Yes," observed the Albanian, "many of my countrymen have turned Turk; and I, who am less than the least of them all, I have not committed this folly. I can't comprehend how they could so trample on the name of their Saviour." In short, I found the Albanian possessed of all the fire, bigotry, ferocity and vindictiveness, for which his countrymen are so celebrated. I encouraged him, and said, "The Greek kingdom ought to have its bounds a little widened." The Greek jumped up wildly at this remark, and clenching my hand, began screaming one of his patriotic airs, and cursing the Turks, so that we became all at once a seditious dinner-party, under the shade of the pale Crescent. Had we been in Paris, that pinnacle of liberty and civilization, we should all immediately have been conveyed off, without finishing our dessert and the wine which made us such patriot Greeks, to the sobering apartment of the Conciergerie. Happily we were in The Desert, under the rule of barbarians. Coletti was mentioned, but I forget what was said of him. In Jerbah, a Greek merchant protested to me, that the only way to regenerate Greece was to cut off the head of this Coletti,

as well as all the present chiefs of parties. He observed "Another generation alone can regenerate Greece." The merchant added, "I should like also to hang up that Monsieur Piscatory."

It does seem a pity that diplomacy should be reduced to the most detestable intrigues, lying and duplicity, which if any other class of men were guilty of, they would be put out of the pale of society. But mankind would care little about these archpriests of falsehood, were it not for the serious consequences resulting from their works. Look at the state of Greece now, the handicraft of diplomatists! Such is the result of the good and friendly offices rendered to an infant state by these sons of the Father of Lies!

At this time there are some nine hundred Albanians in Tripoli, regular troops of the Porte, whose only occupation is lounging, lying and smoking about the streets. There were sixty or seventy Christians amongst them, but for some reason or other unexplained, the Bashaw sent them all back. The report is, the Sultan does not know what to do with these Albanians, and has sent them to Africa to decimate them. The massacreing Janissary days are past, and we have arrived at an age of the more humane policy of letting them die of fever on the burning plains of Africa. Perhaps France has recommended the Porte this policy, having found it answer so well in the experiment made on malcontent regiments in Algeria. How very humane all our European Governments are getting! How kindly they treat their poor troops! Who would not be a soldier, and fight the battles of "glorious war?" But we must return to our host, who is a very different kind of Greek.

Doctors are always pacific men. The Doctor observed laconically, "I eat the bread of the Turks, and whilst I do so I must be, and I am a good Ottoman subject." Mr. Gagliuffi speaks Greek and Turkish besides Arabic and Italian, and so he is at home with all these people. It is happy for the Consul he does, for after all, Mourzuk is but a miserable dirty place, and would kill with ennui, if fever were wanting, some score of English Vice-Consuls.

2nd.—The Consul received a visit from the Adjutant-Major, Agha Suleman. The Doctor came in and was very merry with the Adjutant, who is always trying to get himself reported sick, in order that he may return to Tripoli. The Adjutant observed to me, whilst he drew himself up, made a wry face, and heaved a deep sigh, as if his last, to persuade the Doctor he was greatly suffering, "I would not go to Bornou if you were to give me 100,000 dollars." But why should he? With what sort of feeling could he go there? The spirit of discovery, which once stirred up the Arabian savans to explore Nigritia, is now totally extinct both in Arabs and Turks. I learnt some items of the pay of Officials in Mourzuk. The Bashaw has 5,000 mahboubs per annum. The Adjutant-Major has 30 dollars per mensem; the Doctor 25 dollars; and so on of the rest, the commanding officer having perhaps 50 dollars per mensem. This amount of pay is considered sufficient for expenses at Mourzuk. The officers have quarters with the Bashaw in the Castle. Mr. Gagliuffi related a characteristic anecdote of the ignorance prevailing amongst the Arabs as gross as that of Negroes. Mohammed Circus (or the Circassian) was a few years ago

Bashaw of Bengazi whilst Mr. G. visited that place. The Bashaw was buying something of an Arab, and gave him but a third of its real value. Mr. G. took upon himself to say, "Why do you injure this poor man by giving him but a third of the value of his goods?" "Oh!" rejoined the Bashaw, "that is not a man, he is only a dog. Let me call him back and you shall see what he is." Immediately the Bashaw called the man back and asked him, "Who was the better, God or Mahomet?" The Arab bluntly answered, smiling with conceit, "Why do you ask me such a thing? What harm do I receive from Mahomet or what harm do others receive from our prophet? But God kills one man with a sword, hangs another, drowns another. All the evil of the world is from God, but Mahomet does nothing except good for us."

This poor ignorant fellow was filled with ideas of irresistible fate. Some Arabs and Moors ascribe only the good things to God, whilst others all things, the evil and the good. When this anecdote was being ended, a Moor came in, and being in a disputing humour, I asked him abruptly,—

"What is truth?"

"The Koran."

"Who told you the Koran is truth?"

"Mahomet."

"And who told Mahomet?"

"God."

"How do you know this?"

"Mahomet says so."

"What did Mahomet do to make you credit his word?"

"Plenty of things."

"What things?"

"Killed the infidels, sent us the camel into Africa, planted for us the date-palm, and worked many wonders."

"Is that all?"

"No, great many more things I cannot now recollect."

The camel, I think, was introduced into Africa about the third century. It is a mistake to say, Mahomet did no miracles. The people in North Africa and The Desert all relate miracles performed by Mahomet. The Prophet, however, repudiates miracles in the Koran. In Surats xiii. and xvii., in answer to miracles demanded, the Prophet replies by the knock-down argument, "All miracles are vain. Whom God directs, believes; whom he causes to err, errs." Our conversation passed to old Yousef Bashaw, whose family the Porte has deposed. Mr. Gagliuffi observed justly, and which so often happens in despotic countries, "Yousef established Tripoli and its provinces in one firm united kingdom, and in the early part of his life his power was respected and his people happy; but as the Bashaw declined in life, he again disorganized everything, and Tripoli was rent in pieces." Went to visit a member of the Divan. All these despotic Bashaws consult or prompt a mute Divan. Let us hope the Consulta lately assembled by Pius IX. will turn out something better than these mute Divans, or a Buonaparte Senate. We were treated with coffee, and milk, sour milk (or leben), but not skimmed, which is considered a great luxury, and only presented to strangers of consequence.

3rd.—We received a visit from the Bey, as he is some-

times called, the commander of the troops, who is a very sociable kind-hearted little fellow. Mr. Gagliuffi related some of the atrocities which were committed by the troops previous to the commander's arrival. They killed a woman, committed rape on a child, were never sober, and always quarrelling with the inhabitants. They are now reduced to discipline and order. One day Mohammed Effendi said to Mr. Gagliuffi, "I am always at work, either making improvements in the town or exercising the troops, but who sees me here, no one recognizes my conduct in The Desert." The Consul endeavoured to console the desponding officer by observing, God saw him, and one day would reward him for his good works. So we see, the Turks are a part of the human race after all, and could lead on their fellow-creatures in the way of improvement if their energies were properly directed. Africa could be greatly benefitted by the Turks. Even at Mourzuk they are introducing things which will soon be imitated at Bornou. Not being infidels, the same objection does not exist against their innovations as against us Christians. Even in the little matter of gloves I saw an immense difference. The officers here wear gloves, and nothing is thought of it. People do not say to them as they have said to me at Ghat and Ghadames, "You have the devil's hands." Mohammed Effendi actually went so far as to make this speech, "I shall go to England one day in order that I may learn something." The grand occupation of the Commander now is, the building of a guard-house within the city. This occupies his attention morning, noon, and night; and it certainly has a good appearance. There is not such a natty thing in Tripoli. The officer

directs all the works, and is assisted occasionally by the friendly counsel of the Consul; so that a wonder of architecture will at last be reared amidst the crumbling-down places of this city of hovels.

My Said returned this afternoon, bringing the baggage from The Wady. Five more slaves of Haj Ibrahim are sick. His first slave adventure at Ghat is likely to turn out a bad speculation. Read an article or two from *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. CCXXX. The Consul has got a few stray numbers up The Desert. English politics read all stuff in Desert, like what a celebrated man was accustomed to say of his philosophy after dinner, "It's all nonsense or worse." So is reading English politics in this part of the world. How soon our tastes and passions change, with our change of place, and scene, and skies! An Englishman married a Malay woman at Singapore. In six years he lost all his English, nay, European feelings, and became as listless and stupid as the people whose habits and nationality he had sunken under.

Visited this evening the grave of Mr. Ritchie, who died at Mourzuk on November 20, 1819. He was buried by Capt. Lyon, his companion in African travel. The grave is placed about two hundred yards south of the Moorish burying-ground; it is raised eight or ten inches above the level of the soil, and is large, being edged round with a border of clay and small stones. We were conducted by old Yousef, who told us the Rais (Capt. Lyon) chose the site of burial between three small mounds of earth, in order that the grave might be easily distinguished hereafter. Mr. Gagliuffi had never visited the grave before my arrival, which I proposed to him as

a sacred duty that we owed to our predecessors in African travel and discovery. The Consul promises now to have the grave repaired and white-washed, and I, on my part, promise, in the event of my return to the interior, to carry with me a small tombstone, to place over the grave, with name, date, and epitaph. If there were a thorough and *bonâ fide* Geographical Society in England, this little attention to the memory of that distinguished man of science would have been performed long ago. But our societies are instituted to pay their officers and secretaries, and not to promote the objects for which they are ostensibly supported by the public. The Moorish cemetery close by, is a most melancholy, nay, frightfully grotesque picture. No white-shining tombs and dome-topped mausoleums, no dark cypresses waving over them and contrasting shade with light, which mournfully adorn the cemeteries of the north coast. All is the grotesque refuse of misery! Here we see sticks of palm-branches driven down at the head of the graves, which sticks are driven through old bottles, pitchers, jugs, ostrich eggs, &c., so that at a distance the burying-ground has the appearance of a dull, dirty, desolate field of household rubbish, and old crockery-ware. I did not trouble myself to ask the reason of this trumpery of trumperies, but I imagine it is to distinguish one grave from another. The cemetery of Ghadames, where nothing is seen but stones, if it be a desert-looking place, yet has not this trumpery appearance. I was glad to see the grave of Ritchie lying apart from this, though in its infidel isolation. There lies our poor countryman, alone in The Sahara! But, though without a stone or monument to mark the desert spot, still it is a memorial of the genius

and enterprise of Englishmen for travel and research in the wildest, remotest regions of the globe. And, for myself, I would rather lie here, in open desert, than in the crowded London churchyard, amidst smoke, and filth, and resurrectionists, the pride and glory of our Cockney-land. Here, at least, the body rests in purity, the desert breeze, which sweeps its "dread abode" barer and barer, is not contaminated with the effluvia of a death-dealing pestilence; and though the ardent sun of Africa smites continually the lonely grave, the bones mayhap will rest undisturbed till reunited and refleshed at the loud call of the Trump of Doom! unkennelled, uncoffined by wild beast, or more ferocious man.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RESIDENCE AT MOURZUK.

Mr. Gagliuffi's opinion of the Touaricks.—Amazonian White-Washers.—Visit, and take leave of the Bashaw.—Various Anecdotes related by His Highness.—Safe-conduct given to liberated Slaves in returning to their Country.—Character of the Tibboos, and particularly Tibboo Women.—Description of the Oases of Fezzan.—Léo's Account of these Oases.—Recent History of the Government of Mourzuk.—The Traitor Mukni.—Life and Character of Abd-el-Geleel.—The Civil War in Tripoli, and Usurpation of its Government by the Turks.—The Tyrant Asker Ali.—Skirmish of Hasan Belazee with the Town of Omm-Errâneb, and the Oulad Suleiman.—Retreat of the Oulad Suleiman to Bornou, and their Marauding Character.—My departure from Mourzuk with the Slave-Caravan of Haj Essnousee.—Establishment of British Consuls in The Great Desert and Central Africa.—Force of the new Slave-Caravan.

4th.—Feel as well in health as when I left Tripoli, though housed in this city of fever. Mr. Gagliuffi has some ideas about the Touaricks which I have not acquired in Ghat. He pretends Touaricks are always afraid of their women, and are obliged to do whatsoever their wives tell them. The son never will go with his father, but always follows his mother. His father he learns to hate the more he loves his mother. The Consul does not think the Touaricks of Aheer to be so numerous as represented. The same, indeed, may be said of all the kingdoms of Africa. The principal slave or servant (factotum) of the Sultan of Aheer is now in Mourzuk, transacting business for his master. The Bashaw offered to write to the Sultan for me through

this man. He is called Hiddee, and paid me a visit this morning. En-Nour, the friend of Kandarka, is only a Sheikh. Hiddee is the slave whom the Bashaw has been quizzing so severely about the mighty armies of his master.

A number of women are now occupied opposite to us in white-washing or white-claying the Guard-house, this *chef-d'œuvre* of Mourzuk architecture. The women alone do this work, and as their privilege. There are about thirty of them so occupied, under the command of a queen white-washer. They all tremble at the sound of her Majesty's voice. Sometimes she gives them a crack over the head with a bowl, to make them look sharp about them. The white-washers prepare the wash in the usual way, and then lade it out in small bowls, throwing a whole bowl at once at the walls, using no brush, now and then only with their hands rubbing over a place not wet with the wash. This arises from the nature of the wash, it being merely a fine brown-white clay, or a species of pipe-clay. There is no lime in the oases near: people fetch it from Sockna. For this reason the Castle is so dirty. There is attendant on the women a band of Arab musicians, to cheer them on in their work. Every man who passes by gets a piece of white-wash clay thrown at him. If it hits him he has to pay, if not he escapes. On his non-payment, when so hit, he is tabooed from the privileges which he possesses in and over women. He can have no communication with them, nor can he buy anything from them, or receive anything from their hands. If he does not pay in a few days, his fine increases with his delay. This custom prevails, and its stipulations are

most religiously binding, whenever women are employed to white-wash Government houses and establishments. Once a Targhee received some money, which a woman thus employed offered to him, to entrap him. Immediately exclaimed the virago, "You cowardly rascal, instead of giving us money, you take money away from us." Then a mob of these Amazons followed him to his house, and, to save himself from being torn and scratched to pieces by the troop, he paid ten dollars, and was happy to escape so easily. The Amazonian white-washers like to have a shy at Mr. Gagliuffi or the Doctor, because they are down upon them for a good mulct or present. To save their respective dignities, Consul and Doctor take care to keep out of that quarter of the town where the work of the Amazons is going on.

We paid a visit to the Bashaw this afternoon previous to my departure to-morrow. We had tea and pipes again as before. His Highness was excessively civil, and related to me many anecdotes of the people of this part of the world, of which anecdotes and such chit-chat he is very fond. This Bashaw is a sort of chronicler of the Arabian Nights order, with the difference, that what His Highness relates are generally true stories. Mr. Gagliuffi instructed me in a little of his Desert diplomacy, and I accordingly observed, "Your Excellency must extend the Turkish rule in Sahara, and you ought to capture Ghat, for that is the centre of commerce in these parts." This was put forth as a feeler. The Bashaw deigned the following in reply:—"There was a boy left with his father, whilst the mother and wife had gone to a neighbouring village on an errand. The boy, after a sleep of three hours, awoke, and, looking about him and not seeing his mother, began to cry for her.

'Oh,' said the father, 'you have begun to cry for your mother after three minutes, you blubbering urchin; whilst I have been waiting for my wife, with the most enduring patience, these three long hours."—"So it is with me," continued the Bashaw; "you are crying for Ghat after three months' residence here, and I have been crying for Ghat these three long years. I have been waiting every year, every month and day in the year, to go and take it, or destroy it, but the Sultan sends me no orders." I noticed the Fullan boy of the Bashaw, and observed to him that I had seen very few of the Fullan slaves. The Bashaw returned, "That boy is gold to me. When I was sick, he was the only one who waited upon me unceasingly, and never left my couch. I have also a Fullan girl; her hair is as long as your women's, and reaches down to her waist." Mr. Gagliuffi afterwards told me His Highness had been some while choosing a wife, that is, a substitute for his wife who is in Tripoli, and had at last found what he liked in this Fullan girl, of whose beauty and grace he said the Bashaw boasted to him (the Consul), a thing quite unusual amongst Mohammedans. The features of this Fullan boy were very regular, black eyes and a light olive complexion. Such were Fullan slaves of our caravan; and the most *recherchée* of all the females, fetching the highest price, was a Fullanah girl.

His Highness related several anecdotes of the Soudanese people. Slaves are told, on leaving Soudan, that white people will kill them and eat them; but when they get here, and see themselves kindly treated, they become reconciled to slavery. In some of the Nigritian countries, when the people get old,—say seventy or

eighty years of age,—their relatives and friends say to them, "Come, now you are very old, and are of no use in the world: it is better for you to go away to your fathers and to the gods. There you will be young again, eat and drink as well as ever, and be as beautiful and as strong as you ever were or can be. You will renew your young days like the young birds, and the young lions." "Very well," reply the aged decrepid creatures, "we will go." They then dress up their aged worn-out victim in his fine clothing, and make a feast. When in the midst of drums and horrible screams, during the height of the feast, they lay hold of the old man, and throw him into a large fire, and he is immediately consumed to ashes. The Bashaw did not particularize the country, but this barbarous rite has been witnessed in other parts of the world besides Africa.

The inhabitants of Wadai are a nation of drunkards. They can do nothing unless drunk. Amongst these people, the greatest mark of friendship is to present their friends with raw meat, with the bile of the liver poured on it as sauce or gravy. Wadai is in the neighbourhood of Upper Egypt and Abyssinia, and the tale reminds one of Bruce, and the live-meat eating Abyssinians. A Tibboo chief came to Mourzuk, and presented himself without introduction before His Highness, and thus harangued him:—"Oh Bey! I want to write to my son, the Bashaw of Tripoli. You must send my letter to my son." "Give it to me," said His Highness, most condescendingly. "There it is," cried the Tibboo, and flung it down at the feet of the Governor. The letter being opened, the contents ran thus:—"Son, be a good man, fear me and fear God. If you behave well, and acknow-

ledge me as your father, I will send you three slaves and come and see you." The Tibboo was allowed to depart from the Governor as a madman.

"See," said the Bashaw to me, "how ignorant and presumptuous are these Tibboo people."

I replied, "It was always so that ignorance and pride went together, and it always will be so."

His Highness.—"Are your people so?"

"Of course, all the world is so."

The Bashaw now came to the Touaricks. "The Touaricks detest cities. When they visit us, we cannot make them sleep within the walls." I observed, they have not confidence in the people of the towns they visit. The Bashaw thought that was a hit at him, and so it was, for the Touaricks sleep within the walls of their own cities, and even inside Ghadames. I occupied a house which they had tenanted just before my arrival. Therefore His Highness jumped from the Touaricks to the Ghadamseeah:—"The Ghadamsee people are a nation of Jews. I once had to escort them. One morning when I got up I found them all in separate groups, for they detest each other's society. (The Bashaw might have observed the separation of the two hereditary factions.) They were all in disorder. I got a whip and laid it on them one after another, as they whip their slaves. The next morning they were all ready to start before I was. This is the way to treat these Jews. The curse of God is upon them. When they die nothing is found in their houses, nor gold, silver, money, or goods, not even victuals. God punishes them thus because they are a nation of Jews and slave-dealers." Belazee forgets that his government is partly supported

by the slave-traffic. But the Bashaw is a man of great audacity, takes large views of things, assumes the air of lavish and magnificent pretensions, and hates the quiet, thrifty, and money-making character of the merchants of Ghadames. The Bashaw concluded his long string of anecdotes by asking me, on my return, to bring him a watch, but not to bring it if I did not intend to charge him for it, for he could not accept presents from me, since he had a fixed salary from the Sultan. He added, "I'm sorry you have not brought a letter from the Bashaw of Tripoli, for I can't show you the attention I would wish. But bring a letter when you return, and I'll write to all the princes of Africa for you." I answered, "Oh, I'll bring you a firman from the Porte, if that will do for you." At which His Highness laughed heartily.

Whatever ferocity of disposition Hasan Belazee may have shown in the decapitation of Abd-El-Geleeh, he certainly knows how to be polite and show hospitality to strangers. The British Consul-General tried to get him removed from Mourzuk, with the tyrant, Asker Ali, from Tripoli, but Belazee was the only man who could keep this province tranquil, and the trade with the coast uninterrupted. Mr. Gagliuffi tells me, as a proof of the Bashaw's influence in the interior, that His Highness wrote to the Touaricks of Aheer and Ghat to allow liberated slaves to return unmolested to their country, as an act acceptable to God, seeing the poor slaves had been liberated by their pious Mussulman masters, who invoked upon them the blessing of the Almighty on the day of their liberation. And it is said, that, in no case, when a freed slave took a letter from the Bashaw, did the slave

fail to reach his native country. How different this Desert morality to that of the villanous Americans, who glory in recapturing freed slaves, or hanging them up by Lynch Law—and those poor men have bought their freedom by the sweat of their brow! The Bashaw is also strong amongst the Tibboos, who are generally an immoral race of Africans. These Tibboos attacked a merchant of Tripoli and plundered him near their country. His Highness immediately clapped all the Tibboos then at Mourzuk in prison, until the merchant's goods were restored, and he himself brought safe to Mourzuk. Since this strong measure, the Tibboos have plundered no more Tripoline merchants.

Mr. Gagliuffi pointed out several Tibboos to me in the town, and amongst the rest one who called himself a Sultan. This chief came the other day to the Consul and thus addressed him:—

"My wife is coming here. I'm so glad. She is such a good wife. Oh, so good!"

"Why is she a good wife?" inquired the Consul.

"Oh, she has killed two women; first the daughter, then the mother; wretches who wanted to kill her. Isn't that a good wife?"

The Tibboo women secrete knives about them, as the Italian and Spanish ladies conceal the stiletto in their garters. It does not come within my province to describe the Tibboos, but I may say briefly of the social condition of those tribes, in that country it is "Man and his Mistress," and not "Woman and her Master." The Tibboo ladies do not even allow a husband to enter his own home without sending word previously to announce himself. A Tibboo lady once explained this mat-

ter in Mourzuk. "Why," said the Tibbooess, "should I not have two or three husbands, as well as my husband two or three wives? Are not we women as good as men? Of course, I don't wish my husband to surprise me enjoying myself with my lovers." It is a notorious fact, that when the salt caravans go from Aheer to Bilma, the whole villages are cleared of the men, the Tibboo men escaping to the neighbouring mountains with provisions for a month. In the meanwhile, the Tibboo women and the strangers are left to themselves. The women transact all the trade of salt, and manage alone their household affairs. The Tibboo women, indeed, are everything, and their men nothing—idling and lounging away their time, and kicked about by their wives as so many useless drones of society. The women maintain the men as a race of stallions, and not from any love for them; but to preserve the Tibboo nation from extinction.

A brief description of the oases of Fezzan may be given, beginning with *Mourzuk*, (مرزوق). The capital is placed in 25° 54′ N. Lat., and 14° 12′ E. of Greenwich. It is a walled city, contained within the circumference of about three miles, having a population of about 3,500 souls. The area of the site was reduced to a third, on the south side, by Abd-El-Geleel, for the convenience of defence, when he held it against the Turks. On the west, is the Castle of the Bashaw, forming a separate division or quarter from the town. The Castle, which consists of many buildings and court-yards, contains the barracks. The town is formed of one large broad street, opening into a spacious square before the Castle, and several smaller narrower streets. Since the occupation of the Turks, many improvements have been made. A

new mosque has been built, and a guard-house is being finished for the troops in town. Two or three coffee-houses and new shops have been fitted up, and the progress of building improvements continues. Mourzuk has three gates. The houses are mostly built of sun-dried bricks, cemented with mud, very little stone and no lime being found in the environs. Altogether it is a clean place, for an interior African city. The suburbs already have been noticed, where in the gardens wheat, barley, ghusub, ghafouly, the flax plant, common vegetables and flowers, a few roses and jessamines, are cultivated, with the noble date-palm overshadowing all. Every garden has its well, or wells. Sweet water is scarce. The spring crops are six weeks in advance of those in Tripoli. The Bashaw, on my taking leave of His Highness, presented me with a handful of ripe barley to bring to Tripoli, as a rarity. One bushel or measure of seed-corn produces from twenty-four to twenty-eight bushels. A greater quantity of corn could be easily produced in all the oases. A man and boy with an ass can cultivate corn enough in a season to subsist three or four families during six months. There are two seasons and two crops. But the gardens near the city offer no features of beautiful vegetation. At a distance there are much finer specimens of Saharan cultivation.

The government of Mourzuk consists of a Bashaw, ostensibly assisted by a Divan of six persons, to whom is joined the Kady. Besides a Kady in this city, there are four Kadys in the rest of the province. The garrison consists of five hundred and fifty men and boys, about one-third only of whom are Turks, the rest being Arabs and Moors. Of the whole force, one hundred and fifty are

cavalry. There is besides an irregular corps of a hundred Arab horse. The superior officers, including the commander-in-chief, are all Turks. The medical officer is a Greek. The Porte has very few Turkish doctors. The medical officer at Tripoli was the late Dickson, an Englishman. This inconsiderable force is sufficient to maintain all the oases in tranquillity, and defend them from the hostile tribes.

The commerce of Mourzuk is at a low ebb on account of the rival Touarick city of Ghat, and especially from the disturbed state of the Bornou route during the last few years. However, there are caravans between Cairo and Mourzuk, which never frequent Tripoli. Many British and Levant goods come by this route, which are not brought by the ordinary route from Tripoli.

Saharan merchants divide Central Africa or Nigritia, into three divisions, according to the marts and routes of the interior commerce, viz.: Bornou, with which Mourzuk has the most direct relations; Soudan, or Bur-el-Abeed, ("Land of Slaves"), with which Ghat and Ghadames have direct and most frequent communications; and, finally, Timbuctoo, with which Ghat and Ghadames have likewise always relations. But Morocco is the country in North Africa which has the most constant relations with Timbuctoo; so much so, that in past times, the Emperors pretended to exercise sovereignty over this mysterious city of the banks of the Niger.

As before mentioned, Mourzuk is not healthy*. The

* Our former tourists say:—"The opinion of everybody, Arabs, Tripolines, and our predecessors (Mr. Ritchie and Captain Lyon), were unanimous as to the insalubrity of its air." And "Every one of us, some in a greater or less degree, had been seriously dis-

Greek doctor calls the fever "*febre terziané*" (Ital.), apparently the ordinary intermittent fever, or perhaps the tertian ague, with local peculiarities. It usually begins in April and continues all summer. It recommences in October, and persons attacked in this month are sick during the whole of the month. About two per cent. die if they have medical assistance, but, without this assistance, a great number die. After it, comes the bile, "*gastrica bigliosa.*" (Ital.) This disease has also fatal consequences. The simple fever is often accompanied, when it presents itself, with worms; it then changes to intermittent fever, and if it does not, is usually fatal. Persons not cured of the fever often become dropsical. There are a few cases of consumption. Syphilis is very virulent, and prevails amongst the troops. Ophthalmia and rheumatism are common complaints. Thus Mourzuk is not quite one of those oases, or Hesperian gardens, where the happy residents quaff the elixir of immortal health and virtue. Contrarily, it is a sink of vice and disease within, and a sere foliage of palms and vegetation without, overhung with an ever forbidding sky, of dull red haziness.

The Turkish system of laxity of morals, as exhibited in all their garrison towns, has full force, free course, and scope in Mourzuk, beginning as an example with His Highness the Bashaw, and descending to the lowest soldiers. Yet they say, it was infinitely worse before the present commanding officer had charge of the troops.

ordered; and amongst the inhabitants themselves, anything like a healthy-looking person was a rarity." Denham observes also, that to account for the sickliness of Mourzuk was a very difficult matter, and required a wiser head than his.

The officers have no legitimate wives, nor, of course the privates. The women of Mourzuk are therefore necessarily of bold aspect and depraved manners. All the lower classes of females are usually unveiled, and will commit acts of immodesty anywhere. In general these women are constantly being divorced and taking new husbands. In such a depraved state of society, love and affection are consequently unknown,

Here never—

"Love his gold shafts employs;"

Never here—

"Waves his purple wings."

Mr. Gagliuffi thought one of the greatest obstacles to the suppression of the slave-trade was the facility which it afforded Moorish and Arab merchants to indulge in sensual amours. Although a merchant would get no profit by his long and dreary journeys over Desert, he would still carry it on for the sake of indulging in the lower passions of his nature. A slave dealer will convey a score or two of female slaves from Mourzuk to Tripoli, and change the unhappy objects of his brutal lust every night. This is, he considers, the summum bonum of human existence, and to obtain it, he will continue this nefarious trade, without the smallest gain, or prospect of gain, and die a beggar when his vile passions become extinct. "What is life without a slave?" says The Desert voluptuary. "Better to die than have no slaves!" But there are exceptions. A young lad is placed by his uncle, who lives in Tripoli, under the care of the Consul. His uncle wrote to the Consul, "To tell the lad, to send no more slaves to Tripoli, to abandon the traffic alto-

gether," adding, in his letter, "In future, God deliver us from this shameful traffic!" But the Consul previously had written to the uncle that he would not take the boy under his care if he trafficked in slaves. Notwithstanding all this, some few Saharan merchants there are who really detest this traffic, and its attendant immoralities. Such I have found in my later peregrinations through North Africa.

Fezzan, as vulgarly computed, is said to contain one hundred and one towns and villages, or inhabited oases. The districts are, 1st. Mourzuk, the capital; 2nd. East side, including Hofrah, Shargheeah, and Foghah; 3rd. North side, Sebhah, Bounanees, Jofrah, and Shaty; 4th. West side, Wady Sharghee, Wady Ghurby, and Wady Atbah; 5th. South side, Ghatroun. This division embraces twelve principal towns, where there are resident Kaeds. All the lesser towns have their subordinate Kaeds or Sheikhs. It will be seen that Sockna is not included in this enumeration, and it is not usually considered a part of the government of Fezzan. Of the rest, and all the towns, Zuela is the more interesting for its antiquities. Formerly the capital, as well as Germa, it was colonized by the Romans. Zuela contains some ancient inscriptions, and not long ago two store-rooms were discovered, full of indigo, supposed to have been a portion of the ancient commerce of the interior. Zuela is the principal town of the division of Shargheeah, or The East.

To the natural productions of Fezzan, already enumerated, may be added, the Trona*, or "Sal Natrone" of

* *Trona*, الطرون, and ترونه "Carbonate of Soda." The great *Trona* lake is near Germa or Garama.

Tripoline merchants. It is procured from the bottom of the lakes when the water evaporates during the summer season. Besides its use of being masticated in Barbary, it is exported to Europe in considerable quantities, for the manufacture of glass. A little gum-arabic is procured hereabouts, and the quantity is increasing.

Leo Africanus gives the following account of these oases, which, joining those of the Tibboos, connect almost in a straight line Northern with Central Africa:—

"Fezzen è similmente una grande abitazione, nella quale sono di grossi castelli e di gran casali, tutti abitati da un ricco popolo si di possessioni, come di danari; perciocchè sono ne' confini di Agadez e del diserto di Libia che confina con lo Egitto: ed è discosto dal Cairo circa a sessanta giornate: nè pel diserto altra abitazione si truova, che Augela che' é nel diserto di Libia. Fezzen è dominata da un signore che è come primario del popolo, il quale tutta la rendita del paese dispensa nel comun beneficio, pagando certo tributo a' vicini Arabi. Similmente in cotal paese è molta penuria di pane e di carne; e si mangia carne di camello, la quale è tuttavia carissima."—(*Sixth Part, chap.* LIII.)

Formerly Fezzan was exceedingly rich and populous, but now it is become impoverished to the last degree, and many of its largest district populations are reduced to the starvation-point. Its inhabited oases would produce an infinitely greater amount of the materials of existence, if moderately cultivated, whilst many oases, once smiling paradisal spots in Desert, are altogether abandoned. The few merchants who have any money are those of Sockna, but which town, as before mentioned, does not properly belong to Fezzan, though its

relations with these oases are intimate. Before the Turks and Abd-El-Geleel, Fezzan was governed by its own native Sultans, whose family was of the Shereefs of Morocco. But about thirty years ago one Mukhanee, or Mukni*, as he is commonly called, entered into conspiracy with the Bashaw of Tripoli to seize the government of the native princes, who were thus deposed, and the usurped government continued in the hands of the Bashaw and his creatures, until it was seized in turn by the brave and enterprising Arab chieftain, Abd-El-Geleel. The immediate ancestors of this Sheikh were destroyed by old Yousef Bashaw, amongst whom Saif Nasser, grandfather of the Sheikh, and the head of the Oulad Suleiman, was a celebrated warrior. These chiefs and their tribes occupied the shores of the Syrtis (Sert سرت), and were originally from Morocco. They might claim some connexion with the deposed Shereefian government. When all his ancestors, and especially his grandfather, Saif-Nasser, were butchered by the exterminating policy of Yousef Bashaw, Abd-El-Geleel, then a boy, was saved,—as an instrument of future vengeance in the hands of Providence—by the secret interference of the women of the Bashaw's family. As the boy, however, grew up, he could not fail to excite the suspicions of the Bashaw, for the old hoary-headed assassin saw in him, not darkly or dimly, the sword which was being drawn by avenging Heaven to cut off his family root and branch, perhaps his own head, and break up for ever his blood-cemented kingdom. These suspicions of a guilty conscience came at length to such a pitch, that the day arrived when the

* مُكني

innocent youth was to be strangled, so snatching violently away the instrument of vengeance from the hands of inexorable justice! But, on that very day, the Bashaw received intelligence of a threatened invasion from Mehemet Ali, and old Yousef knew this aspiring young warrior to be the only man who could unite the scattered and disaffected tribes of the Syrtis, and repel the invasion. Abd-El-Geleel was therefore forthwith dispatched to muster the Arabs, and make all things ready to meet the invading enemy. However, the alarms of invasion soon died away, and the young Sheikh was sent up to the province of Fezzan to quell some insurrection of the Arabs.

But finding himself surrounded continually with suspicious agents and cut-throat spies, who might in a moment compass his assassination, whilst the Arabs *en route* were ripe for revolt, the wary Sheikh at once raised the standard of rebellion, and took possession, successively, of the town of Benioleed, the mountainous district of Gharian, the Syrtis, and the province of Fezzan, all which he held nine years with the style and power of a Sultan. Then the day of his fate also began to hasten on. The old Bashaw's family, polluted with the most cruel and odious crimes, fell by its own intestine divisions, ending in a civil war, which war was closed by the usurpation of the Turks. Abd-El-Geleel was now called upon to submit to the Sultan of Constantinople, a new and a more formidable master. The Sheikh refused submission, and declared and carried on war with the Turks. At length, however, his intrepid brother, Saif Nasser, was killed in battle, and the Sultan-Sheikh became dispirited, lost his courage and presence

of mind. Abd-El-Geleel madly surrendered himself, at the instigation of his own Sheikhs, who betrayed him to the Turks, and Belazee, the present Bashaw of Fezzan, who commanded the troops against him, on hearing of his voluntary surrender, sent word that the Arab prince was not to be brought alive into the camp. He was then instantly decapitated! This cruel assassination took place in 1842. The whole of the usurped districts held by the prince, now returned to the power of the Turks.

Asker Ali, the blood-thirsty tyrant then governing Tripoli, on hearing of this intelligence was drunk with joy. His insolence to the British Consul-General knew no bounds. The tyrant even boasted openly, that God would give into his hands his two other enemies, the British Consul-General, and the Vice-Consul of Mourzuk! The tyrant was fond of dipping in astrology and reading fate, and he was once surprised by his ministers, reading the certain destruction of these last two of his remaining enemies in a small portion of sand. The consequence of all this open violence naturally was his instant recal, Sir Stratford Canning threatening the Porte that, if it delayed his recal more than one hour, a British squadron would depose the tyrant, and replace him by another Bashaw. The ancient Bey of Bengazi, an exile in Malta, and one of the Caramanly family, or of the old Moorish dynasty of Bashaws, would have replaced Asker Ali. This tyrant, like all tyrants, on receiving his recal, was unmanned, and became weaker than a child, for the performance of acts of the darkest cruelty and the most arrant cowardice, are quite compatible. The tyrant Asker Ali shed tears! on leaving the country, where

he had exercised the most atrocious cruelties. However, he was fated to execute one act of justice, in the style of the Turk, against the betrayers of Abd-El-Geleel; for the tyrant strangled all the subordinate Arab chieftains who had conspired against their master, and delivered him into the hands of the Turks,—the just vengeance of heaven against traitors. Asker Ali returned to Constantinople, and as is the custom now-a-days, the Porte, imitating the recent policy of the French Government, which Government, whenever it disavows its agents, decorates them as a matter of course,—so that to be, or get decorated, is to do something contrary to international law and justice,—following such a good and honest maxim, such a discovery in the science of diplomacy, I repeat, the Porte, in its sympathy, immediately conferred on the tyrant a new Pashalic. Thence, after a short time, Asker Ali continuing his horrible trade of official murder, consulting his book of fate and atoms of sand, and hanging up the good subjects of the Porte "without judge or jury," got again recalled; and I have not heard more of this miscreant Pasha. Asker Ali is a bright jewel of native Ottoman ferocity.

The Chief Abd-El-Geleel figures in the Slave-Trade Reports of Tripoli, 1843, as an abolitionist. But, according to M. Subtil, he was only bamboozling Col. Warrington*. This Subtil also pretends the chieftain was more inclined to French than English interests. Such a statement is probably a calumny of the sulphur-exploring adventurer in Tripoli, and was made to get himself popularity in France, or to help his schemes of

* See "Histoire d'Abd-el-Geleel, Sultan de Fezzan, assassiné en 1842." *Revue de L'Orient*, Sept., 1844.

Tripoli speculations. At any rate, it rests solely upon his very dubious authority. The Arab prince lost all by attempting too much. He reversed the maxim of "attempt much, and you will get a little." An arrangement was offered to the Sheikh, by which, on paying a contribution of 25,000 dollars per annum, and acknowledging the sovereignty of the Grand Signior, the usurped districts should be confirmed to him, and hereditarily to his family. But, like the ten thousand military chieftains, soldiers of fortune, who have gone before him, whose faith saw their star always in the ascendant, he sighed for Tripoli, and its Bashaw's Castle, and lost all.

The son of Abd-el-Gelcel, on the assassination of his father, took the advice of Col. Warrington, and emigrated to Bornou, whose Sultan being of Arab extraction, received the emigrant hospitably as a brother, and assigned the unfortunate prince and his scattered followers, a district on the confines of Bornou, between the Tibboos and his own empire. Since then, the exile prince has received a great accession of strength by a numerous reinforcement of the Oulad Suleiman, and is now strong enough himself to defend his newly acquired territory, should the Sultan of Bornou at any time be won over by the intrigues of the Turks, to cancel his concession of lands and attempt to expel the refugees. This movement of the Oulad Suleiman is connected with the further military exploits of Hasan Belazee.

About a twelvemonth ago, the inhabitants of the village of Omm-Errâneb ("mother of hares"), took it into their heads to revolt, and upon some frivolous pretext seized their neighbours' camels, as an intimation to the Bashaw of their seditious intentions. It is certain,

however, from what followed in the course of events, that their revolt was concerted with the Oulad Suleiman. The villagers of Omm-Errâneb had not the shadow of excuse for their revolt, for they paid no contributions to the Bashaw, and merely acknowledged the Porte. This town is walled and consists of about two hundred houses, and at the time of the war had a population of some eight hundred souls, entirely Arab, but of the people only three hundred were armed. The Bashaw of Fezzan went out himself against the rebels, although extremely unwell, captured their city, and destroyed about one hundred and twenty of them. The Arab townsmen fought from house to house with the most determined bravery, obstinately retiring through their town from one gate to the other. The Bashaw would have slaughtered more of them, but he had no men to intercept their egress at the opposite gate of the town. His Highness lost only eight Turks and eight Arabs in the capture of this place. On the next day, to the astonishment of all, about six hundred of the Oulad Suleiman came up from the Syrtis, all fully armed, having left their families some two days' distance. The first thing they did was to capture a convoy of sick and wounded, in charge of the Greek Doctor, all of whom they immediately butchered in cold blood, with the one exception of the Doctor.

The account which the Doctor gives of his capture and escape is sufficiently characteristic.

The Assailant.—"May your father and mother be cursed, and your wife prostituted, you dog of a Turk!" (raising the sword to strike him).

The Supplicant.—"Oh! have mercy upon me, I'm a doctor," (falling on his knees).

An Arab, aside.—"Strike! strike! he lies."

The Assailant.—"May all your children beg their bread, and the curse of God be upon them!" (seizing him by the turban to cut off his head).

The Supplicant.—"Oh! have mercy upon me, I'm the brother of the English Consul at Mourzuk, your friend."

The Arab, aside.—"Hold! hold! let him go."

But the Doctor did not get off until he had emptied his pockets of his dollars. In this way only he rendered his supplications effectual.

In warfare, both Turks and Greeks have been in the habit of taking what money they possess with them, to redeem them from slavery if captured, or for any other available purpose in the case of defeat*. The Oulad Suleiman then attacked the Bashaw with extreme ferocity, and His Highness was in great danger. He was so unwell at the time that he could not sit upon his horse. But, when the troops began to waver, the officers took the Bashaw and set him upon his horse to show him to the soldiers. The sight of the veteran commander rallied their sinking courage. His Highness had just strength enough to hold up his sword and point to the enemy, on seeing which his troops rushed on impetuously, and obtained a complete victory over the Arabs. The Arabs were, however, only dispersed a moment, and were allowed to reunite their scattered bands and pursue tranquilly their way to Bornou, to the prince of their tribe. All the fugitives of the Omm-Errâneb accompanied them. On their march up, they ruthlessly sacked all the villages of Fezzan and the Tibboos, and arrived

* The Doctor afterwards recovered his money, the Arab who captured him having fallen in the skirmish.

at the quarters of their compatriots laden with booty. The Bashaw returned weary and exhausted, having no sufficient force to follow up the pursuit of the Oulad Suleiman, whose march was that of conquerors rather than fugitives. Indeed, the Bashaw was glad enough of their retreat to Bornou. Whilst this fighting was going on, the greatest confusion reigned at Mourzuk, and many of the wealthy inhabitants deposited their money and valuables in the house of the English Consul, for to add to their miseries, some malicious persons had reported the capture of the Bashaw, with all his army. It is probable the Turks are exceedingly well satisfied with the emigration of these restless and indomitable Oulad Suleiman. There cannot be a doubt of their being devoted to the English, but they are of difficult treatment for us. At the present time, they are dispersed in marauding parties on the route of Bornou, and were even an English tourist to fall into their hands, he might be maltreated before he was recognized as a British subject, and as such received the protection of their prince. This was the main difficulty which prevented my going up to Bornou.

It would seem, however, the Oulad Suleiman are getting tired of the burning climate and fevers of Bornou, and are sighing for the cool airs and healthy breezes of the shores of Syrtis, with the refreshing sight of the dark-blue waters of the Mediterranean. For on my return to Tripoli, I found the British Consul in negotiation with the Bashaw to procure their return to the Syrtis: of which since I have heard nothing. The Bashaw told the Consul they must write to the Sultan for pardon. The negotiation was placed in the hands

of Mr. Gagliuffi, of whom they are passionately fond, and in whom they have the most implicit confidence. These malcontent Arabs were, of course, on friendly terms with the Touaricks of Ghat, as every attempt to resist the consolidation of the power of the Porte in Tripoli is viewed favourably by the Touaricks. But the marauding of the Oulad Suleiman in the interior, and the interruption of the commerce of Bornou, ill requite the asylum and hospitality afforded them by its Sultan, and for the sake of the commerce of The Sahara, the sooner they are back again to the Syrtis the better.

5th.—Rose early to write and prepare for my departure to Tripoli. Called on the Turkish officers to take leave. One and all observed, "Before you were going to h——, now you are going to heaven," alluding to my projected tour to Soudan. I was not of this opinion; for, after months and months in my dreams, night-dreams and waking-dreams, having acted over in my imagination all the dangers and privations of The Desert, and seen all the wonders of the mysterious regions of Nigritia, I set about my departure from Mourzuk with a heavy heart, lamenting my ill-starred luck and failure, seeing my mission abruptly cut off midway in its accomplishment. Mr. Gagliuffi arranged for my returning to Tripoli with the slave-caravan of Haj Essnousee, whom the reader will be pleased not to confound with my friend Essnousee of Ghadames, who had gone on to Soudan with the return caravan. Haj Essnousee had accompanying him two or three other traders, all of whom were natives of Sockna. Their slaves had not

come from Ghat, but had been brought three months ago by the Tibboos from Bornou.

I left Mourzuk late in the afternoon. I had heard the melancholy song of the slaves departing in the morning. I had now to overtake them this evening. Mr. Gagliuffi and the Doctor accompanied me outside the gates, and the Consul's Moorish servant conducted me to the first night's encampment, both of us riding horses. I do not regret turning off the direct route to Tripoli, and visiting Mourzuk before my return. For here I obtained a better idea of the Upper Provinces of Tripoli, and I am greatly indebted to the Vice-Consul for his assistance in my researches. I must acknowledge likewise the kind attentions of the Doctor and the Turkish officers. I bade Mr. Gagliuffi an affectionate farewell, who answered with the plain earnest old English of "God bless you!" I left the Consul in but indifferent health. Three times has he had the fever, yet he is determined to keep up to the last. When Mr. Gagliuffi first went to Mourzuk, he expected that Abd-El-Geleel, whose agent he was, as well as having the appointment of British Vice-Consul, would have been confirmed in his authority. But this Chief's assassination left the Consul to struggle against formidable difficulties, and Mr. Gagliuffi was obliged to apply to the British Government for pecuniary assistance, which has been tardily granted.

The appointment of Mr. Gagliuffi has fully answered all the objects originally projected. The traffic in slaves is well watched on this route, and reported upon. The Vice-Consul exercises a beneficial influence on the

affairs of Mourzuk, and is useful both to the governing power and the governed. The population of Fezzan have great faith in the integrity of Mr. Gagliuffi as agent of the British Government. The Consul assists them in various ways. Some twenty months ago he lent the people of Mourzuk money to meet the tribute demanded from them by the Government of Tripoli. His relations with Bornou have already been mentioned. The Vizier of the Sheikh lately, on his return from a pilgrimage to Mecca, stopped at the Consul's house, and Mr. Gagliuffi transacted all his business. Most strangers go to the Consul, in preference to the Ottoman authorities, or the people of the town. A great Maroquine Marabout came this way from Mecca, and deposited all his money, whilst in Mourzuk, in the hands of the Consul. The people were jealous that a Marabout should trust a Christian in preference to themselves, and remonstrated with the Marabout, who very drily replied to them, "You are not of the Faithful: you are all robbers. I am obliged to trust this Christian."

Unquestionably the establishment of English Consuls and Vice-Consuls throughout The Desert, and all the great cities of the Interior of Africa, would be an immense benefit to humanity, whilst it would equally promote British trade and interests, and the commerce of the entire world. One day, in happier times, there may be a Minister wise enough and bold enough to undertake this great enterprize, and to make this application of our resources, which eventually would be no sacrifice, for the benefit of all mankind. It will, however, require sacrifices from individuals as well as from Government, for a residence in The Desert or Central Africa is no

consular retreat, or diplomatic lounge for an invalid Minister. But if any sacrifice be made for foreign nations and countries, it surely should be made for Africa, on whose unhappy children we as a nation, in past times, have inflicted such enormous wrongs.

I shall only give one instance of the positive and material benefit which the people of Fezzan have derived from the establishment of the British Consul at Mourzuk. Mr. Gagliuffi induced the people to cultivate the tholh for collecting gums. Fifty cantars were collected the first year, and last year some two hundred. The whole of the population are now seized with a fit of gum-collecting, but they are not yet expert at making the incisions in the trees. In the course of time it will be a most profitable article of export for the people. This gum now sells for 10 or 12 mahboubs the cantar in Tripoli. Such has been entirely the "good work" of the English Consul.

We stopped at one of Mr. Gagliuffi's gardens to get some sweet water. This was a very nice plantation of palms overshadowing crops of corn. The Consul has several of these gardens, but all of a limited size. After sunset, we found the encampment at Terzah. It consisted of three merchants and their servants, about sixty slaves, most of whom were young women and girls, and twelve camels. Felt cold during the night—in fact caught cold, and not very well. Ought to have a tent. Said very happy in the prospect of returning to Tripoli, and as usual immediately made friends amongst the male and female slaves.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FROM MOURZUK TO SOCKNA.

Well of Esh-Shour.—Village of Dillaim.—Tying up a Female Slave to the Camel.—Village of Gudwah.—Well of Bel-Kashee Faree.—Melancholy Songs of the Slaves.—Reflections on the Slave Trade; Christian Republicans, and the Scottish Free Kirk.—Well of Mukni.—El-Bab.—She-Camels with Foals.—How American Consuls justify Slavery.—Arrival at Sebhah, and description of the People.—Cruelty of a Moorish Boy to the young Female Slaves.—Prohibited Food in matters of Religion.—The Taste of a Locust.—Anecdotes related by the Bashaw of Mourzuk and Mr. Gagliuffi.—Divinations of the Tyrant Asker Ali.—Continual delays.—Altercation with a Moor about Religion.—The Songs of the Female Slaves interpreted.—Version of Mr. Whittier, the American Poet.—The *Amor Patriæ* of the Negroes.—Primitive Style of playing Draughts.—Games and Wine prohibited by the Koran.—Sebhah, a City of the Dead.—Oases and extent of the Sebhah district.—Fezzanee Palms bear Fruit without Water.—Town of Timhanah.—Bad Odour of the Turks in these Oases.—Essnousee, an atrocious Slave Driver.—Stroke of a Scorpion.

6th.—Rose early, and made a long day. Passed a few dwarf wild palms. Country about here is mostly sandy, and in hollow flats. Encamped by the well of Esh-Shour. Our course east and north-east. We passed by the small village of Dillaim. One of the Moors travelling with us said to me, "Oh, master, how could you think of going to Soudan! How you would have suffered!" I returned, "No noble enterprizes are achieved without great mental and bodily suffering." This remark impressed him in my favour, and we continued great friends all the route to Tripoli.

This morning Haj Essnousee, being on foot, called out for his camel to stop, in a tone which denoted he had some important business on hand. I turned to see what was the matter, and so did all, as if something peculiar was about to happen. I then saw Essnousee bringing up a slave girl about a dozen years of age, pulling her violently along. When he got her up to the camel, he took a small cord and began tying it round her neck. Afterwards, bethinking himself of something, he tied the cord round the wrist of her right arm. This done, Essnousee drove the camel on. In a few minutes she fell down, and the slave-master, seeing her fallen dawn, and a man attempting to raise her up, cried out, "Let her alone, cursed be your father! you dog." The wretched girl was then dragged on the ground over the sharp stones, being fastened by her wrist, but she never cried or uttered a word of complaint. Her legs now becoming lacerated and bleeding profusely, she was lifted up by Essnousee's Arabs. She then, however, continued to hold on, the rope being also bound round her body so as to help her along. Thus she was dragged, limping and tumbling down, and crippled all the day, which was a very long day's journey. Whether she feigned sickness, or sulked, or was exhausted, I leave the reader to judge. Neither I nor her cruel master could tell. Indeed, such is the nature of the Negro character it is impossible to tell. A slave may sulk, and may not; whilst also ill and dying, they may be flogged on the point of death, as Haj Ibrahim flagellated his dying victim. No doubt, at times these wretched slaves, when worn down and exhausted, play some innocent tricks to get a ride. Nevertheless, such is the power of sullen

insensibility which slaves can command, that the brutal masters may flog them to death without finding out whether they are really ill, or only sulky.

7th.—On our return from a difficult journey, everything is, or appears to be easy. We think little or nothing of it, especially if we have got with us a new supply of matters of equipment and provisions. So I rose early with the most profound indifference of the month's journey before me, as if travelling in old England, and I must likewise add, with less anxiety for the safety of my baggage. Desert baggage-stealers there are indeed none, and pickpockets and pilferers are as rare as the birds, which now and then are seen hopping about the wells, picking up what they can chance to find.

Our course is north, over an undulating sandy soil. About 11 A.M. we had in view Ghudwah, and in an hour more we reached the village. Ghudwah is a cluster of wretched mud-hovels, rendered tolerable by being placed amidst a wood of palms. The squalor of these humble dwellings is, in truth, forgotten amongst the patches of beautiful green corn, some already in the ear, and the graceful, towering, all-over-hanging palm-trees. In a wady on the left were also forests of palms. The oases of Fezzan are, in fact, but a series of these palm-forests. Unquestionably a great body of water must be under and near the surface. But we must keep to the designation of oases in describing the province of Fezzan, of which we had a convincing proof this morning; for, during four or five hours we traversed a country in every respect desert, covered with small black stones, defying all attempts at cultivation, and this desert land appa-

rently surrounds and intersects the entire series of the oases of Fezzan.

When we got clear of Ghudwah we halted for the day, about 2 P. M., near a well called Bel-Kashee-Farce. I was glad to halt, both for the sake of the slaves, and myself. To-day the same girl was not tied to the camel, but a younger one. She also, poor thing, was dragged along, limping as she went, and whenever she stopped a moment to tie up her sandals, she had the greatest difficulty to reach again the camel. I was annoyed to see none of her sister-slaves give her a lift and help her on to get up to the camel, so that she might continue to be assisted by its march. Some of the poor things, however, have their intimate friends in their fellow bondswomen. The girl dragged on yesterday, had her faithful companion, bringing her water and dates. But in spite of all their sufferings, the poor bondswomen keep up well. The young women sing and sometimes dance on the road, while the boys ape the Turkish soldiers whom they had seen exercise in Mourzuk, walking in file, holding up sticks on their shoulders, and crying out "Shoulder arms!" or words to that effect. The guileless lads of Africa think these two magic words to be the quintessence of Turkish and European civilization, and that which renders the white men superior to their sable fathers. Two of the boys are dressed in old soldiers' jackets and look very droll. So we journey along as well as we can.

But whilst surveying the march of this troop of human cattle for the market, I can't but think how dreadful a trade is this of buying and selling our fellow

creatures! The Moors and Arabs of the ghafalah are civil enough. They discover great curiosity at seeing me write, and not a little surprise, like all I have met with, to find me writing Arabic, whilst some of themselves cannot. They are all of Sockna.

It is now near sunset, but I am not going to write a description of a Saharan sunset, which this evening offers nothing but sheets of bright yellow flame. Towards the east, the palms, underwood, and herbage make me fancy myself in the midst of a boundless circle of cultivation, for I see no "darksome desert" through the pale skyey openings of the thick verdure. My feelings thus would be soothed and gratified, were it not that the sounds—always to me so melancholy—of the Negroes' song, as they clap their hands and sing and dance their native sports, are heard near my encampment. Then again I feel happy in the reflection that God gives moments of joyous happiness even to slaves. Why not be soothed to hear this song of slaves? What a mysterious thing is Providence! Not to the masters of these slaves, who are now stretched in dreamy listlessness on the ground, gives God such jocund innocent delights; not to the wiser and wisest, to the stronger or strongest, (as "the battle is not to the strong,") gives God happiness; but to the poorest, weakest of mortals, the forlorn, helpless female slave! As I have mentioned, I heard this same song—to me so melancholy and disheartening—as the slaves were departing from Mourzuk. I was then quietly writing, but as the mournful accents broke on my ear, I started from my usual propriety of feeling, and the courage which carried me over The Desert gave away under the pressure of these strange Nigritian sounds of

the poor black children, the desolate daughters of the banks of the mysterious Niger. The tears rushed to my eyes, but I stopped them in their lachrymal sluices, and called it folly, for to weep I cannot, I will not. Rather let me curse the slave-dealers of every land and clime. Yes, let this foolish sensibility be turned to exasperation; let me curse those proud Republicans, in whose heart there is no flesh, whose flag bears impiously against Heaven the stripes and the scars of the slaves! These I cursed, and those who in the hypocrisy of their souls, and their sanctimonious pretensions to Church freedom, received the gold tainted with the blood of the slave, to build up their Free Kirk! But why curse? What impotence! Why not leave the avenging bolt of wrath to that God, who "hath made of one blood all the nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth?"

8th.—Rose at sunrise and started with the day. Route north and north-west, over an undulating gravelly plain. A few tholh trees, and one solitary tholh by the road-side, which at a great distance forms a very conspicuous object. A single tree in The Desert always excites more interest in the mind of the reflective traveller than a forest. Solitary palms are often seen near the coast. At noon, reached the well called Beer Mukhanee, after the distinguished traitor, who dug it, but who betrayed and ruined this country. Many a tyrant and traitor has left behind him some monument of utility, to relieve the weight of his infamous name with posterity. The well is very deep and the water good, but we did not take in any, as wells are frequent hereabouts. Continued our course until sunset, a long day, and encamped at the base of a small mountain, called

Babān, or "Two Doors," and by others, El-Bab, or "The Door." The Door and the Gate, like the famous "Iron Gate" in Algeria, are frequent names of rocky hills and mountains in this part of Africa. Ghaljeewan, a mountainous district of the south-eastern part of Aheer, is called "the door of Aheer." On the Danube there is a reef of ugly and huge rocks, over which the current of the river dashes furiously. The Turks call this "The Iron Gate" of the Danube.

On the road the camels had no herbage to eat. Some of them ate the dried dung of camels and horses. We have a young camel with us about four months old; it continues to suck. It has no frolic or fun in its actions, and is as serious as its mother. The foal of the camel frolics in awkward antics a few days after its birth, but apparently soon loses all its infant mirth. In the first place, the foal has to walk as long a day as its mother, enough to take all the fun out of the poor little thing; then, it sees all its more aged companions very serious and melancholy, and soon imbibes their sombre spirit, assuming their slow solemn gait. The mother-camel never licks or shows any particular fondness for its young beyond opening her legs for the foal to suck. At best, the camel, as an animal, is a most ungainly and unlovely creature. What surprises me most are the bites of the male-camel. He bites his neighbour, without passion or any apparent provocation, and simply because he has nothing else to do *en route*, or nothing arrests his attention.

To write in the open Desert is no sinecure. When I go under the shade from the sun the wind blows unpityingly, when in the sun the flies torment me. Our grand

slave-driver Haj Essnousee, is most determinedly bent on showing himself a perfect master in his profession. This afternoon he set to work beating one poor girl most shockingly for not keeping up with the rest. Nearly all got whipped along to-day. Gave a ride to one little fellow, hardly five years of age, who limped sadly. There was no sulk in him. He was cheerful with all his sufferings. Our road is strewn with chumps of petrified wood.

Was thinking to-day, for whilst travelling with slaves the subject is most disagreeably pressed upon you, even to nausea, of the reasons offered by American Consuls in vindication of slavery in the United States. Mr. P—— thus apologized:—"I once spoke to a male slave who earned plenty of money. I said, 'Do you want to be freed?' 'Oh no,' he replied, 'I get fifty dollars a month. I give my master forty and keep ten for myself. Why should I wish to be free?'" Mr. M—— said to me one day, "My wife has slaves, but they are well taken care of. They each have two new suits of clothes per year, and the doctor's bill for each comes to two or three dollars also per year." To such miserable drivelling as this are men, of some education and standing in society, and the representatives of the free as well as the slave States, driven to bolster up the nefarious system of holding in bondage their fellow creatures! In the one case, a man robs his brother of the rightful fruits of his labour. This robbery is perpetrated coolly and deliberately through a series of years. In the other case, the taking care of a slave, as every humane man must take care of his horse, and give him good beans, hay, and a warm stable, is made the corner stone of "the

living lie" of liberty on the southern transatlantic plains.

9th.—Rose with the sun, throwing his orient beams of gold athwart all the plain, and purpling the rocky block of El-Bab. I mounted the rock, and saw Sebhah in the north, where we were to rest in the afternoon. There was a huge stone balancing on a ledge of the rock, which apparently wanted but a feather's weight to throw it down. Bent on mischief, I was going to heave it down, when the people called to me to desist. On descending, they told me the stone had fallen from the clouds and caught there; it was unlucky to touch it. A demon sits upon it every night and swings himself as a child is swung in a swing. Continued our route over a sandy plain, until we arrived at a line of palms stretching east and west, as far as the eye could see. At 11 A.M., we entered the suburbs of the town. After a little rest I went to see what sort of a place it was. Found it a tolerably well-built place; the houses are constructed of stone and mud-mortar; some have even got a touch of lime or pipe-clay wash. Several of the streets are covered in at the top like those of Ghadames. Very few people stirring about, being occupied in the suburban gardens. Fell in with a cobbler, a tailor, and an old pedagogue with an A B C board. Discussed the politics of the place with them all. They took me at first for a Turkish Rais coming from Mourzuk. When they found I was not a Turk, they began to abuse the Turks. "The Turks," said they, "take all our money and leave us nothing to eat but dates. The curse of God be upon them!" Whenever Turkish officers stop here they levy contributions. The town is walled in

with mud and stone-work, and there are several towers around it forming part of the wall, pierced with loop-holes for firing musketry therefrom. Most of these towns are built for protecting the people against the Arabs, who can do nothing against a wall, even were it only a brick thick. One small piece of cannon would be enough to batter down every one of these Saharan-fortified towns. A part of this town is placed on a small hill, like Ghat. Sebhah has a dull dingy appearance at a distance. There is no lime-wash to give it that agreeable aspect which many Moorish towns have, although always very delusive when one enters their gates.

This forenoon, a slave-girl was sadly goaded along. An Arab boy of about the same age was her goad, who was whipping her and goading her along with a sharp piece of wood. Sometimes the young rascal would poke up her person. I could not see this without interfering, although I am afraid to interfere. She had got far behind, and the boy was thus tormenting her like a young imp. I made him take one hand, and I the other. But we could not get her up to the camel on which she might lay hold by means of a rope, and so get dragged along. We then set her upon a donkey, but she was too unwell to ride, and fell off several times, the cruel rogue of a boy beating her every time she fell. What annoyed me more, her companions in bondage, those hearty and well, set up a loud yell of laughter every time she fell off. I'm sick at heart of writing these shocking details. But the reader will not be surprised that the Moors make bad slave-masters, when they have such an early training as this little reprobate boy, the nephew of Haj Essnousee. I often wondered

how this boy, who was some thirteen years of age, and fully capable of the sentiment of love, in a climate like Africa, could torment these poor girls of his own age with such brutality. If he found one lagging behind, and at some distance from the grown-up men, he would strip her, throw her down, and begin tormenting her in the way I have already mentioned. I spoke to his uncle about it, but without avail. I then refused to carry on my camel some choice dates, which he had in his charge for Tripoli. But it was of no use, the boy was the worthy pupil of his uncle, a little fiend of ferocity.

My Sockna companions of travel chat with me, but their conversation offers nothing new or remarkable. "There is no money in Fezzan. Our city (Sockna) only has a few merchants. Mukhanee was originally a merchant, and a member of the Divan of Mourzuk. He ruined Fezzan." One of the people of this place said to me, "Better if you were a Mussulman, and ate and drank like us." I replied, "I eat everything good, and never fast to make myself ill." This plain speech amazed them. But one said, somewhat to my surprise, "That only which is not good, and not fit to eat, is haram (prohibited)." I immediately said "Amen" to this, for generally the Moors maintain that pork and other things of the kind prohibited, are not good because they are prohibited, and not on account of any intrinsic badness in the things themselves. They, of course, asked me what sort of places were England and London. It's little use to answer such questions; they cannot realize the idea or forms of an European city, even in imagination. Describing the riches of London, one observed ill-naturedly, "Oh, God gives the infidels peace in this

world, and fire in the next." I then thought it time to leave off my description. Whilst we were chatting, a locust was caught and roasted. I tasted it, and found it not a bad shrimp. The locust requires salt and oil to make it palatable. The Arabs swear the locusts have a king, which perfectly agrees with—*Καὶ ἔχουσιν ἐ φ' αὐτῶν βασιλέα*; (Rev. ix. 11.) The name given to this insect monarch as perfectly corresponds with their migratory devastations, *Απολλυων*, "destroyer," for before their march are smiling fields of verdure and fruitfulness, whilst behind them are desert and devastation.

I find in this part of my journal several anecdotes of the Bashaw of Mourzuk and Mr. Gagliuffi, which seem to have come to my recollection *en route*. The Tibboo chief before mentioned, whose jurisdiction extends over a wretched village, observed one day to the Bashaw, "The Sultan of the Tibboos (himself) inquires after the health of the Sultan of the Turks. But I am well, therefore the Sultan of the Turks is well; and if I am not well, then the Sultan of the Turks is not well." His Excellency replied, menacingly, "You're right, but take care you don't get unwell, for by G—d if you do get unwell, and so make my Sultan unwell, I'll come and cut all your people's throats, and burn down your city." The Tibboo chief, feeling the force of the argumentum ad hominem, started out of the audience-chamber in a fright, and made off from Mourzuk as quick as possible. Before, indeed, he could get off, he began to fancy himself ill, and was ill with fright, and expected every moment to be within the clutches of the Bashaw. I related to the Bashaw the story of the Governor of Ghat, having the sword of his ancestors amongst the trophies at Constan-

tinople. The facetious Bashaw observed to me :—"You ought to have said, 'I'll fetch you the sword, Haj Ahmed, if you'll promise like a good little boy not to cut your fingers with it.'"

Mr. Gagliuffi was well acquainted with the tyrant Asker Ali. The tyrant once dreamt he should kill Abd-El-Geleel, and his brother, and some other chiefs, but one would escape. The escaping Sheikh was Ghoma, now an exile at Trebisonde. This dream was actually related and retailed in Tripoli two years before the events happened. One day Mr. Gagliuffi called on the tyrant, and found him very thoughtful divining in the rumel ("sand"). "What's the matter?" asked the Consul. His Highness exclaimed, "Oh, I'm much troubled. An Arab chief has come here professing allegiance to my government. But he's a great villain, for such I have found him in the sand." The next day the unfortunate Arab was assassinated. Many an honest man was murdered by the fortuitous throw and fall, and scattering of these atom sands, in the cruel fingers of the tyrant. Who will deny after this that the events of our life are (to us) so many accidents? A Touarghee Sheikh once proposed to Mr. Gagliuffi to sell his country to the Sultan of the English. The Consul, who took this as serious, ought to have considered it a joke of the grave Touarghee. The Touaricks can tell the most funny stories, and make the most cutting gibes at their neighbours, without moving a single muscle of the face.

10*th*.—We are to stay here to-day and to-morrow, in order that our slave-masters may obtain provisions. These people can do nothing without losing an enormous quantity of time. It breaks my heart to lose so much

precious time. coula nave got up to Soudan before I shall get down to Tripoli. A Touarghee once talked to me of travelling, and on my telling him I was going to The East, to the New World (America), and many other places, he exclaimed, "Allah Akbar, thou fool, thy life isn't long enough." And certainly it would not were we to travel at the rate of our Saharans. They never measure a man's life and what he can do in it. The day present, and its evils, is with them enough. The proverb quoted by the great teacher of Christianity, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is much better adapted to ancient than modern society, or rather to Oriental and African than European society. The European is obliged to think of the morrow, and take thought for the morrow, or he would no tbe able to live; in these days of restless and overpowering competition he would die of starvation. One of the Moors tried to write the name of Mahomet in Roman letters. I have seen several Moors attempt this; one did it pretty well.

At noon, had a strong altercation with a Moor of the town about religion, who introduced the subject and was very insulting. Being out of the hands of the Touaricks I have less delicacy on these matters, and so I boldly contradicted his notions. I told him, with all frankness, "It was impossible for a good Christian ever to become a Mussulman: a bad Christian might, one who had robbed, or murdered, or run away from his country. Such were the Spaniards who run away from the prisons of exile in Morocco. Mahomet witnessed that Jesus was a true prophet; and Jesus witnessed that Moses was a prophet, and Moses prophesied of Jesus. But neither Jesus, nor Moses, nor any other prophet,

witnessed to the truth of the mission of Mahomet." This amazed him excessively. Seeing this, I added, "Never attempt to convert a Christian, or speak to him about religion; for in the end you are sure to be dissatisfied." The zealot immediately changed the conversation. Several of the people of the town listened to our argument, but they made no observation, except one old man, who observed laconically, "Mahometans, Jews, and Christians, are all rogues; but God is merciful." This, I think, is about the truth.

This evening the female slaves were unusually merry and excited in singing, and I had the curiosity to ask Said what they were singing about. As several spoke the language of his own country, Mandara and Bornou, he had no difficulty in answering the question. I had often asked the Moors about the merry songs and plaintive dirges of the negresses, but could never get a satisfactory answer.

Said replied at first, "Oh, they're singing of Rubbee (God)."

"What do you mean?" I rejoined impatiently.

"Oh, don't you know," he continued; "they ask God to give them the Atkah*."

I.—"Is that all?"

Said.—"No; they say, 'Where are we going to? The world is large, O God! Where are we going? O God! Shall we return again to our country?'"

* *Atkah* is the freedom document. On the liberation of a slave, this is signed by the Kady, in the presence of two witnesses. A freed slave has it generally about him. But after he is known, and has resided long in one place, it is no longer thought of. When a batch of slaves are liberated on the death of their master, they follow him to his burial, carrying the âtkah tied at the top of long rods.

I.—"Is that all, what else?"

Said.—"They call to their remembrance their own country and say, 'Bornou was a pleasant country, full of all good things, but this is a bad country and we are miserable, and are ready to sink down.'"

I.—"Do they say anything more?"

Said.—"No, they repeat these words over and over again, and add, 'O God! give us our âtkah, let us go to our dear home.'"

I am not surprised the Moors never gave me a satisfactory answer respecting the songs said and sung by their slaves. Who can assert that the above words are not an appropriate song? What could have been more congenially adapted to their present woeful condition? And what language could have given us a more favourable opinion of the feeling and intellect of the African? May pitying Heaven hear the prayers of these poor creatures, give them their liberty, restore them to their country! It is not to be wondered at, these poor bondswomen should cheer up their hearts with words and sentiments like these; but, oftentimes, their sufferings were too great for them to strike up this melancholy dirge, and the silence of the dreadful Desert was many days unsubdued, uninterrupted by these mournful strains!

I take this opportunity of noticing the several love ditties and songs about gallant chiefs and warriors returning from battle, the lovers of the sable maidens, attributed to these poor female slaves *en route* over The Desert, as found in some books of travel, which, I believe, are the invention of slave-masters, embellished by the traveller. No; their song is, and was, and always will be, because the spontaneous voice of distressed nature,

appealing to the justice and help of the Author of all being!

"O God! give us our freedom. Where are we going? The world is large and terrifies us.

"Shall we return again to our dear homes, where we lived happily and enjoyed every blessing?

"But we are in a horrible country; all things frown upon us; we suffer, and are ready to die.

"O God! give us our freedom*."

Mr. J. G. Whittier, the distinguished American poet, has rendered these words into verse. He says:—

"The following is an attempt to versify this melancholy appeal of distressed human nature to the help and justice of God. Nothing can be added to its simple pathos.

SONG OF THE SLAVES IN THE DESERT.

Where are we going? Where are we going?
  Where are we going, Rubee?
Hear us! Save us! Make us free;
Send our Atka down from thee!
Here the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
Strange and large the world is growing!
Tell us, Rubee, where are we going?
  Where are we going, Rubee?

Bornou! Bornou! Where is Bornou?
  Where are we going, Rubee?
Bornou-land was rich and good,
Wells of water, fields of food;
Bornou-land we see no longer,
Here we thirst, and here we hunger,
Here the Moor man smites in anger;
  Where are we going, Rubee?

* The prayer to God is a chorus sung by the whole troop. When not fatigued, and in good health, the Negresses will sing from morning to night.

Where are we going? Where are we going?
  Hear us, save us, Rubee!
Moons of marches from our eyes,
Bornou-land behind us lies;
Hot the desert wind is blowing,
Wild the waves of sand are flowing!
Hear us! tell us, Where are we going?
  Where are we going, Rubee?

Some freed slaves passed to-day on their return to Bornou, their native land. This reminded me of what Mr. Gagliuffi related respecting a female slave, who, after being brought to Mourzuk, was taken back by her master to Bornou. When her master first told her of his intention, she simply replied, "No, you will not take me back." She always persisted in the same reply, when the subject was ever mentioned. At length the time came, and she was mounted on a camel and started off. But her master, on returning, having changed the first part of the route from that which he came, her suspicions and unbelief were at once confirmed. However, a few days elapsed and the old route was resumed, and seeing at last, from various indications of the road that she was really returning, she burst into convulsions of joy, and with no ordinary care her life was saved. She never properly recovered from the effect of these convulsions of transport. What can be stronger than such feelings of *amor patriæ*, what more marked proof of intelligent sensibility, allying the negro with the whole human race? For,

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land.'"

If Dr. Pritchard's argument be good in religion, by

the existence of which sentiment in the breast of every portion of humankind he proves that all men are of one species, and of one original race or stock, the argument is equally true of patriotism. I have found, however, some Moors, like some of our philosophers, denying the Negro to be of the same race as the white man. But such Mahometan detractors of the Negro character are extremely rare. The greatest champion of this class was a slave-dealer, and, indeed, it is a convenient opinion for men-stealers of every nation.

The Moors have a primitive way of making a draught-board. A person of the town brought an apron full of sand. This he threw upon a stone bench, and spread it over, making a number of holes for the white and black squares of the board. This done, they then brought a certain number of pieces of stones with a corresponding number of dried balls of camel's dung, (and which, it may be remarked, are very small in comparison to the size of the animal). The whole was now complete and the parties set to work. All the Islamites whom I have seen are passionately fond of gaming and games of chance; and, curious enough, thousands who could not be prevailed upon to drink wine (or eat pork), will game all day long, notwithstanding that gaming is prohibited in the very sentences of the Koran, in which wine is condemned. "They will ask thee (Mahomet) concerning wine and lots. *Answer.*—In both there is great sin." "Satan seeketh to sow dissension and hatred amongst you, by means of wine and lots," &c. (Surat ii. and v.) How the commentators have quieted the consciences of the Faithful on the point of lots and not about wine, I

cannot imagine. Such is the absolute folly of matters of this sort, the "clean" and the "unclean" in religion.

11*th*.—The sky is overcast this morning, and, what a wonder! we have had a few precious drops of rain. Rain, like gold, is valuable according to circumstances. Wind from N.W. No heat is now felt here. Sebhah is the very abode of dead men, the catacombs of the living. Here, at mid-day, you might sit in the lonely streets, and lecture on the immortality of the soul, to the few people, who, at long intervals, pass flitting by, like spectres of the dead. The melancholy appearance of the place so horrifies me that I don't go into it. When and where the inhabitants rendezvous and gossip is a complete mystery. To the palms and huts of palm-leaves without the town, I return, to convince myself I am in the land of the living. Visited some of the suburban gardens. Irrigation is the support of all vegetable life here. People were employed in weeding the corn-fields; besides the weeds, they picked up the small blades of corn, those not likely to be ripe with the rest of the crop, which are given to the sheep and horses. I have seen, however, no horses here. It is reported amongst the people of the town, that the Touaricks attacked me and took away all my money. As this continues to spread amongst the oases, I shall soon be murdered by the helping imagination of the people, at any rate, before I arrive at Tripoli. A gardener tells me, many palms grow and bear fruit without being watered, or having any water running under them.

The Sebhah district embraces four villages besides its town, viz., Ghortah, Hajrah, Marwees, and Hafat. The

population are Moors and Arabs mixed occasionally with Negro blood; but no black population begins at these or the oases hereabouts, as foolishly stated on the map of Capt. Lyon.

12*th.*—We leave to-day to pursue our journey. Oh, what is life! In the wilderness or the abode of civilization, it is one weary way: but soon, thank God! to end. This morning I was convinced, that, however bad the condition of a people may be, it may still be worse. A poor wretched woman of Sebhah came to beg dates from the slaves! from their scanty allowance. As it mostly happens, the poor give more than the rich in proportion to their means, so these poor slaves gave the beggar woman a most disproportioned quantity of their miserable allowance. A little vanity there may have been in this, for however badly off we are ourselves, we are not displeased to see some people still worse off, and are gratified in laying them under some miserable obligation. Left Sebhah about 8 A. M., and after three hours' ride came in view of a forest of date-palms. This wood of palms is out of the line of route, and extends from Sebhah to Timhanah, a day's journey. Essnousee observed, on arriving at the palms, "See, these are all young palms, lately planted; they are never watered but bear plenty of dates. It is only in Fezzan the palms bring dates without water." Our route is north, and, as before, over an undulating gravelly surface. Several heaps of stones in a part of the road, evidently to clear it, as it is next to impossible to miss the way in this part of Sahara. No stones were added to these heaps by us. Our precursors, in past times, were much more attentive to clearing routes than ourselves.

I am sorry to record the nasty feelings of the people of these Fezzanee towns towards Christians. I found the people a most inhospitable set, and could not get from them a drop of milk for love or money. As, however, they sent plenty of prepared food every evening to the people of the ghafalah, Essnousee was kind enough to give me a dish or two. I attribute this inhospitality to their hatred of the Turks, and the English being considered as the friends of the Turks.

Reached Timhanah at 3 P.M. I was grievously attacked with the tooth and ear-ache, produced by the strong cold wind which had been blowing nearly all day. Got some rum and doctored myself, and by sunset I was enabled to read a little of my Greek Testament. I did not go into the town of Timhanah, being so disgusted with the people of Sebhah. Apparently Timhanah is half the size of Sebhah, and walled with mud and stones. The country around offers the usual prospect of palms and patches of corn cultivation, with wells in each field for irrigation. These oases are most annoyingly alike, and one description must serve for all. The inhabitants fancy I am a Turk, and ask me to speak Turkish. Others shun me as such; and since the Turks, in passing these oases, levy upon the inhabitants hospitality by force, this may be the cause of the little good feeling manifested by them to strangers. Essnousee, for whom I am beginning to entertain the most intense disgust, amused himself this evening with most unmercifully beating his slaves. I could not find out the cause. The females usually catch it most. I cannot tell the reason, except it be, they are more difficult to reduce to a regimen, or system of travelling, and are always fond of playing some

innocent pranks. The lively things certainly make more noise and botheration than the males. We are to purchase dates here, they being cheap and of good quality. The townspeople come to see me write, but I lose patience with them, knowing them to be such a nasty set. Bad rulers make bad subjects. The Turks would make any people suspicious and inhospitable. However, when I left the place, some of them came forward to lend a hand in loading the camel, a mark of friendship, which showed me they would be hospitable if their hospitality were not abused by the Turks. To my surprise, this morning a lad of our ghafalah was struck by a scorpion. I did not expect to see scorpions this time of the year. The scorpion was killed instantly. It was a small one, and its stroke feeble, for the lad complained very little, and I heard no more of the matter. In the Apocalypse, locusts are represented as striking a man like scorpions, although they are by nature harmless, so far as wounding humankind is concerned. It is well to observe, the Saharan people always speak of scorpions as not stinging but striking a man, the verb used being ضرب, "to beat," "to strike." So in chap. ix. 5, it is said, καὶ ὁ βασανισμὸς αὐτῶν ὡς βασανισμὸς σκορπίου, ὅταν παίσῃ ἄνθρωπον ("and their torment [i. e., *inflicted by locusts*] was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man").

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FROM MOURZUK TO SOCKNA.

Continued delays.—Confidence of the Slaves in the Kafer (myself). —Supply them with Water.—Negro Youths exhibit Sham-Fighting.—Commissions recorded in Journal.—Missionary Labour in Central Africa.—Beer Taghcetah.—Palms of Ghurmeedah.—A Fezzanee's description of his Country.—Reading on the Camel's Back.—Arrive at the Village of Zeghen.—French Patent Soup.—Young Camels broken in.—Omm El-Abeed.—Essnousee sermonizes on "What is Good in this World."—Various Races of Fezzan.—My extreme exhaustion. —The Flogging of the Mandara Slave by Essnousee.—Illusions of Desert Sands.—Plateau magnifying objects.—Horrid Waste. How restored from Fatigue.—Digging a Well by the order of the Turks.—Slaves benighted.—Gibel Asoud.—Well of Ghotfah.—Meet Reinforcements of Arab Cavalry.—Arrival at Sockna.

13*th*.—To-day we came but a short distance, leaving late and encamping about half-past 2 P. M. Our object is to allow the camels to feed well, for there will now be little or no herbage for them until we arrive at Sockna, a distance of some six days. Respecting all these delays, I can say with the most heartfelt sincerity, "Here is the patience of (travellers)." The poor slaves know by instinct the encampment of the Kafer to be a friendly one, notwithstanding the Moors and Arabs persist ungenerously in teaching these poor things to call me kafer, or infidel, and to look upon me with a species of horror. For water, they come to us continually. To deposit a little bazeen, or flour-pudding, in the evening until the morning, they come to us, finding it secure in

our hands. Not to be beaten, they come to us, crouching down by me, and getting out of the way of the whip behind my back. In this way the poor things show their confidence in the man whom their masters teach them to look upon as an enemy of God! Although the wells are numerous, only a certain supply of water is carried, and a small quantity is served out to the slaves. They frequently require a little water before the time of departing arrives, and come to me, looking up wistfully, putting their fingers to their parched and cracking lips. Said looks after them, and gives them as much of our water as he dares, fearing we shall be short ourselves.

> "Should ye ever be one of a fainting band,
> With your brow to the sun, and your feet to the sand,
> Traverse The Desert, and then you can tell,
> What treasures exist in the cold deep well;
> Sink in despair on the red parched earth,
> And then you may reckon what water is worth."

The Negro youths are practising some of their wild sports and warrior tricks. Three on one side and three on the other set to work to bring off a sham-fight. The youths made arrows of the branches of the palm, and, holding up a portion of their clothes for a shield, they throw these palm-branch arrows with great force and precision, almost always hitting one another. This they continued for some time. As the arrows are thrown by the party of one side they are picked up by the other. When a man falls by a slip or otherwise, the opposing combatants fight over his body with great obstinacy and animation. This was the prettiest scene of the wild fight. The real arrow used in the interior is usually poisoned. The Negroes are expert in discovering and

preparing vegetable poisons, as men of all countries are in inventing weapons for their own destruction. The Negroes have their Captain Warners as well as we. Bundles of these poisoned arrows were exposed for sale at Ghat, together with bullocks'-hide shields. Whilst the lads are thus passing their time, the lasses are combing, dressing, and oiling their hair, or washing and cleaning, or decorating themselves, or playing with their little trinkets of glass beads and chains; thus clearly defining the tastes of the male and female Negro animal. It is much the same amongst us civilized brutes. Men fight and quarrel one way or the other, and the women flirt and dress. The occupation of the women is the more harmless. Perhaps we are getting a little better. Men begin to think there is more noble employment in the world than cutting one another's throats, and deifying the wholesale assassins who destroy them; women, too, seem disposed to prove that they have something else to attend to, besides setting off and conserving their beauty. We have with us a youth sent for sale to Tripoli by the Bashaw of Fezzan, who it seems must dabble in slave-dealing, notwithstanding his imprecations against the merchants of Ghadames for the same crime. He is from Mandara, and was kidnapped by the Tibboos. This is the captain of all the sham-fighters, and the leader and prompter of all other sports on the way. There is always one who assumes superiority over the rest, in every troop of human beings; so it was in the beginning, and so it will ever continue to be.

I see by my notes I have various commissions to execute—if—if—if I return to Mourzuk *en route*. First

for the Sheikh of Bornou, I am to bring a small coining-machine to make a copper-currency, replacing the present inconvenient system of pieces of cotton called Ghubgha*. Next, I am to bring Congreve-rockets, by which the Sheikh may set on fire the straw-hut cities of his enemies; but I should think a good drill-serjeant would be better than rockets. Finally, some instructions, in the Arabic language, for preparing indigo, and bees'-wax, and tanning leather. This last memorandum of the commission is infinitely more grateful to one's feelings, as promoting the useful arts in Central Africa, than either establishing a base currency, or multiplying the weapons of destruction. For the Bashaw of Fezzan is to be brought a splendid gold watch. The Greek Doctor wants an Italian Medical Dictionary, and a small case of surgical instruments; and for Mr. Gagliuffi I am to bring everything which may be useful to him. The Consul very justly recommends, the teaching Negroes the useful arts as the only means of permanently extinguishing the traffic in slaves. He also recommends the introducing of Missionaries into the Pagan countries, Mandara and Begharmy, beyond and neighbouring to Bornou, as an important means of civilizing Africa. But, it is to be understood, that the Missionaries should go as merchants, and, like Paul, work with their own hands at mechanical trades. It must not be a wild-goose chase of empty declamation,

* A *ghubgha* is a measure of six feet long, and measures pieces of cotton six feet long (and three inches broad), from which circumstance the currency is thus named. Four ghubghas form a rottol or pound, and thirty rottols are of the value of a Spanish dollar. This was the exchange in 1845.

but a thoroughly conscientious project, wrought out according to the circumstances of the country, with discretion and courage. In this way it would, with the blessing of Providence, succeed admirably. The Moravians alone have successfully applied themselves to this kind of Missionary labour.

Passed a well this morning, on our left, called Beer Tagheetah. There is water in many places where no attempt is made to cultivate the cultivable soil. I asked an Arab of Timhanah why more land was not cultivated? "We have no bullocks, no asses; we cannot draw up the water—we want money," was the reply. This sort of answer is applicable to almost every country in Europe. Our encampment is at the place called Ghurmeedah. Here are only two or three untenanted huts, where the date-watchers sleep or repose during the season. This small forest of palms belongs to Zeghen. Took a little cuscasou with some Arabs who have joined us, being hired by Essnousee to carry dates for the slaves. Giving an account of their country, they say, "Fezzan is a country of poor people; it always was so: we have only the date-palm. This is our riches. If the sea came up to Fezzan, then we would ship dates for Tripoli; but as it is, they are too heavy—they don't pay the expense of carrying to Tripoli. We have besides, a little corn, but not cattle enough to draw water to increase this cultivation. Many of the people live only on dates and hasheesh (herbs). We eat the ghoteb." In the abandoned huts I found three or four women just come from Zeghen. They were collecting and boiling the ghoteb, which they sell in their town; it eats very cooling and pleasant with dates. If I recollect, it is

something like the barilla-plant. I tasted the herb, but could make nothing of it. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of Fezzan are apparently healthy and happy. Providence blesses this poor dish of herbs, and makes it palatable and nourishing.

14*th*.—Rose with the sun's rising, and started with the first scattering of the bright orient beams. Course over an undulating surface of mostly sandy soil, but firm to the camel's foot. In various places is scattered a great quantity of the common black volcanic shingle, and which, indeed, covers a fifth of The Sahara I have traversed. Essnousee tells me this stone contains iron, for so, reported our countrymen of the two former expeditions in Fezzan. The Turks of Mourzuk assert the same thing, though not very great authorities in geology. This shingle has certainly a most ferruginous appearance. About three hours after leaving our encampment we passed the town of Semnou on our right. Our people read on the camel's back. Essnousee pretends to devotional reading. I never attempted reading on the camel, in order to preserve my eyes, though by no means difficult. An European who has to traverse these Saharan solitudes might supply himself with a few entertaining books, in large type, and while away many lonely and tedious hours, when riding on the camel's back. Only one of the slaves is sick, to whom I give a ride every morning. The rest go pretty well—in fact, our short days' journeys, during these last several days, are a trifle to us all.

Arrived at Zeghen at 2 P.M. Don't feel very strong. Ought to eat more, but can't get meat. Had a good drink of camel's milk this morning. Tired of cuscasou,

and now like bazeen better. Several of the people come to see me, apparently more hospitable than those of Sebhah. They are all very poor, scarcely existing, ground down to the dust of The Desert. Went into the town. People got talking of religion. The presence of a person of another faith always suggests the subject to these unsophisticated people. I declared to them, that as the Great God was "The Most Merciful," every good man of every nation, be he Mahometan, Christian, or Jew, might expect the Divine favour. This doctrine was too liberal for some, others approved. Moors, in all these discussions, speak a good deal about hell-fire. They think, at least, this will shake a Christian's courage. They are very sensible to corporal torments themselves, like all barbarians or semi-civilized people. But, poor idiots, they don't know that we denounce them as the future inhabitants of the same place,—"Companions of The Fire." A Marabout came and listened, who evidently was one of the fools so kindly and humanely taken care of by Barbary people. The idiot had ostrich feathers round his breast, and a circlet of large beads in his hands, which he kept telling with a vacant stare. He begged of me, but I gave him nothing, having nothing to give. Population of Zeghen, about a third or fourth-rate town of these oases, is estimated at 200 men, 300 women, and 700 children and slaves. There are always a few more women than men in these Saharan towns. This surplus of women is kept up by importing female slaves from Central Africa. There the men perish in wars, or otherwise are enslaved for the Western Coast, and a surplus of women is left for the North.

This evening arrived the courier from Mourzuk, who

took charge of a small packet of French patent soup, which I left behind. Mr. Gagliuffi had had this soup three years, and it was still very good. It is preserved in thin pieces like dried glue. It requires only boiling with a little salt, and then is pretty good. In long Desert journeying it would be easy to take a supply of this sort of preserved soup, as well as potted meat. On the address of the packet was, "Signore Richardson—Mr. Gagliuffi—God bless him."

15*th.*—This morning, at starting, I was very much amused at seeing two young camels loaded for the first time with a few trifling things, to break them in. They are only one year old. The little reprobates cried and groaned, and grumbled most piteously; one would have thought they were about to be killed, with the knife at their throats. The Arabs, to prevent their crying, throw some sand into their open mouths. By this little bit of barbarity, the poor young things were obliged to cease crying to chew the unwelcome bolus of sand. When laden, they started off as mad, trying to throw off their load. Do they know, by their powerful and foreseeing instinct, that this was the beginning of their painful labours and journeyings? and do they thus resist the imposition of burthens with all their youthful ardour and strength? A young camel remains with its mother and sucks a whole year. It is five years before the camel attains maturity of growth and strength.

Our route is north, over what the French call *la terre accidentée.* It was the *bonâ fide* Sahara, and wore its rugged face of desolation. But, after continuing five hours, we encamped at the Omm-El-Abeed, or "Mother" or "Country of Slaves," so called probably because the

slave-caravans stop here to take in a good supply of water for four days on the highway of Tripoli. Whatever its name, this is a fair spot, abounding with excellent water near the surface. There are two wells, and both full to overflowing. The water is slightly impregnated with iron. Herbage around is abundant, and wild palms give it the appearance of an oasis. Essnousee, who is a sagacious fellow, justly remarked to me :—"If this country were in the hands of Christians, they would make it a fruitful garden, palms would be planted, corn sown, and houses built." The Moorish merchants can appreciate the superior industry and intelligence of Europeans. Undoubtedly, the presence of abundant good water, and a soil composed of a mixture of sand and earth, (the essential ingredients for a fruitful oasis,) would, in other hands, soon render this spot a paradise in Desert. It rejoices my heart to contemplate the future—if perchance that future come—when this Saharan region shall fall into the hands of another Government, be invaded, circumscribed, and reduced on every side, and such a conquest over The Desert made by the hand of industry, as to render it a garden of the Hesperides, and to blossom as the rose. In another century, or a century after that, this may be the case. Even Moors, the worst people of the world in looking forward to improvements, have in many of these oases planted young palms, and already reaped the benefit in an increasing crop of dates, although, unfortunately, more from necessity than forethought have they been actuated. What may then be expected from men who adopt the principle of progress! Oftentimes I have connected, in imagination, the shores of the Mediterranean with the banks of the Niger, by a

series of uninterrupted palmy oases, with jutting fountains, and silvery streams of living water, and cool shady resting-places for weary caravans. Hope is still my consolation in travelling through this thirsty dreary wilderness. Better to feed the mind with these expectations, even should they be illusory, than sighing and groaning over the desolations of Africa.

This evening took a little cuscasou with Essnousee. After supper the eternal subject of religion was brought forward by this slave-driver. He cannot comprehend my travelling, and thinks I must have some secret mission. He was more surprised when I told him I should visit the New World after exploring Africa, for this shifted his suspicions from Mahometan countries. Essnousee, like others of his countrymen, cannot comprehend notions of enterprise and discovery in travel. How should he? What country has a Moor? What purposes of renown and glory can fill him with a patriotic ambition? Nevertheless, a Moor has three passions, those of gain—sensuality—and religion, which latter sentiment often at, or even before, the close of life, absorbs the other two, yet itself degenerating into superstition and fanaticism. These passions make up the end and compass of the being of a Moor, the objects of all his pursuits through life. On the latter of these sentiments or passions, Haj Essnousee, a thoroughly bad man himself, took the liberty of addressing me these words, in reply to my demand of "What is good in this world?" "If you wish to do a good thing," said the slave-driver, "do this, abandon your country and your friends. Forget you were born a Christian. Go to Egypt—there turn Mussulman. Then go to Mecca. There read and

study all the day, and all the days of your life. See and hear the time of prayers announced from El-Kaaba*. Pray at Fidger, Subah and Aser, Mugreb and Lailah†. Observe well the burying-place where the body of the Prophet is laid, and be assured that if you are buried there, you will rise up at the Resurrection to Paradise. This is the good work I counsel you to do, but you won't do it." I smiled at this fine speech, and asked the slave-merchant to give up his trade, go to Mecca, and carry out that which he so eloquently recommended me to do. This turning the thing on himself displeased him, and the zealous preacher dropped his sermon in a moment.

Fezzan, with its numerous and large oases, offers for investigation to the physiologist, the three distinct species or varieties of the human race which overspread all Central Africa, viz., The Arabs and Moors, the Touaricks, and the Negroes,—and these all mixed and blended together, of all shades of colour, stature, and configuration. The Arabs and Moors abound this side Mourzuk. Sebhah and Zeghen are all Arabs and Moors. The Touaricks are found in the Wady Ghurbee, and are occupied chiefly in a pastoral life, leading their flocks through open Desert. Some live in the villages of The Wady. But these Touaricks are not subjects of the chieftains of Ghat. The Negroes begin at Mourzuk, and extend south in all the districts of Fezzan, as far as the Tibboos. Ghatroun, I am informed, has an entire population of coloured people, under the protection of a Marabout.

* The Sanctum Sanctorum of the Temple of Mecca.

† The names of the five times of the day when Mussulmans pray.

16th.—Another day lost. We stop here to-day to take in water, (as if we did not arrive soon enough yesterday to take in water for a hundred times our number,) and to let the camels feed. Felt, however, excessively weak, and very nervous to-day. At one moment, I seemed as if I were placed in an exhausting-receiver, and was about to give up the ghost. It's perhaps as well for my health, we don't go on quicker. According to the report of the Fezzaneers, there is fever in every oasis during the summer, and considerable mortality. Eating dates continually in the summer must create a great deal of heat in the system, and thus it is not surprising that fever prevails.

Evening, just at sunset, the Mandara slave came near to my encampment and mumbled something to my Negro servant. Looking at him, I saw he asked Said to beg me to do something on his behalf. In a few minutes, a slave belonging to another master came up to him and began to console him, saying, "Go, go." They both then took up handfuls of sand and scattered it upon their foreheads and chins, as if performing some incantations to avert an impending evil. This done, they both burst into tears, and sobbed aloud. By this time, I learnt from Said that Haj Essnousee had sent for the Mandara slave to beat him. I then asked, "For what?" The slaves replied, "For nothing." This I could not believe. Looking towards the encampment of Essnousee, I saw the slave-driver greatly excited, and heard him call to two other slaves, "Fetch him, fetch him." These slaves, (I almost cursed them in my heart,) came running to my encampment like two bloodhounds, and seized the wretched slave, their brother in bondage, and dragged

him off to the enraged slave-driver. The poor fellow, from fear and trembling, could not stand upon his legs, and was held up by his captors. The Mandara slave being brought to Essnousee, and the two captors having pinned him down, this ferocious Moor took him aside and flogged him with a huge slave-whip until The Desert was literally filled with his cries! continuing to flagilate his bare body until he (Essnousee) was himself exhausted by administering the brutal flogging. The Arabs of our caravan, who were near, got upon their legs, from sheer annoyance at the sound of the whip and the cries of the slave, but, like dastardly wretches, contented themselves with looking on, silent and motionless. I felt, at the time, extreme contempt for what are called "the brave and gallant sons of The Desert." I was not near enough, on my journey to Tripoli, to justify any effectual interference on my part. Afterwards I went up to Haj Essnousee and asked him, why he had flogged the slave? He answered still greatly excited, "He'll not eat; he's a devil; it is necessary there should be one devil amongst my slaves." His nephew observed, as a hopeful pupil of his merciless uncle, "He's a thief, he robs us." This is the only satisfaction I could get; but from the rest of the caravan I learnt that the poor Mandara slave was flogged for no other reason except to gratify the capricious cruelty of Essnousee. This Sockna Moor was born to be a slave-dealer and slave-driver, a cunning ferocity and genuine Moorish sensuality being impressed upon his Cain-like countenance. I was enabled to study his character on our way, but study was scarcely requisite to discover the mark of the first murderer stamped on his brow. When too indolent to beat his

slaves he would throw stones at them; when flogging the female slaves, if he could not succeed in rousing their sensibilities as they dropped from exhaustion in The Desert, he would poke up their persons with a stick. This Saharan villain was thoroughly imbued with the principle of an English duke, "That he (Haj Essnousee) had a right to do what he liked with his own," and did not scruple to mutilate a slave to satisfy his demoniac caprice, in spite of its losing half of its price or value in the market. Poor miserables are those pro-slavery writers, who argue that a man will take care of his slaves because they are his own property! Why did not the imperial tyrants of Rome defend the liberties of their people, because they were their own people? Neither human nor divine law can permit any man, even a good man, to have absolute property in his fellows, much less a bad man or a tyrant. But Haj Essnousee is not altogether an unmixed monster; he has something of enterprise and an active intelligence about him, to redeem him from complete execration. Seeing me disconcerted about his whipping the slave, he observed,

"There are two fine wells here, have you written them? You must give a good account of everything to your Sultan."

I then returned to the other slave-masters, owners of seven slaves, and said, "Why do you let a poor wretch be flogged to death in this way and not interfere?"

They replied, "Oh, you yourself should interefere; we're frightened at Haj Essnousee."

I.—"You then wish me to interfere,—I, who am a Christian, and an Englishman, and we English have no slaves,—and you wish me to meddle with your business?"

Another Moor said, "Ah, Yâkob, we know if it had been a Christian flogging a Christian, you would have interfered. But we are an accursed race, our merchants fear not God. And when one does wrong, another will not speak to him, and tell him he does wrong to himself and God."

After this we had no more flogging to Sockna. I hinted to these people, something might be said by the English Consul to the Bashaw of Tripoli about this flogging work. The remark was probably reported to Essnousee. I made up my mind, if the poor fellow was flogged again, to get him to run away at Tripoli, or into a consulate, and then divulge the affair. It may be mentioned here, that two days before arriving at Sockna, I turned to look at one of the female slaves, who was last of all, and being driven along by the whip, with several others, and thought I saw symptoms of insanity marked in her face. "Why," I observed to the driver, "this woman is mad!" "Mad!" he replied; "No, she went blind yesterday." On examining her, I found she was both blind and mad from over-driving. What a happiness if the poor creature had died or been flogged to death! She would then have escaped two of the heaviest of human calamities, as well as the curse of slavery.

17*th*.—On leaving Omm-El-Abeed, after a couple of hours, we traversed some sand hillocks, all dismounting to lighten the camels. The sand deceived my vision frequently in walking. Looking at some heaps over which I was pacing, I imagined them at a considerable distance off, when, to my amazement, I found them under my feet in an instant. It might be partly owing to the

dizziness of riding. The sand was a deep shining red. At another time a hillock of sand seemed projecting near my face, and putting out my hand to feel it, I found nothing but thin air. More sand encumbers this route than that between Ghadamès and Ghat. After a couple of hours of sand we ascended an elevated rocky plateau, continuing our route north till night. This was a long, long day, full of weariness and misery. Nothing for the camels to eat, and we were obliged to give them dates. The poor slaves drooped and were dumb. The frown of God was stamped on this region! For—

> "Here rocks alone and trackless sands are found,
> And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around."

18*th*.—Continued our course over the plateau. It was now become hard sun-baked earth, and bare of herbage. As upon the plain of the celebrated Tenez-rouft, objects here become greatly magnified in the distance, exceeding the most powerful magnifying lens. In the simple and bold language of our camel-drivers, "A man becomes a camel, and a camel becomes a mountain." Some bones of a camel, at a distance of less than a quarter of a mile, looked like a living camel going along with several people, the white bones representing the burnouses of the men. A small white stone, not ten inches high, appeared to be several feet in height, at the distance of a quarter of an hour's ride. And so of the few other discernible objects on this wide expanse of optical delusion. Mirage was seen at times, but nothing pretty. We encamped late, midway through the vast plateau, when shadowy night began to establish her sable throne, in "rayless majesty," over this silent,

sombre Desert. On such a horrid waste as this, when crime and murder shall have depopulated the world, the last man will breathe his last sigh! Another long and weary day was this. With difficulty could I descend from my camel, and when I did, I was unable to stand. My plan is, immediately on descending from the camel to take a table-spoonful of rum and swallow it neat. This restores me to a consciousness of the objects around me, and then I lie down an hour, whilst supper is preparing. An hour's rest generally enables me to get up and walk. If restored sufficiently, I go to chat half an hour with my companions of travel; if not, I never rise till the next morning. I found the rum of essential advantage in restoring me to consciousness. I am indebted to the Greek Doctor for it. One bottle lasted me from Mourzuk to four days within reaching Tripoli.

19*th*.—Continued the route of the plateau till the afternoon, when with a low range of mountains on our left, we entered a hilly undulating country, having stones, some good sized blocks, scattered thick over all the surface of the ground. In the small intervening valleys were a few acacias, and a little herbage for our camels. But behold a wonder! At noon, we passed through one of these small valleys, when to my thorough and complete amazement, we found a few men and a tent pitched. Doing what? Oh, wonder of wonders! These men were digging a well at the command of the Turks! Formerly the Turks in Barbary did nothing but fill up the wells, or let them be filled up. Another day has dawned over "the spirit of their dream." The Ottomans now begin to see that they must step forward in the

march of improvement, or be blotted out of existence, as a nation of the earth. This is the most difficult part of the route in coming up from Tripoli to Mourzuk, and the object of digging the well is to reduce the distance where water may be taken in to two and a half or three days, instead of four or five, which is now the case. The new well is already dug very deep, and I am sorry this extraordinary enterprise of the Turks, that of digging a well in The Desert, has not yet been crowned with success. Water would be found at last, but I have my misgivings about their perseverance. The French scientific officers, who have examined the Saharan districts of Algeria, are of opinion, that Artesian wells might be bored through every part of The Desert, and all these vast solitudes be linked together with chains of wells. Nothing is too great for the enterprising genius of man!

We encamped late in one of these valleys. The male slaves went to fetch wood. They were benighted, and could not return, or find their way back. A horse-pistol was fired three times, and these reports brought them into the encampment. Our Moors recommend me, when at any time benighted in The Desert, never to move, but wait for some sign or signal, or report of fire-arms, or until a person be sent in pursuit of me. This the slaves did, and were enabled to return. Had they wandered about, they would probably have got a long way out of the track, or from the encampment, and not heard the report of the pistol. To show the improvidence of our Moors, we had only just powder enough for these three discharges.

20*th.*—Continued through the undulating country

until we got fairly amidst massy mountainous groups of considerable altitude. These mountains are covered with small blocks of black (iron) stone, and ferruginous shingle. These immense groups are called Gibel Asoud, "Black Mountain." I went, on foot, with Essnousee and his slaves, "the short-cut," or mountain foot-path of Nifdah, leaving the camels to go round by the other, or camel route, of En-Nishka. I found, however, this "short-cut" a very long one, and dreadfully fatiguing. I recommend all travellers never to believe in the short-cuts of the Arabs, for they are sure to be deceived. These people have no ideas of distance or time. Only conceive a weak and exhausted traveller, like myself, climbing up and down groups of mountains for two weary hours. At length we descended into the valley where is the well of Ghotfa. We only remained an hour to rest, and drank a little water, not encamping at the well. We proceeded to meet the camels by the camel route. On overtaking them, we encamped at night-fall. This was another long and weary day, and made our fourth from Omm-El-Abeed. Our slaves were exhausted to the uttermost; their song, with which they were wont to cheer themselves, was never heard: their plaintive choruses never broke over the silence of Desert! It was to-day, whilst threading the precipitous mountain-path, I observed the unhappy negress, who went blind and mad by over-driving. Our route to-day is graphically described by Denham, and the passage being short, I shall copy it. "We had now to pass the Gibel Asoud, or Black Mountain. The northernmost part of this basaltic chain commences on leaving Sockna. We halted at Melaghi (or place of meeting); immediately at the foot of the mountain is the

well of Agutifa (Ghotfa,) and from hence, probably, the most imposing view of these heights will be seen. To the south, the mountain-path of Nifdah presents its black overhanging peaks, the deep chasm round which the path winds, bearing a most cavern-like appearance. A little to the west, the camel-path, called En-Nishka, appears scarcely less difficult and precipitous, the more southern crags close the landscape, while the foreground is occupied by the dingy and barren Wady of Agutifa, with the well immediately overhung by red ridges of limestone and clay, the whole presenting a picture of barrenness not to be perfectly described either by poet or painter." By this craggy gorge the plateau above-mentioned is entered, and it is frequently by such gorges, which seem to be the buttresses of the plateaus, that the elevated Saharan plains are approached.

About noon we met a reinforcement of Arab cavalry on their way to Mourzuk, to intercept the son of Abd-El-Geleel, in the event of his returning during the spring to Egypt or the Syrtis. I found the reputed six reduced to two hundred men, and most *triste* cavaliers, mounted on still more miserable horses. The stories which we have read of the fondness of the Arab for his horse were sadly belied by the fact of the condition of this troop. Indeed, an Arab treats his horse much in the same way as his wife—most miserably bad. This *triste* troop, worthy the command of the Knight of La Mancha, was a faithful picture of the wretched condition of the province of Tripoli. On passing me, some saluted, and others stared. Said met a former fellow-slave of the island of Jerbah going under the protection of this escort. The freed slave gave a confused account of the

last act of abolition of the Bey of Tunis. He was on his way to Begharmy, his native country. I observed a Turkish officer, having a sort of sedan-chair, swinging on the back of a camel, a good thing for an European female travelling in these countries, and not a bad thing for a worn-down emaciated tourist like myself. I envied him this Desert luxury.

21st.—Started with the first solar rays, and as we journeyed on, the valley of Ghotfa widened, till we found ourselves traversing an immense plain, at the extreme north of which, and on the west, we saw the palms of Sockna. We had seen them yesterday indistinctly from the peaks of Gibel Asoud. We continued our route for four hours, when we arrived at Sockna. There is still a goodly number of palms, notwithstanding the thousands destroyed by Abd-El-Geleel when besieging this place. The trunks of the destroyed palms still remain, and look like a leafless forest in winter, or as if blasted with lightning. But these Arabs, either in building up or in throwing down, never do their work effectually. Tired of their work of destruction, they thus, happily, left the inhabitants a considerable number of palms, affording a good stock of dates. We were met near the gates of the city by the friends and relatives of our people. Some of them gave me a salute, but I am now so half-Moorishly dressed, or Turk-like, that I am not readily distinguished as a Christian. When within the walls, the heat and the refraction of the sun's rays from the stone walls were so intense, that I really thought my face would have been burnt up. With a little patience we were domiciled in the dark room of an empty house, where I went to bed at 3 P.M., and did

not get up till the evening of the next day. During these hot sultry glaring days in Desert, how grateful is darkness,—how much better than light. On arriving at a station, I find it the best thing possible to lie down an hour or two, and, if in a town, where we are to remain a few days, to go to bed at once. This is the only way to recover effectually, and far better than food or stimulants. Since leaving Tripoli I have not performed a more arduous journey than these last five days. Our days' journeys were at least fourteen or fifteen hours long. In summer it requires seven days, or five short days and five long nights. On the road, there were no animals or living creatures, except a few lizards, starting from under the camel's feet, as if to look who we were, and ask why we had come to disturb their solitary basking in the sun; and a few swallows, which seemed to follow us to the well, or to the shores of the Mediterranean, whence they will now skim their airy way to the more temperate clime of Europe. I think, also, we saw two birds not unlike snipes. But we shall soon get within the region of birds and beasts.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RESIDENCE IN SOCKNA.

Visit to the Turkish Kaed of Sockna.—The Concubine of His Excellency.—Convoy of Provisions for the Troops of Mourzuk.—The number of Palms destroyed at Sockna by Abd-El-Geleel.—Population of Sockna, and position of the Oasis.—Visit to the Sockna Maraboutess.—The Lady honoured with "*Stigmata*," or "Holy Marks."—Propriety or impropriety of assuming the Moorish Character and the Mahometan Religion whilst Travelling in Sahara.—Gardens of the Environs.—Find several old Charms in my Lodgings.—Commerce and Merchants of Sockna.—Second Visit to the Maraboutess; her Character and Occupation.—Visit the Kaed; he compliments Christians.—Panoramic view from the Castle of Sockna.—Description of the Castle.—Third Visit to the Maraboutess.—Few Children in Sahara.—The little Turk or Kaed suffering under the power of Epsom, and very unwell.—Arrival of another Convoy.—Rain in North Africa.—Parallel Ideas between The East and Africa.

22nd.—Got up to write a little of my journal; found myself greatly recovered. Essnousee called, and we went to see the Turkish Governor in the evening. The Governor is called Kaed, Bey, and generally Mudeer Suleiman, by the people. We found his Excellency in the midst of his business, squatting tailor-like upon a raised bench of mud and lime, covered with a carpet. The Mudeer seemed happy enough, his secretary sitting below at his feet. He was very glad to see me, "For people," he observed, "don't see Christians every day in this horrid country." The Mudeer made me mount his throne by his side, giving me his superfine cushion to repose on, talking all the time; "Foolish men, you

Christians, to come to these horrible countries." From this elevated position I was enabled to survey his Excellency's receiving apartment, with the adjoining one. It was a rich and varied scene; only Dickens could do justice to any description of these state-rooms of the Castle of Sockna. We had first the Mudeer, a little dirty mean-looking Turk, most shabbily attired, with some fifty or sixty winters on his Ottoman brow, but with a sufficiently good-natured face. The Mudeer has been only two months in Sockna. He was sent from Mourzuk, and enjoys the confidence of Hasan Belazee. Before him there was another Turkish Kaed of Sockna. The continual jealousies and rivalries in these towns prevent the Pacha from appointing them one of their native Sheikhs. The Mudeer has been four years in Barbary, but, like all the Turks, speaks Arabic very badly, with a most detestable accent. The apartment of the Kaed is a portion of the Castle, the passages to which are a mass of ruins, and you are afraid of the walls or ceilings of dilapidated rooms tumbling on your head. Sockna, like Mourzuk, has its Castle, separated from the town. The Mudeer's room is a wretched dirty barn, with a large mud fire-place in the centre. Around it are now seated a number of Moors, talking violently and quarrelling. The Kaed cannot understand them, and calls out, "What is it? what is it?" "Oh, nothing," they scream out in turn, "we're only talking amongst ourselves." The Turk turns to me :—"Christian, I am a Kaed of beasts, not men. Drink your coffee now." There is always a great mixture of freedom and awe, as it may happen, in the intercourse between the Turks and Moors. But the prime feature of the scene now under

consideration, is the Sockna doxy, whom the little dirty Turk has closeted in an adjoining room. At first she peeps out, but seeing only a Christian has come in, she becomes more familiar, and at last sallies out boldly, and begins romping with the Kaed's Negro lad. This is a great lout of a fellow, who can't keep from grinning. The Nigger lout is dressed in the clothes of the new Turkish troops, and, as might be expected, there is a rent behind, from which issues his dirty linen, in all its nasty splendour. This the doxy now seizes hold of, to the infinite amusement of his Excellency the Governor, his Secretary, and various courtiers, as likewise myself. The lady herself is not quite a Desert maiden, skipping like a young roe over the mountains, in untutored innocence or coyish bashfulness. She is young, it is true, but full-blown and bloated, very big about, and excessively dirty and nasty. The favourite of the Mudeer is besides almost as black as a Negress, with a pock-marked face. After dodging about with the Negro clown some ten minutes, her eye catches the shape of a huge ill-looking Turkish fellow, walking heavily into our apartment, or hall of audience, and the Moorish damsel immediately retires to her private boudoir.

I was not aware of the presence in Sockna of another Turk. He is in charge of a convoy of provisions for the troops of Mourzuk, consisting of eighty camels laden with oil, and rice, and mutton fat, boiled down. The convoy has been detained ten days for want of camels. The officer had been on as far as Ghotfa Wady, and returned, his miserable camels dropping and dying. These provisions are conveyed at the expense of the principal towns through which the convoy passes. The discussion

going on to-day between the Kaed and the Sockna people, was about obtaining the requisite number of camels. The Kaed I now heard exclaim, "By G—d, after to-morrow the camels must go!" The people, "Impossible! they will die, they will die." I could obtain no news from the Turk escorting the convoy. He was an ignorant beast. But, curious enough, the fellow was dressed as much like an European as he could well be so travelling, with neckcloth, jacket, trousers strapped over black shoes, and a large pair of leather gloves, which he told me he found very useful in keeping the sun from burning his hands.

During my interview, the circumstance of Abd-El-Geleel cutting down the palms of the suburbs because the Sockna people would not surrender to his summons, or acknowledge his authority, was mentioned. The number cut down by the besieging Sheikh, from 20,000 was now raised to 120,000. Of course, this is exaggeration. Unfortunately, however, the Sheikh destroyed nearly all the best palms, those bearing most delicious fruit, and which palms have rendered Sockna dates so celebrated, whilst he left all the worst to spite the people. It will require seven years merely to replace them as fruit-bearing palms, and thirty or fifty years to mature palms yielding fruit of the quantity and quality of those destroyed. This it is which fills all Sockna people with a thirst of vengeance to extirpate root and branch the family of Abd-El-Geleel. The people themselves have offered Government to defray the expense of an expedition to Bornou, to cut off his son and all the Oulad Suleiman. Essnousee, a good patriot, swears he will not rest until he has had vengeance upon the Oulad

Suleiman; yet he is afraid to go to Bornou again whilst they are there. He says:—"We (Sockna people) muster 2,000 men, all fighting men, not women or chickens, like the people of Ghadames. We fight like the French. Our country is like France. The Bashaw sends no troops to our assistance. He knows we can defend ourselves." It is a fact they have no troops here, although Sockna is the most important town of these upper provinces. Since the conquest of Algiers by the French, the Moors think France the greatest military nation upon the face of the earth. If we reckon the adult males of Sockna at the half of Essnousee's estimate, the general population will be something like this amount:—

Men	1,000	souls
Women	1,500	"
Children and slaves	3,000	"
Total	5,500	"

Sockna is often spoken of as distinct from the districts of Fezzan, and so it really is; but others include both it and Bonjem within the circle of these clusters of oases, forming one province. The Turkish Kaed is more or less dependant on the Bashaw of Mourzuk. His salary is not very extravagant, twenty-five dollars per mensem. His Excellency may make a little besides on his own account, for this is hardly enough to keep him. Sockna is placed in 29° 5′ 36″ north latitude, and has always been an emporium of trade on the ancient line of communication between Northern and Central Africa. In many respects Sockna is like Ghadames. The principal inhabit-

ants are a few rich merchants; provisions are scarce, everything being imported, as the gardens afford but a scanty supply of edible products, and all things are extremely dear. Leo mentions that, in his times, both Ghadames and Fezzan were dear places, and food scarce.

23*rd*.—Much better to-day in health, and rose early. Wrote several letters, which were not sent on, curiosities in their way, and scarcely now legible. Afternoon sent a letter by the Shantah (courier) to Mr. Gagliuffi. It will reach Mourzuk in eight days. A letter is also eight days getting to Tripoli, in the opposite direction. This evening all the town was occupied in buying a few sheep. What people for business are these Moors! The sheep were brought out, one by one, and bid for, as at an auction. They were cheap, from two and a half dollars to three each.

Called upon some Sockna ladies, whose acquaintance I made through the nephew of Essnousee. They were his relations, and received us very kindly, *en famille*. These ladies were occupied with worsted embroidery, at which they earn a few paras. One is a Maraboutah, or Maraboutess. She reads and writes a little, and this, with a mind prone to religious ideas, constitutes her a saint. Few are the Moorish or Arab female saints, for woman is hardly dealt with by the Mahometan faith. There is a celebrated tutelary goddess, or Maraboutah, near the city of Tunis, who is invoked by all the women of the country, and a pilgrimage is made to her shrine every morning. The remarkable circumstance about this Sockna Maraboutess is, that she is very weak about the loins and cannot walk upright, being frequently carried about. She says, and the people confirm her testimony,

she has "holy marks" upon her, imprinted by some supernatural being; I think the angel Gabriel was mentioned. This reminds me of the "Stigmata" of Saint Francis of Assisi, for doubting which "canonical fact," Pope Ugolino was very near anathematizing the Bishop of Olmutz. I therefore shall not doubt this prodigy, equally well authenticated, lest I incur the excommunication of the good people of Sockna. I had not the pleasure of seeing the "holy marks" of the Maraboutess, they being imprinted on an unobserved portion of her body, but I cannot question their existence. It is wonderful (a far greater prodigy!) what are the analogies of religion and superstition. How like the feeling and the sentiment! and in this case the very corporal marks of the body! I asked the Maraboutess if she would prefer the use of her limbs to these "holy marks." She answered very quietly and properly, "As God wills, so I will." The Sockna saint then put to me this question, "If the English knew and worshipped God?" How many times has this question been asked! And yet we, in the pride of our conceit, imagine that we monopolize all religion, as well as all virtue and science, presuming all the world knows it, and recognizes our superiority. My Maraboutess was pleased to hear that the English knew God.

24*th.*—Copied a letter or two. Since my return, looking over the published journal of the Bornou expedition, I find this paragraph under the rubric of Sockna. "And in this way we entered the town: the words Inglesi! Inglesi! were repeated by a hundred voices from the crowd. This, to us, was highly satisfactory, as we were the first English travellers in Africa who had

resisted the persuasion that a disguise was necessary, and who had determined to travel in our real character as Britons and Christians*," &c. "In trying to make ourselves appear as Mussulmans, we should have been set down as real impostors." This is a most extraordinary passage. The reader will hardly believe, or really cannot believe after this, that these very parties themselves were circumcised and attended the mosques. But such was the case; I had it from unquestionable authority. This is altogether too bad. A little decorating of an

* This is probably an allusion to the following observations of Captain Lyon, in justification of his assuming the Mahometan religion:—"It may be necessary before I take leave of Mourzuk, and indeed of Tripoli, to explain that our adoption of the Moorish costume was by no means a sufficient safeguard in either of those places, or in traversing the interior of Africa; for, though it might, to a casual observer, blind suspicion, yet when we had occasion to remain for a time at any place, or to perform journeys in company with strangers, we found that it was absolutely requisite to conform to all the duties of the Mohammedan religion, as well as to assume their dress. To this precaution I attribute our having met with so little hindrance in our proceedings; for had we openly professed ourselves Christians, we might, in Fezzan, have experienced many serious interruptions; whilst farther in the interior, even our lives would have been in continual jeopardy. The circumstance of our having come from a Christian country, which we always acknowledged, frequently rendered us liable to suspicion; but by attending constantly at the established prayers, and occasionally acknowledging the divine mission of Mahomet; or, more properly, by repeating, 'There is no God but God, Mahomet is his Prophet,' we were enabled to overcome all doubts respecting our faith." It must be added, in justice to Messrs. Ritchie and Lyon, that since 1821 a vast change has been wrought in the minds of the Moors of North Africa, and especially with regard to Englishmen. When even Denham and Clapperton visited Mourzuk, they were not allowed to reside in the town, but kept in the castle, under the special protection of the Bashaw, lest anything should befall them from the prejudices of the people.

incident, or a conversation, I imagine, is allowed to the traveller, but this circumstance can hardly be passed by without animadversion. However, when this was written, the most conscientious man of the party (Oudney) was dead. Clapperton did not write this portion of the journal: for its composition Denham alone seems to be responsible. I shall add no more, thanking God, that, with all my follies, I did not commit such a folly, as first to ape the Mussulman, and then repudiate it in print before the world.

25th.—Took a walk and went to see the Kaed. His Excellency was sitting outside, washed and clean shaved, for once whilst I saw him, with a thin white burnouse thrown over his shoulders. It was a saint's day with him. His Excellency presented to me a cup of coffee without sugar, but, Turk-like, when indulging in their dreamy taciturnity, did not open his lips. However I had nothing to say to him, nor he to me. Afterwards I strolled through the suburbs to botanize. Visited the nearest garden, and found the slaves occupied in irrigating it. An old Moor gave me a little horticultural information. It requires twelve years for growing a good fruit-bearing palm; but, he admitted, a palm might bear fruit within seven or eight years. Observed a male palm. Instead of white flowers which the female palm has at this season, the male has enormously long broad hard pods, but also contains flowers. When the flowers are fit for germination the pods will burst. The flowers are then thrown over the female palm to produce impregnation. The madder-root is here cultivated; it is watered every third day. The leaves are cropped often, but the root requires three years to come to perfection.

Wheat and barley are watered in Sockna every other day. Observed the tree called gharod, or gharoth, or gurd; it bears a seed-pod which is used in tanning leather, from its great astringency. In all the Sockna gardens this tree abounds. It is a species of mimosa, with a yellow flower, and small delicate leaves like the acacia. It is a pretty tree, high, and spreading, perhaps twenty feet in height. The seed-pod is sold one quarter dollar the Fezzan kael, or measure, half a peck or so. The gurd is also employed medicinally. I was glad to see several young palms recently planted. I love progress; everything in the shape and style of progress delights me. Would to God the entire Desert was covered with palms. But man would be just as corrupt and unthankful! Being shut up in a dark room three or four days, I felt the sun disagreeable, paining my eyes. In returning, I stopped at a school and wrote for the boys,

بسم الله الرحمان الرحيم ربّ واحد وقادراً

which delighted them beyond measure.

A man, ran away to-day with his three camels, not liking Government work, which is usually performed by Moors and Arabs for the Turks at a price less than nothing. Some of the Kaed's officers went in pursuit of him. Evening, called on the Kaed, and found his flaming concubine extended at her full length upon his elevated seat of authority. His Excellency himself, meanwhile, had stepped out of the Castle to look after the camels. The Bashaw of Mourzuk has sent him a wigging letter for the delay in sending up the convoy of provisions. Picked up several old charms in my

room to-day. They had been placed over the threshold of the door to keep out the Evil One. Sometimes they are tied round the necks of camels, and even placed on trees, especially at the time when bearing fruit, for the purpose of preserving the camel from mange, or the tree from blight. These talismans usually have a diagram of this and other shapes, with certain Arabic signs, letters, words, and sentences, written within and without.

بسم الله الرحمان الرحيم

ع	ر	م	ف
ااا	ق	+	لم
Δ	φ	π	ث

It will be seen that some of the signs are Greek letters. I brought with me three of these charms from The Desert; one to obtain me a good reception from the English Sultan on my return; another to conduct me safely to Timbuctoo, should I be disposed to attempt the journey; and the third to procure for me a pretty wife. My charms have not yet compassed these various interesting objects, but they infallibly will do so. The taleb who wrote them gets his living by writing charms, and is very successful in his craft. His paper squibs rarely miss fire, and when they do it is not the fault of the charms but that of the person who wears them. It is

necessary to kiss them frequently and fervently, and repeat over them the name of God*.

26th.—We were to have started to-day, but, as usual, delay. Time is not the estate of these people; rather it is their lavish, valueless waste. Called early on his Excellency. Coffee without sugar. His Excellency very merry, because he had sent off the oil, grease, and rice caravan. What a pother it was—it was like the starting of an expedition to conquer all Central Africa! His Excellency's concubine still occupies the seat of honour, where she frequently goes to sleep. The courtiers of his

* As a suitable accompaniment of Mussulman charms, I add, in a note, the following specimen of a Christian charm, which I found in the letter of the *Times*' Swiss correspondent.—(See *Times*, 10th Dec., 1847):—

"More—I have seen some curious little brass amulets, with the effigy of the Virgin on one side and the Cross on the other, which were sold in great numbers to the people as charms against all possible injuries in battle. Those sold at seven and ten batzen (about 10*d.* and 15*d.* of our money) were efficacious against musket and carbine balls; those at twenty batzen (about half-a-crown) were proof against cannon shot also! The purchasers of these medals were also presented with a card, of which the following is a *verbatim* transcript, capitals, italics, and all:—

'O MARIE

CONÇUE SANS PECHE,

PRIEZ POUR NOUS QUI AVONS RECOURS A VOUS!

'*Quiconque*, portant une médaille miraculeuse, récite avec piété cette invocation, se trouve placé sous la protection spéciale de la Mère de Dieu; c'est une promesse de Marie Elle Même.'

Which, being interpreted—if indeed I may be excused for profaning the honest English tongue with such blasphemy—is,

'Oh Mary!—conceived without sin—pray for us who have recourse to you. *Any one* carrying a miraculous medal, who recites with piety the above invocation, becomes placed under the especial protection of the Mother of God. This is a promise made by Mary herself.'"

Excellency wink at this little peccadillo. Essnousee remarked to me it was all right; "The Mudeer must have some sort of a wife." Had some conversation with an intelligent Moor on the trade of Sockna. It appears the merchants are in the same predicament as those of Ghadames. They are all without capital, and are virtually commission-agents of the Jewish and Christian merchants in Tripoli. They receive their goods on giving bills for six, nine, and twelve months. These goods they carry to Mourzuk and Ghat, exchanging them for slaves and other produce of the interior. Afterwards they return to Tripoli, sell their slaves and goods, pay off their old debts, and contract new engagements. Meanwhile they have scarcely a para to call their own. Therefore European merchants, aided by native Jews, are the *bonâ fide* supporters of the traffic of slaves in Sahara.

Visited my dearest lady-saint, or Maraboutess, this evening.

The Saint.—"In a short time I am going to *Beit Allah* ('house of God,' or Mecca)."

"Indeed!" I replied.

"Yes, there I shall repose under the shadow of the Holy Place, resting my poor broken limbs and spending my days in fervent prayer, preparing myself for heaven:" continued the pious lady.

The Traveller.—"What shall you do in Paradise?"

The Lady.—"I shall eat and drink well, and be dressed in silk."

The Traveller.—"Shall you have a husband?"

The Lady.—"Yes."

The Traveller.—"Shall you bear children!"

The Lady.—"No."

The Traveller.—"Where is Paradise?"

The Lady.—"God knows, you don't know*."

This good amiable lady is somewhat *spirituelle* for a Mooress, and makes lively and apposite remarks on other things, as well as religion. The Marabouteess may be twenty-five or thirty years of age, not good-looking, neither disagreeable. A dark complexion, a prominent aquiline nose, a fine gazelle-like eye, and hard-looking features are overshadowed with a *triste* and melancholy expression, from the circumstance of her being continually an invalid. I saw the poor thing was so weak that she could not stand upright. The saint said, with a heavy sigh, as she attempted to move about, "If I were to go to Tripoli, would you give me a ride on your camel?" I answered, "Every morning a couple of hours," during which time I always walk. She then complained of her poverty. She did not know how she should get money enough to go on her pilgrimage to Mecca. If God had given her the strength of others, she would have walked bare-foot over The Desert. I consoled her by saying, that, being a saint, all the pious Moslems would relieve her. She would get a ride from one and another, and God would soon help her over the dreary Desert. The Marabouteess was busy embroidering in coloured worsted, chiefly the bodies of frocks, which are worn by brides on their marriage-days, as well as by lady Mooresses on other festivals. In ten days she earns two shillings, the price of one embroidered frock. She has always more than she can do, for

* This is the tiresome, frequently-recurring phrase of the Koran.

the women of Sockna consider garments made by her, "holy robes," and keep them all their life-time. For the rest, she, poor thing, lives on alms. She asked, of course, many questions about women in Christian lands, and was very much surprised to hear that the supreme ruler of England was a woman. The Maraboutess observed, however, in her character as such, "What a pity she (the Queen of England) was not the daughter of Mahomet, like Fatima!" The saintess then asked if Her Majesty had any children, and was glad to hear she had so many. Three or four children is a good number for women in these oases. She was puzzled to know why I was not married. I told her I could not carry about a wife in Sahara. Another woman, listening, observed, "Why, you foolish one, leave her at home till you return." These ladies then spoke of religious rites, and asked me if a Christian, when he was buried, was placed on his knees. This notion they have got from our habits of prayer. Moslems never kneel, properly speaking, at prayer. Their attitudes at prayer are in style and essence, prostration. The ladies, growing bolder, began to speak of the "Bad Place," the *ultima thule* of Moorish discussion with Christians, imitating the fire of perdition with their hands and mouth, wafting the air with those, and blowing and puffing with this, and then asked me how I should like "The Fire" (النار). But I returned, "Christians say all Mohammedans will go into that fire." This greatly shocked them, and they asked if I thought so likewise. I replied, "All who fear God, and are good to their neighbour, may expect to see Paradise, if there be one." "Ah, that's good!" these proselyting ladies exclaimed. The Maraboutess was, however, more thought-

ful. "Do you doubt there is a Paradise?" she asked, looking me full in the face.

I.—"There must be such a place, at least let us hope so; for this is a bad world, and everybody in it is miserable—Sultans and Dervishes."

"God is great!" exclaimed the Maraboutah. She then begged for medicine to cure her, for although she had stigmata like St. Francis, she would rather be cured of them. I recommended her the baths in Tripoli, and to put herself under the treatment of the English doctor. "Oh," she added, "send me some medicine, and I'll give you some milk." Then the poor thing, groaning with an attack of pain, continued, "Do, make haste." I could do nothing for the poor sufferer. On returning to my house, I sent her some cream-of-tartar, and received from her some milk immediately, showing her high sense of gratitude.

27th.—Visited the little dirty Kaed. He gave me dates' syrup to drink. It was more delicious than honey. This syrup is made by pouring fresh water on fresh dates, and covering up the bowl in which they are placed, allowing it to stand a night. Only one of the species of the Sockna dates, but that of the most exquisite quality, will produce this Saharan ambrosia. Generally, if dates are steeped in water, they will not produce syrup, and only get a little soft. People never wash dates. They say it deprives them of their fine fresh and peculiar date-flavour. When the Mudeer handed me the bowl to drink the syrup, he observed to the Moors and his precious doxy, sitting wantonly by his side, "The Christians are fine people. If in Sockna you give them a cup of coffee, or a few dates, and see

them afterwards in Tripoli they will make you many compliments, and be very kind to you." This remark was made spontaneously, having no selfish end. The old Turk was too much of a gentleman in his way to allow such a sordid calculation to enter his mind at the time. I may mention here, a woman observed when I visited the Maraboutess, (addressing me), "You must send the medicine, for a Christian *mou yakidtheb* (never lies)." It is a pity that these people, who have discernment enough to see at times the moral superiority of Christians, should not look a little below the surface and inquire into its cause. Not, however, that all Europeans, (or myself,) deserve these high compliments of gratitude and love of truth, although, compared to Moors and Arabs, we are certainly far their superiors in morals. The little dirty Turk had as usual his fair concubine installed on the seat of honour. Sockna people say, "She has no husband," and others, "She is the Kaed's wife," to make the best of a bad appearance.

28*th.*—Shut up writing during the morning, but in the evening paid a visit to the little nasty dirty Turk, and found the little nasty dirty fellow very civil. His Excellency complained of being very sick. I returned immediately to fetch him some medicine. Afterwards we mounted together to the top of the Castle. From this eminence, we had a splendid view of the environs, and the various little oases of Sockna and its neighbouring desert. The distant mountains form an unbroken circular line on the pale margin of the sky, except on the east, where it is indented a little, but of several heights and colours, giving a fine and more varied effect to The Desert scene. Within this circle, at the base of

the various groups, are black-green palms, scattered in little forests, casting shades on the now white, now light red, and now purple mountain sides, as if to set off the perspective of The Desert picture. Here and there are garden-huts or lodges in the wilderness, so many black spots within little squares of pale-green patches of corn cultivation. There is a string of moving dots. What is that? A caravan winding along its weary way. Not a bird is seen to wing the ambient air. The atmosphere generally is a pale unpolished yellow, inclining in some cloudy flakes to red. The Saharan sun now fast descends, with a feeble heat and exhausted lustre, showing the near approach of the dull and drowsy step of shadowy night. There is something about Saharan views which is peculiar to them and to Africa; every object is so smoothed down and smoothed over, that the scenery of Desert looks at a distance more like paint and picture-work, than the stern realities of the Wasteful Sahara. And yet these smoothed-down picture-objects are so well defined and sharply prominent—all the lines traced in the most absolute manner—no blending of shapes or even colours. Mist and misty objects are not frequent in the African Desert.

The Castle of Sockna would be considered by us a ruined building, and condemned as unsafe to be inhabited, but here it is always "The Castle." It does not contain a single good room; all is tumbling to pieces, and if you don't take care, you will fall through some of the floors, gaping open with large holes at your feet to let you in. Only one miserable piece of cannon was mounted, and two other pieces of ordnance were lying "below stairs," corroding most delightfully in rust. But

the Turks never pretend that this place can make any serious defence against an enemy. Were indeed a good piece of ordnance fired from the top of The Castle, the concussion would knock down all the part of the building where it was placed. As it is, a portion of the outer walls has fallen down, and the rubbish is scattered up to the doors of the neighbouring shops. No effort is made to clear away this rubbish. "Why should it not remain where God has allowed it to fall?" says the fate-believing Moslemite. The owners of the shops creep to their magazines of merchandize as they best may. I remarked to the little dirty Turk, who sat with a dreamy stare looking over The Desert, smoking very unpolitely with his back to the sun, "This country without question was formerly in a much better state, and The Castle in good repair." His Excellency shook his head negatively. The Turks detest this country, hating its inhabitants with the most cordial hatred. Yet the lust of rule, (the object of a fatal ambition in all Moslemite countries,) and the right and power of bastinading a man when they please, reconciles them to The Desert, and to its weary, dreary, blank mode of existence. For what toys do men sacrifice the best days of their life, and the most noble faculties of their being!

Glad to get away from the dirty old Turk. Called later to see my dearest Maraboutess, with whom I was almost inclined to fall in love. It is a positive relief to find something, and somebody amiable in this Desert of human affections. The saint had many visitors, and is evidently held in high respect by the inhabitants. Her female associates sitting by her, asked me, what has been so often asked before, if the Christian women

brought three or four children at a birth. From some cause or other, polygamy, obesity in the women, or the abuse of the marriage-bed, Saharan females have very few children. There were five elderly men in our caravan; all were married, of course, for every man marries amongst Mahometans. These old gentlemen had not more than two children each, and one of them none. I set the Sockna ladies right, telling them, some of our women had twins, and now and then three, but that one was the rule. Every thing about us Christians is exaggerated. The people of these towns think us a distinct race from themselves. Such is the effect of religion when misapplied; it estranges men from one another instead of drawing them together with the cords of brotherly affection. An Arab present with us, changing the subject, asked why I did not go to Bornou, for all the Oulad Suleiman (Arabs of the Syrtis) up at Bornou were friends of the English, and one and the same with them? He continued, "But let them come here to cut down again our palms, and we will not leave one of them alive." I gave the poor Maraboutess a few paras, received her blessing, and bade her an affectionate adieu. Happy would be many, if with such bodily afflictions they could amuse themselves with such blissful visions!

His Excellency presented me with half a pound of coffee, and told me to beware of the Sockna people, who would rob me of it if they could.

29*th*.—Called early to visit the "Grand Turk" of the Castle, and administered to his Excellency a full dose of genuine Epsom. In turn, he gave me a basin of coffee with milk,—quite a novelty in The Desert,—which I thought a splendid exchange. I had a good deal to do

to get him to swallow the Epsom. On calling to see him in the afternoon, I found his Excellency racing about like a real jockey of Epsom, running out at times very abruptly, to the great amusement of his Sultana, who admired the effects of the Epsom. Called again in the evening to see my patient, and found his Excellency suffering from what he called dysentery, and administered a couple of small opium pills. The Turk observed, with something of a grin, that Christian doctors knew more of the inside than the outside of a man.

30*th.*—Another Turk arrived this morning with another convoy of provisions from Tripoli. He is twenty days from that city. He complains of the camels. Certainly I never saw worse camels than these of the Tripoline Arabs. The Turk brings good news. Rain has fallen copiously in The Mountains. It is the "*latter* rain" in the Scriptural phrase, ὑετον οψιμον. The "*early* rain," ὑετον πρωϊμον, falls in North Africa about September and October. The "*latter* rain" continues to April, and sometimes falls in May. In December and January there is often dry weather, and the finest season in the year for Europeans. Want of rain in Fezzan and Sockna is compensated for by the abundance of springs. These rains in The Mountains will establish the rule of the Turks. It is only a question of provisions. The want of rain for several years has brought Tripoli to the verge of ruin, and the Sultan is tired of supporting this Regency. If a few good harvests come, Tripoli will support itself. Wrote to Mr. Gagliuffi by this caravan, to tell him where I was on the 30th of March! He expects me by this time to be at Tripoli. We are to leave this evening.

Amused myself again by noticing several parallel ideas between The East and Africa, as found in our Scriptures.

In these countries there is always some one great river; for this reason, Moors will always have the Nile and the Niger to be "one great river." Mr. Cooley, in his "Negroland of the Arabs," proposes, for the various names given by ancient and modern geographers to the Niger, the simple epithet of "The Great River." In The East, we have, *τὸν ποταμὸν τὸν μεγαν τὸν Εὐφράτην* (Rev. xvi. 12), "The Great River Euphrates." It is not to be supposed the prophets and evangelists were instructed in geography beyond their age. The vial of wrath is not poured upon Ganges, or Mississippi, or Amazon, but on Euphrates, the great river of that age and time, although not of our age and times.

Καλαμον χρυσοῦν (Rev. xxi. 15), "a golden reed." The term *καλαμον*, the root of which are the three consonants *κλμ*, is the same as قلم, "a reed" first, and afterwards, "a pen made of a reed." It is difficult sometimes to get reeds in The Desert, and they are carried about from oasis to oasis. On the salt plains of Emjessem, near Ghadames, there is a fine lagoon of reeds, of which pens are made. It is probable the angel *wrote* the measurement of the "Holy Jerusalem" with a reed pen, and not *measured* it with a reed, as represented in our version.

Και ἡ γυνη εφυγεν εις την ερημον (Rev. xii. 6), "and the woman fled to the Wilderness." The Wilderness, or Desert, in ancient times, as now, in this part of the world, was always a place of refuge; but, as the world becomes civilized, the Wilderness will offer no resource to the fugitive, and the back-woods of the new colonies will no longer shelter the runaway, or outlaw of society,

or the innocent patriot fleeing from the pursuit of his country's tyrants. Gibbon gives an affecting description of the fugitive Roman, who found Rome's omnipresent tyrant in every clime whither he fled, on every soil paced by his trembling foot. Before this time arrives, let us hope liberty will have settled down, with its outspread eagle wings sheltering every country of the habitable globe.

Ἐὰν ὁ Κύριος θελήσῃ, καὶ ζήσωμεν, καὶ ποιήσωμεν τοῦτο ἢ ἐκεῖνο. (James iv. 15.) Mahomet and his disciples have made enough of this divine injunction, which, indeed, ought to be more practised by Christians. By the Moslems, however, it is carried to a superstitious excess, and the *En shallah*—ان شاء الله—"*Deo Volente*," is continually in their mouths. They cannot even say, "Yes," to anything, although *la, la,* "no, no," is heard frequently enough. The *aywah,* ايوه, "yes," means rather "well done," than "yes." But it is a pity they have not adopted, with the same superstitious strictness, the *ὀμνύετε,* "swear not," of the same writer; for no people in the world swear so much, and by such sacred names, as the Arabs and Moors.

Φόβος οὐκ ἔστιν ἐν τῇ ἀγάπῃ, ἀλλ' ἡ τελεία ἀγάπη ἔξω βάλλει τὸν φόβον, ὅτι ὁ φόβος κόλασιν ἔχει. (1 John iv. 18.) "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment." I have never yet heard the Arabs or Moors speak of "*loving* God." They say either, "He *knows* God," or, "He *fears* God." Nevertheless, such phrases agree with our expression of religious sentiment. Besides knowing and fearing God, our religion requires that we *love* God. This the Saharan Mussul-

man does not well understand. All his religious system is: "To know that there is a God, to be feared and dreaded as an earthly Prince or Sultan, who at times rules them with a rod of iron." So all their actions, motives, impulses, whether religious or secular, spring the rather from fear than love. And so it is, that whenever they speak to a Christian about religion, their first and last argument is, "The torments of the Lost," as I have already so often mentioned; and the fear of the fire of perdition, it may be added, is their continual "torment." The Koran helps them out, in their dread of corporal torments. I need not refer to the celebrated passage, which represents the wicked in the regions of the lost as "gnawing their fingers and knuckles in the rage and agonies of their pain." But in Rev. xvi. 10, we also have—*εμασσωντο τας γλωσσας αὐτων εκ του πονου* "they gnawed their tongues for pain." In both cases the picture is too terrible to be calmly contemplated. It is a true observation of philosophy, that the pictures of the future state of man, as delineated in the sacred books of different religions, are, the greater part of them of a painful and horrible character. But the Koran surpasses all these books, in wire-drawn and elaborately-wrought descriptions, the most mournful, the most disgusting, the most terrible, of the torments of the damned. Is it because, men generally can only be moved by fear, and not by love, to the practice of virtue and religious observances? But in Sahara the principle of fear is carried into the minutest relations of social life. The child fears and venerates, not loves, his father; he approaches his parent with awe, not with the confidence of love. The wife always fears, rarely loves, her husband.

Connubial pleasures are not the embraces of love and confidence, but of lust and rule; and the woman slavishly submits to the caprices of the man, as bound by an absolute and resistless contract, and not from affection or any inclination. So it was in earliest times,—the weaker went to the wall, and the stronger was the master; might was right. Peter ungallantly reminds the women of his age of *κύριον αὐτον καλοῦσα*, "(the wife), calling him (the husband) lord," as the practice of the women of a still remoter age. Nothing flatters an African husband so much as to hear his wife call him "lord," and "master." But it was not the intention of the first propagators of our religion to disturb the social customs and (Oriental habits of) society. Besides, the apostles, being Jews and Asiatics, would naturally introduce into their new doctrine the old despotic notions of the East regarding women. When Christianity spread west and north, these notions of despotism over women were resisted in Greece* and Rome, and by the Germanic tribes, amongst whom especially women were treated as dignified and responsible agents, enjoying equal rights with men. Nevertheless, the condition of women has improved everywhere with the spread of the pure morality of Christianity.

Near Sockna, or one and a half hour east, is Houn; and two hours north-east, is Wadan. The water of these two towns is brackish.

* So we find Paul declaiming that he will not suffer a woman to speak in the churches. It was the Greek women who wished to assert the dignity of woman by teaching in the assemblies of the saints.

CHAPTER XXX.

FROM SOCKNA TO MISRATAH.

Well of Hammam.—Innocent game of the Negresses.—Baiting at noon.—Bird's-nests and Birds in Sahara.—Ghiblee or the *Simoum*; its terrible effects on our Caravan.—Delusions of Desert, and bewilderment of our People.—Disastrous Fate of the Young Tuscan.—Snakes.—Small capital of some Slave-Merchants.—Arrival at Bonjem.—Visit the Roman Ruins of Septimius Severus.—The newly created Oasis.—Regulations to mitigate Saharan Slave-traffic.—My Imbroglio with Essnousee.—Imbroglio of an Arab with the Kaed of Bonjem.—Description of the Fort of Bonjem.—The Disease of the *Filaria Medinensis*, and its Cure.—My Journal confused and fragmentary.—Route from Bonjem to Misratah.—Enter the regions of Rain and Open Culture.—*Bughalah*, or the Rock, where Abd-El-Geleel was assassinated.—Wells of Daymoum and Namwah.—Sudden changes of Temperature in North Africa.—Well of Saneeah Abd-El-Kader.—Stream of Touwarkah.—Ecstatic joy on arriving near the Sea.—How diminutive all things are become in comparison with the Vast Sahara.—Arrival at Misratah.

In the afternoon, about three, we left Sockna *en route* for Tripoli; we arrived at Hammam in a couple of hours. On the road, we met not less than three hundred camels laden with provisions and ammunition for the troops at Mourzuk, shewing evidently the dread which the Turks have of the Arabs under the son of Abd-El-Geleel, and any sudden attack by them on Fezzan. This is a bad speculation for the Turks. Fezzan can never pay at such a rate.

Hammam, is a collection of small sand-hills grouped together, around and upon which are palms. There is also a well of tolerably good water. The name Hammam ("hot-spring"), is derived from the circumstance of there being here a hot-spring; but now said to be covered up by the sand-hills. This is what the people have received by tradition. Very hot this evening; the sun burnt us most extraordinarily. We felt it more after having been shut up some days in Sockna; we took in a supply of water at Hammam in preference to the waters of Sockna. This evening, the Negresses played their usual sweet innocent little game. They form an alley by taking hands, blocked up at the end. At the top enters one of their number backwards. As she passes along the opposite pairs, each couple put their hands across and form a sort of seat for her, by which she is bumped backwards from one seat to another seat of hands, through the whole alley. When arriving at the end, she falls into the chain of hands. Another now enters, being bumped backwards on her broad bustle like her predecessor, and caught by the hands stretched across the alley. I don't know whether this is intelligible, but the game is very simple and full of mirth. The point of tact is, their always sitting down on the hands, and not falling back on the ground, when, like every body who attempts to sit down on a chair and suddenly finds himself on the floor, they would look very foolish. But as the Devil leaped over the fold of Paradise, so he may be expected to creep in everywhere, and the Negro lads are always peeping about, at a respectful distance, to see what they can see, when these falls take place; and I imagine the zest of the thing, both amongst the lads and the lasses,

turns upon this naughty circumstance. So much for poor innocence, and innocent games.

31st.—Started, as the sun shewed his broad face above the horizon. Route till the afternoon over a sandy, gravelly plain; then entered some hilly country, where we came to the well of Temet-Tar. Excessively hot again to-day, apparently the precursor of the Simoum the following day. In this Fezzanee caravan, it is our practice to halt at noon, or thereabouts, to take a little refreshment. I am informed, all the caravans of this route do so. The Ghadamsee caravans, on the route of Ghat, never halt in the day-time, continuing from morning to night. Our people carry a few dates in a bag, or on the camel's back, all ready for the luncheon. These they throw down upon a portion of a barracan spread on the sands. Sometimes a piece of bread is broken over the dates. They then squat round this repast in groups. The slaves save from their previous day's supper, or from the morning, a few dates for this time of the day, and are allowed each a drink of water. Noticed a bird's-nest on a furze of The Desert. This is only the second I have ever seen in Sahara. A few small birds are now hopping about on the line of route. But I have observed the colour of the birds to vary with the region through which we pass. Now they are yellow, now black, now black and white, and all as small as linnets. These birds have no song, only chirping and twittering about. A few larks I have seen where water and palms and other trees abound. We encamped about 4 P.M. The water of the well is by no means sweet, but not being brackish, it quenches thirst sufficiently.

1st April.—Rose early and started early. A terrible

day! A *ghiblee* in all its force*. The wind is directly from south (قبلي "south"). It is quite dry, unlike the *sirocco* which blows at Malta. Sirocco is damp and most enervating, and south-east in its direction. Probably, however, it is the same wind, but sweeping over the sea it attracts moisture, and changes to south-east. I was praying for, and prophesying all the morning, up to 9 A.M., a cool day. The reverse has happened, as so often happens in answer to our most ardent wishes. I never was so astonished as when I saw the negroes on this day. Mr. Gagliuffi had said to me, "If you have

* As the description of the *Simoum* ("poisoned" wind, from سم "poison"), given by the following writers, is the account of men, who were *bonâ fide* Saharan travellers, I shall take the liberty of transcribing their various relations :—

"Nothing can be more overpowering than the South wind (Ghibee,) or the East, (Shirghee), each of which is equally to be dreaded. In addition to the excessive heat and dryness of these winds, they are impregnated with sand, and the air is darkened by it, the sky appears of a dusky yellow, and the sun is barely perceptible. The eyes become red, swelled and inflamed; the lips and skin parched and chapped; while severe pain in the chest is generally felt, in consequence of the quantities of sand unavoidably inhaled. Nothing, indeed, is able to resist the unwholesome effects of this wind. On opening our boxes, we found the many little articles, and some of our instruments which had been carefully packed, were entirely split and destroyed. Gales of the kind here described, generally continue ten or twelve hours."—LYON.

"I derived some benefit from fastening a strip of cotton over my eyes, and another over my mouth, to keep off the burning air which parched my lungs. The burning East wind which was beginning to blow rendered the heat insufferable, and the scorching sand found its way into our eyes, in spite of the precautions which we took to exclude it. Tepid water was distributed, which we thought delicious, though it had little effect in quenching our thirst. My thirst was so tormenting that I found it impossible to get any sleep. My throat was on fire, and my tongue clove to the roof

ghiblee, the slaves can't go." But I could hardly believe a hot wind to be so injurious to these children of the sun. They seemed as if they could bear any cold better than a hot south wind. They got behind the camels or stooped under their bellies; they held up their barracans, taking it by turns to hold them up, by which means they sheltered five or six together; they concealed their faces and their bodies with their tattered garments; they invented all sorts of expedients to shelter themselves a moment against The Desert simoum. I could not help observing how superior the white man was to the black man in his physical make. Our Arabs and Moors kept up erect, facing this furnace blast, and bore the heat

of my mouth. I lay as if expiring on the sand, waiting with the greatest impatience for the moment when we were to have our next supply of water. I thought of nothing but water—rivers, streams, rivulets, were the only ideas which presented themselves to my mind during this burning fever. In my impatience I cursed my companions, the country, the camels, and for anything I knew, the sun himself, who did not make sufficient speed to reach the horizon."—CAILLIE.

"The Simoum felt like the blast of a furnace. To describe this awful scourge of The Desert, defies all the powers of language. The pencil assisted by the pen might perhaps afford a faint idea of it, winged with the whirlwind and charioted with thunder, it urged its fiery course, blasting all nature with its death-fraught breath. It was accompanied by a line of vivid light, that looked like a train of fire, whose murky smoke filled the whole wide expanse, and made its horrors only the more vivid. The eye of man, and the voice of beast were both raised to heaven, and both then fell upon the earth. Against this sand tempest all the fortitude of man fails, and all his efforts are vain. To Providence alone must we look. It passed us, burying one of my camels. As soon as we rose from the earth, with uplifted hands for its preservation, we awoke to fresh horrors. Its parching tongue had lapped the water from our water-skins, and having escaped the fiery hour, we had to fear the still more awful death of thirst."—DAVIDSON.

and burthen of the day a thousand times better than the Negroes—these children begotten by the sun from the slime of the Niger, on whose swampy plains heat reigns eternally with all its fiery fervour! I had always thought the Negro, being naturally a chilly creature, could not be affected with a hot wind. We all drank plentifully to-day, ten times as much as on other days. But this being a ghiblee day, it was necessary to drive on the slaves quick, and with violence, the camels not carrying a sufficiency of water for a couple of days of this sort. Essnousee now showed how eminently qualified he was for this infernal traffic. He did drive them on most furiously, while as to one wretched Negress, I thought he would have left her dead on the spot, flaying her most unmercifully. The miscreant Essnousee was only prevented from the perpetration of this horrid crime by the main-force interference of Mohammed Azou, another slave-dealer travelling with us, with seven slaves, and who, I must record, was a humane man, though a dealer in the flesh and blood of his fellow creatures. I have not observed him even once beating his slaves, which is saying a great deal. The conduct of this humane Moor proved that it was not absolutely necessary to beat slaves when driving them over Desert. The Touaricks of Aheer, indeed, know this, and never lay a finger on their poor captives. We, at length, got through this day of horrible heat and thirst, for God gives an end to all things. Never will be effaced from the tablet of my memory the prayer of a poor Negress girl, who, in the height of the simoum came running up to me, her eyes bloodshot, her face streaming with tears, "Buy me,

Yâkob, O, buy me! I am very good, I will be good wife to you, and sleep with you. O, I'm dying! take me, buy me, buy me, Yâkob. The wind kills me."

We encamped on a vast plain, having ranges of low mountains on our right and left. The carcases of two camels were left on the road, which had broken down from the large caravan we had passed; and, a thing unusual, the Arabs had left part of the flesh on the bones: some of our slaves immediately devoured it raw. Hunger's the thing to give you a relish.

2nd.—Rose at Fidger, a little before day-break, or at the point of day, in fright of another ghiblee. Necessity has, indeed, in such a case, no law, and no compassion on the unfortunate. But, to-day, God sent the poor slaves a little fresh north wind, for "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." The north wind increased towards the evening, we journeying on very well. Course, north and north-west, over the vast expanse mentioned yesterday. Quantities of bits of marble, pieces of fine quartz, and shining felspär, are strewn over the plain, which contrasting with its dark ground-work, look at times as if we were traversing some enchanted carpet. But our brains reeled, and we all suffered from thirst. People seemed all mad to-day. One called to me, "Yâkob, listen." I listened, but being hard of hearing, I thought there might be some sounds. Another camel-driver pretended he heard sweet melodious sounds. On inquiring what music it was, he replied, "Like the Turkish band." Then another came running to me, "Yâkob, see what a beautiful sight." I turned to look, but my eyes were so weak and strained, that I could see nothing upon the dreary face of the limitless plain.

Essnousee swore to seeing a bright city of the Genii, and actually counted the number of the palaces and the palms. I believe our people were delirious from the effects of yesterday's simoum, for I did not observe mirage. The beautiful words of Cowper recurred to me when I had the power of calm reflection, in the evening of the day :—

> "So in The Desert's dreary waste,
> By magic power produced in haste,
> (As ancient fables say,)
> Castles, and groves, and music sweet,
> The senses of the traveller meet,
> And stop him in his way.
>
> But while he listens with surprise,
> The charm dissolves, the vision dies,
> 'Twas but enchanted ground."

Not much sand on the plain, but gravel occasionally. Some sand hills appear in the distance, a line of waving dazzling white on the horizon. Encamped late in the evening. The well of Nabah is not in the line of route.

At the site of this well happened a sad event two years and a half ago, and which now, suffering as I was with thirst, came with redoubled force to my mind. Mr. Gagliuffi, on his appointment to be Consul at Mourzuk, took with him a young Tuscan as secretary. The vivacious Italian soon quarrelled with the Consul, and immediately determined to return to Tripoli, during the height of summer (August), in spite of the warnings of everybody. However, with care and due preparation, this route, and all Saharan routes, can be and are travelled in every season of the year; as is sufficiently proved by my own journey to Ghadames.

Two days after the Tuscan left Sockna, came on a terrible ghiblee, but infinitely more intense and stifling than any south wind could be in this season. The Tuscan was travelling with a caravan of a few people, who determined to bring up for the day, about 2 P.M., although having but a small supply of water. They were then about seven hours from the well of Nabah. The distance was tempting to the rash European. With a little courage and dispatch could not the well be reached before night? Why not? thought he. The youth was self-willed and peremptory. He knew better than the old Arab camel-drivers, traversing this route all their life-time. The Tuscan had also with him a horse. But what does he do? Having about a bucket of water left, he gives it to the horse; and then starts, taking off with him a young Arab, apparently as foolish as himself. They proceeded on their last journey, the Tuscan riding the horse, the poor Arab boy going on foot, as guide to the well. The caravan weathers out the ghiblee—the men covering up their faces and mouths from the scorching blast, afraid to breathe the killing air of the simoum—the camels moaning in death-like tones, prophetic of the fate of those who had just gone! But night comes, and brings some relief to the wasting, if not dying animals. Then the morning breaks with a refreshing breeze, and the exhausted caravan has enough strength left to seek the well. Near the well, not a quarter of a mile distant, they first find the young Italian stretched dead, a little farther off the horse, and a little farther off the Arab. They had perished at the well's mouth! There cannot be a doubt, these unhappy youths perished by their own folly. The European had

even water enough to last him a whole day, but gave it to his horse, and braved wildly the death-gale of The Desert. The poor Arab, I am told, was forced away against his will to guide the mad-cap Tuscan to their fatal end. By such folly, have also perished unnumbered caravans in the Saharan regions.

Our people who went to Nabah for water, found the well too late to return, and came back at day-light in the morning, about two and a half hours' distance from the line of route.

3rd.—We held on our course northward, weary and exhausted, but the wind freshened from north-west, and we did not suffer from heat. We now entered into groups of small mountains. At 4 P.M., seeing the sandy hills of Bonjem, our merciful slave-master, Essnousee, determined we might now encamp, and go fresh and early next day to the Fortress. Observed two small snakes to-day in open Desert, the first time I have seen them in Sahara. So much for the snakes, asps, adders, basilisks, cockatrices, and fiery flying serpents of The Desert! We have with us one old gentleman who joined us at Sockna. He is conveying *one* slave to Tripoli. Greatly surprised at this, I asked him how he could travel these horrid wastes with such a miserable stake in commerce as a single slave! The Saharan veteran replied, "You are right. It would be better for me to remain in Sockna, and spend my days in prayer and poverty like a dervish. But I have another slave in Tripoli. This is the whole of my property. I shall return again, after I have sold them, to Mourzuk, and buy and sell. Such is the will of God, what can I do?" And so the traffic in human beings goes on. It is quite

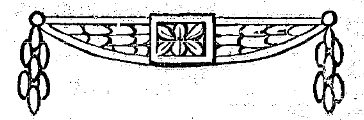
certain, from this case, nothing but main force can put an end to the slave-trade, for the Moors will carry it on at all risks, and under any circumstances. How induce men to give up a traffic, who will travel a month over Desert with a capital of a couple of slaves!

4th.—Rose early, and was astonished and alarmed to find my bed-clothes and all my wearing apparel wet with a thick heavy dew. This I had not experienced through all my journeyings in Desert, for, as the ancient Arabian writers have styled this country, it is a "Dry Country," from Egypt to the Atlantic. But new things always surprise—often alarm us. We soon got used to dewy nights and heavy dews. We were now also entering or near to the regions of rain. I dried my clothes at the fire, and felt no ill effects from this heavy night dew. All were travelling without tents, except the female slaves, who, unless sheltered during the night, would soon have died from cold. Day-time our female slaves were poorly clad, having on only a piece of woollen wrapper, besides a black cotton frock, and some not even a piece of wrapper to cover their heads and shoulders. Bonjem people say these dews are perpetual, covering all the sandy soil of the country round with fresh green herbage, which our poor camels now cropped with a voracious delight. In two hours and a half we entered the new town of Bonjem. It is the site of the ancient Roman station, or town, called Septimius Severus. A fort has recently been built from the ancient ruins, with a few small miserable houses in the shape of a village. The fort, or burge, is however strong and commodious, and has quarters for the accommodation of five hundred troops.

The present garrison consists of about thirty raw Arabs, relieved every two months. They have no pay or allowance, except their rations. The object of the Pasha in the erection of this fortress, was to connect militarily The Mountains with the large and important oasis of Sockna. A few gardens have been laid out, several wells dug, and these, with the homely hovels, the very picture of "the day of small things," are still infinitely preferable to the naked desolation of Sahara. On proceeding upwards, water is here taken in for three or four days. The water is very good, although it has a fetid odour, rendering it disagreeable when drinking. Walked about the village. There may be forty or fifty houses, mere square boxes of mud or plaster, mixed with old Roman stones, about twelve feet high, and containing perhaps a hundred inhabitants. Being new, the houses have a clean appearance. There are two streets, and a fondouk, or caravanserai. To build such a village and a fortress, some rather fine Roman ruins received their final stroke of demolition.

Afternoon,—went to see the ancient Roman station of Septimius Severus. It lies east of Bonjem at a quarter of an hour's walking. Of the fort or castle, there remains still a sufficient quantity of blocks of stone to point out the four gates, and some rude pillars seven or eight feet high, denoting the site of a temple, or other public building, within the castle. We visited three of the gates, but found only one inscription, cut on a single block deeply imbedded in sand, and covered with other blocks of stone. The letters were Roman, and pretty freshly chiselled, but we could not move the other stones so as to decipher the words in their full length.

Some blocks of stone were shaped into arches, others lay scattered in single blocks, on one of which was this plain device.



This is the sole result of my antiquarian visit. Not a bit of fine marble or a coin was picked up. The stone of the ruins was a dark-grey granite, almost black, of very coarse grain. It must have been brought scme distance, for I have seen no stone like it in the neighbourhood. The walls of the castle were very thick, and built in the usual Roman style, with cement and small stones, the mortar being now nearly as hard as the stone itself. These walls were also faced with the blocks of stone mentioned. The walls of the city had merely cement and small stones. These latter are extensive. The *ensemble* of the ruins makes one deeply regret to see The Sahara has gone back ages in the arts and civilization, for such is evident from these *debris* of Roman Saharan culture. This fact, even the Moors themselves accompanying me, acknowledged by such exclamations as *wăsă*, "wide!" and *kebir*, "great!" But the impression with them is fleeting, and anything unconnected with their religion, and the history of the conquests of Islamism, I have always observed is accounted nothing by these people. Half a day west of Bonjem, the people tell me there is a few scattered ruins of another ancient city. On our way we found two wells, lately dug, and the Taleb-Kaëd says, water is every where found near the surface, and always good, in spite of the disagreeable

gaseous exhalation when drunk. A few tiny palms are also planted about these wells, in this Turkish attempt to upraise Septimius Severus. The little sprigs of palm pleased all, and were welcomed by us as the germ of the future oasis, which shall afford shade and fruit to a large population. There may be a dozen wells already dug, and every year the infant oasis shows more signs of life, and a little, little more progressive existence. The prevailing soil is sandy, but good for grain and palms.

This evening had an imbroglio or row with Essnousee, who attempted to impose upon me by charging for two or three suppers which he furnished me in the way of hospitality at his native place of Sockna. I had lent him all my money to purchase food for his slaves. He now refused to refund, on this and other pleas.

During the road from Sockna to Bonjem, I thought of two or three regulations which might mitigate the evils of Saharan slave-traffic, as well as limit its operations, if our Government could prevail upon the Turks to adopt them. If we can't stop the trade at once, we may try to lessen its miseries. We English did the same in the case of our own slave-trade.

1st. That no Tripoline, or other Ottoman subject, should purchase a slave out of the provinces of Tripoli.

2nd. That the slaves *en route* for Tripoli should be accompanied by a Government officer, who should watch over them and see that they are not over-driven or inhumanly flogged.

3rd. That for every slave dying *en route*, or in any of the towns *en route*, for the markets of the Coast, whatever may be the cause, the owner of that slave should be

fined a sum equal to the duty paid for it to Government.

The first rules would lessen the operations of the traffic, and prevent slave-merchants from purchasing and speculating in Soudan, and always put them under the eye and surveillance of the agents of Government. The second would in a great measure prevent over-driving and inhuman flogging, if faithfully followed out. The third would, at least, always insure the slaves having food enough to preserve them in good health.

I think I see the free-trader smile at these restrictions, and hear him say, "What humbug!" But first, it is here a question to regulate a nefarious traffic which the Porte, our ally, is not yet prepared to abolish. Until the free-trader can prove to me that the traffic in slaves is a legitimate commerce, I shall advocate the crippling of it by restrictions, let these restrictive regulations be ever so puerile. But we have the fact, that since Mr. Gagliuffi persuaded the Ottoman authorities to lay a tax of ten dollars per head on each slave, the traffic has diminished considerably. So at any rate the merchants themselves tell me. This was the object of the Vice-Consul, and he accomplished his object. On the other hand, it could be represented to the Porte, that the first regulation would bring the commerce of the interior within their territories, a great advantage for the Regency of Tripoli.

5th.—Not so much dew as yesterday morning. The imbroglio with Essnousee continues about refunding the money I lent him. To-day it assumed a formidable shape, not only all our caravan was involved in it, but the whole of the town, and the Kaëd at their head. I

agreed to give the slave-merchant a fair price for his suppers, but for the rest, insisted on being paid back the money which I lent him, and which he promised to refund at Sockna. On arriving at Sockna, Essnousee found money scarce, and thought he would bamboozle me out of my money. The Taleb-Kaëd saw the justice of the plea, as did all the people, and the merchant was ordered to give me the balance of the few dollars. The money was requisite to purchase a little milk, or butter, or fresh provisions. My vanity, however, came in the way of my stomach. So when I got the dollars, to show I did not carry on this imbroglio for selfish purposes, but solely for the sake of common justice between man and man, I ordered, with great pomposity and an air of immense benevolence, the money to be distributed to the poor of the town. This ostentation greatly pleased all the Moors and Arabs, save and except the crest-fallen chagrined Essnousee; it only increased the bitter misery of his defeat. I was wicked enough to be glad to humiliate the unfeeling slave-dealer in this way, for he had no money and was obliged to borrow to pay, which sadly lessened his consequence.

Afterwards went to see the Moorish Secretary Kaëd, installed in the Castle. This functionary is placed here principally for the dispatch of the mails backwards and forwards. The secretary does not interfere with the Sheikh who commands the garrison, and only attends to couriers and the little affairs of the village. For this work he has the large salary of three dollars per month. It seemed as if imbrógliamento was the order of the day, for here I witnessed a row as violent as my own. An old Arab, very crusty and obstinate, had arrived from

Sockna on Government business. He was to receive money from the Kaed, and pay money to him. The Kaed would not pay, and he would not pay. The old gentleman sat down before the irritated functionary, and holding the teskera and a new Turkish passport in his hand, said, "Give me my rights. Why rob you a poor man? Is it because I am poor and old you rob me? Fear I the Sultan? Why should I fear you or the Sultan? I fear alone God." The excited Kaed could no longer restrain himself. He seized the papers out of the hands of the Arab and tore them to pieces, exclaiming, "Go out, you dog!" Besides this the Kaed threatened the bastinado. The hangers-on of his Excellency carried the old man out of the apartment until the wrath of their dwarf tyrant had cooled down. The affair afterwards ended by both parties accepting and paying their mutual claims. The Arabs are greatly exasperated about these passports, which, indeed, are of no possible use, and are only used by these petty functionaries to extort money from the poor people. An Arab said to me, showing the animus of the question hereabouts, "Before our Sultan became a Christian we never heard of these teskeras. Now that he is become an infidel, he sends us these accursed things to take away our money, and rob our children of bread." The poor Sultan, in fact, if he can get hold of any detestable thing of European civilization, is sure to adopt it, to torment his subjects.

Spent the rest of the day within the Castle, gossiping with the Arab soldiers, their Sheikh, and the Kaed. To-day I was thankful for two things, for having inflicted a salutary lesson on the iniquitous slave-driver, and for

being sheltered from the sun and wind. The Castle has three towers at three of its corners, but not rising much higher than the upper terrace walls. The outer walls are about twelve or fifteen feet high, and as usual pierced with holes for musketry. I did not see any mounted ordnance. Within is a fine court yard, and there is a detached breast-work of defence over the entrance. It is very comfortable in many of its apartments, affording a most effectual shelter from wind and heat. The short time of service makes the Arab soldiers cheerful, and they are pretty well fed and enjoy good health. There is no fever, but they tell me there are a few cases of the *Enghiddee* of Soudan, a fine silken worm formed under the cuticle of the body, mostly on the legs and arms, already described under the name of Arak-El-Abeed*. Arabs do not catch this disorder so much as merchants going to Soudan. The only arms these troops have, is the matchlock or musket, on some of which the bayonet is mounted. From the top of the Castle the surrounding country presents an unbroken mass of desert, and more distantly low ridges of mountains and sand hills. The Kaed assures me, however, that in seven years he will have a fine plantation of

* This disease is the *Filaria Medinensis*, or Guinea Worm. The rude Arabs give a sort of Shakesperian witches' receipt for the cure of this disease, such as the liver of a vulture, the brains of an hyæna, the dung of the ostrich, mixed with other wonderful ingredients. This reminds me of the receipt of my Ghadamsee Doctor for the cure of *Night Blindness*, which here followeth:—"*Description of a remedy by which affliction* (*or blindness*) *of the sight is cured at night.* Take the liver of a goat, or the liver of a camel, and cut off a piece of it, mince it small, and take also a couple of سكر ? and reduce it to a fine powder, and rub them together, and place them on the fire so that the water boils or simmers, and then drop (or pour) the water on the eye, and *it will straightway see.*"

palms. He has planted several, and is about to fetch some choice shoots from Tripoli. With toil and care The Desert, in truth, can not only be rendered habitable and tractable, but even comfortable, as the building of this fort well proves. It has been built since Mr. Gagliuffi passed this way to Mourzuk, and I am the only European who has seen this bran-new town of Bonjem. The Bashaw of Tripoli boasts of it as his work, and on my return begged me to give him a sketch of it, which I did, but for which I received no thanks. A few snakes are often seen coiling themselves on the shrubs, gazelles, aoudads, and wild oxen, skip and bound and run about, now and then an ostrich races past or sails along, half in heaven and half on earth, and deebs (wolves) come down to drink at the pits during the night. But the Arabs are not allowed to hunt, nor garden or dig; their duty is to spend the live-long day in "strenuous idleness," or doing nothing but sleep and lounge. To-day was hot and sultry. The female slaves were very busy in washing themselves. They afterwards had a good race stark naked, running after me and grinning. It is very seldom they commit such breaches of modesty. In general, the Negress is very modest in her manners, more so than Mooresses.

I congratulated myself in having a comfortable sleep under roof to-night. I felt glad also for a rest here of a couple of days. In travelling through Sahara, one or two days greatly relieve you without making you feel that you have been stopping when you again mount the camel, whilst a rest of a week often makes a new journey and a new tour, and you feel all the pain and misery of beginning again.

6th to the 11*th*.—My journal gets very fragmentary, confused, and enigmatical. Many of the memorandums I cannot recal to mind. I find I was getting at this time much exhausted, and weary of writing. My health, indeed, was being greatly undermined, and suffering was become my daily solace! Often I could not stand when lifted off my camel. Sometimes I was senseless for an hour or two after we had encamped. I expected "to get used to it." Vain thought! I was just as tired and stiff with riding the last day as the first day when I started on the tour, besides having my health and strength essentially impaired.

We directed our course to Misratah, instead of Benioleed, on account of there being more water in the former route. Benioleed, or Ben Waleed—بن وليد—lies to the north-west of Bonjem, but Misratah nearly due north. I was disappointed in not seeing Benioleed, on account of its Hesperian valley of olives, and other fruit-trees scattered in paradisal beauty and profusion. The valley, in which the town is situate, lies at the base of some of the lofty ridges of the Tripoline Atlas, and contains a population of about three thousand souls. I was glad to hear there were some Europeans now employed in improving the wells of the town, sent by the Bashaw, all which denotes progress in the Turk. Benioleed is six good days' journey from Bonjem, and four or five from Tripoli.

Nothing remarkable occurred in our route from Bonjem to Misratah. Before arriving at Bonjem, I saw, by the nature of the country, that we were approaching the regions of rain, herbage and shrubs increasing on every side. The country also assumed a more even, though an

undulating surface; and I lost sight of those low, dull, dreary, and monotonous ridges which characterize the desolations of the African Wilderness. However, I expected to see the eastern terminations of the Tripoline Atlas. Continuing our six days' route, now west, now north-west, now north, and now north-east and east, wriggling in serpentine style about, we arrived at length within open-culture lands, where were two or three small patches of barley, mostly in ear, not being irrigated, but left to the free rains of heaven. The sight of these made my heart bound with joy: now I knew I had got without the bounds of the dry and desolate Sahara! There seemed to be something so fresh and natural about barley-fields, depending for life and growth on the fattening rains of heaven, in comparison with the garden patches of grain I had witnessed for months cultivated by the hand of man. All our people seemed equally affected by the sight of these natural corn-fields; and Essnousee, to show his respect for property thus left to the mercy of every camel-driver, ordered the camels not to be driven through the standing barley. The camels heeded little the command, and managed to get large mouthfuls; our Soudan sheep fed to their full; a good deal was also destroyed. I observed, nevertheless, the camels preferred the green tender herbage, to the corn in the ear, and picked it out carefully between the rows of straggling barley. With the increase of herbage and water,—for water was not found in all the route from Bonjem,—the animals increased. Gazelles bounded before us, at times in small herds of six or seven; and hares were constantly started from under the camels' feet. We had no sportsmen with us, and no game was shot or taken. The

Arabs ran frequently to the bushes whence the gazelles bounded, in order to find young ones. Birds now increased to full flights. Here were numbers of little birds with yellow body and brown back. This part of The Sahara had its particular bird, as the rest. The little black and white fellow higher up was now succeeded by the little yellow and brown fellow. Other birds were flying about, but not so numerous as this species. But the bird that now caught my attention was the gull. At first I was perplexed to know how this bird could be found so far up The Desert, but I recollected we had but six or seven days from Bonjem to Misratah, near the coast. The gull suggested to my drooping spirits sea-breezes to restore my shattered frame, and gave me new life. As we neared Misratah the country increased in comeliness (because after so much desert), and near Misratah the hills were actually green and flowery, so long black and hideously bare. But indeed, it was the best time of Spring. We passed on every side scattered Arab tents,—to us pavilions of pleasure,—with their flocks and herds: all denoting open-culture and the presence of rain.

Scarce a ten-thousandth part of this country is reduced to cultivation. Here and there only are some few corn-fields, where the seed, when sown, is left to get ripe as it may, the only manure being the burning of the stubble of the previous year. We must, indeed, say more or less of the coast of all North Africa, and express the same hope for the future in the words of one of the prophets: "And the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by. And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like

the garden of Eden; and the waste, and desolate, and ruined cities are become fenced, and are inhabited." (Ezek. xxxvi. 34, 35.) North Africa was once the garden as well as the granary of the world. A series of disastrous revolutions has successively reduced this once so fair and fertile region, to waste, barrenness, and barbarism; the Mahometan fate-doctrine meanwhile hugging and conserving its ruins and dilapidations. We may perhaps hope, the French are doing something for the Algerian coast. The Turks may yet do something in Tripoli. Tunis and Morocco have more cultivated lands than Tripoli or Algeria, and reforms are agitating both countries. Once the spirit of improvement gets fairly into this region, it may resume its ancient celebrity of being "like the garden of Eden." Near Misratah, I observed, for the first time in my tour, the hawthorn-tree: it was reddened over with nice ripe haws.

On the evening of the 6th, we passed the spot where Abd-El-Geleel was decapitated, called Bughalah ("mule"). This was a small piece of mountain, looking abruptly over a wady, or deep valley. On this mountain block the Sheikh concentrated all his military forces, collecting as well the families of his tribe. Here he skirmished with the Turks for many days, he winning and they winning a battle, as it happened; but they, at length hemming him round, and isolating him on the rock, where there was not a drop of water to be had, the Sheikh finally was obliged to surrender. His retiring to this hideous rock was only matched in folly by his confiding in the faith of a Turk. Truly, when men are to be destroyed, their evil genius inspires them with madness.

On the *8th*, we took in water from the well of

Daymoum. Around were the remains of a fortified camp, and stones were placed in a large circle. This camp was erected by Hasan Bashaw, Commander-in-Chief of the Regency, when he was at war with Abd-El-Geleel. It looks not unlike a Druidical circle.

On the *9th* we took in a little water from the well of Namwah. Several sea-gulls were here flying about. To-day I have to mention a fact which shows to what extraordinary changes of temperature the Great Desert is subject, as well as Barbary generally. About nine in the morning a strong ghiblee got up, increasing till it became so violent that we encamped at once, not venturing to expose the slaves to this killing simoum. Covering up my face and mouth, I put my head into a pannier. I was almost suffocated it is true, still it was better than exposing myself to the searching flame of this furnace wind. What became of the slaves I cannot tell, I was too busy with myself. Here I lay gasping for an hour, when Said came and called to me, "Now *Bahree* (بحرى)," or north. "How, bahree!" I answered astonished. "Bahree! bahree!" he continued, "the caravan is going." I got up, and felt sensibly and convincingly enough it was bahree. The wind had made a whirlwind sweep in the space of an hour, it was now blowing as hard from the north as it had done from the south. But strange yet natural enough, columns of hot air were blown back into our faces from the north for some time, until, towards the evening, the wind became as cold, bleak, and biting, as it had been hot and stifling. These sudden changes are terrific, and are often attended with most serious consequences in The Desert. Asking our people how long a simoum or ghiblee would blow in The Desert,

they replied, "Never violently more than a couple of days." I do not recollect it once to have continued a whole day, but light south winds have prevailed for several days. As an instance of the calamitous effects of sudden changes of weather in North Africa, I may mention that, in the Spring of 1845, when Sidi Mohammed, "Bey of the Camp" in the Regency of Tunis, was returning from the Jereed, he lost, on one day, some Turks and other troops from the heat, and, on the very next day, several perished from the cold. Some hundred camels also died from the cold at the same time. A recent expedition in Algeria, during which some hundred French troops were frozen to death, must recur to the recollection of the reader, having happened from the same cause of a sudden change of temperature.

On the 10*th* we came to the well of Saneeah Abdel Kader, ("Garden of the slave of the Most Mighty," or God). At this place was a ruined fortress, looking over an immense district of country, a great quantity of which was under cultivation, presenting light-green and orange-brown patches of grain. We passed the stream of Touwarkah, a name apparently derived from Touwarick, or Touarick. The bubbling running stream was looked upon as a wonder by our slaves. They rushed into it, and washed and bathed themselves, like so many mad things; indeed, after so much dry desert, the stream was a wonder to us all. I had almost begun to think I should never see again a large running stream. But I have seen the negresses wash their faces, hands and legs, on the coldest morning! An Arab or a Moor hardly washes himself once a month. These habits of cleanliness the negresses bring from the banks of the

Niger. We had the village of Touwarkah on our right, to which was attached a forest of palms, nearly half a day's journey in length. I had scarcely spoken a word to Essnousee during these last five days, but, on the morning of the 11th, he entered voluntarily into conversation with me, informing me there was an English quarantine agent at the port of Misratah. The slave-driver, getting nearer to the coast, had cunningly abated his ardour for beating the slaves. He now began to fear he might get reported to the Bashaw. Sometimes, however, he would throw a stone at the poor things, that is, when too idle to go and flog them. I looked about in vain for the Atlas chain, or the last of its eastern links; one mass of undulating country stretched to the sea-shore. What feeling of excessive joy thrilled through my nervous frame when our people talked of the sea, for though not visible to us, we were near enough to breathe its invigorating air. Now, indeed, all was changed, and new life took possession of the entire caravan. The green and pleasant spring cultivation, the darkly fair verdure of several young olive-trees, here and there a graceful palm, now broad leafy shadowy fig-trees, the delicate almond and the pretty pomegranate, all the treasures of the gardens of Misratah, raised our joy to ecstasy. I myself often thought I should never see again Tripoli, or the sea; now they seemed restored to me, and I to them, as if at one time they had been hopelessly lost! But how small had all objects become, how diminutive, how confined, limited and contracted their dimensions, and how pretty yet how petty, compared to the vast huge and limitless lines of existence, which form and circumscribe the Great Saharan Regions! where I had travelled so many long months.

When I first arrived in Africa, I looked upon the dark and purple mountains of the coast with a species of mysterious feeling, as if such mountain groups were boundless in extent, unfathomable and unsearchable in their stronghold foundations. But now, returning again to the regions of Atlas, the chains of this celebrated range in Tripoli, Tunis, and Algeria, seemed like old familiar faces to me, or so many contracted domestic objects. My eye had been so accustomed to gazing day after day over plains without an apparent bound, on mountain ridges running along weeks and weeks of Desert journeying, that it could now only regard all the African coast scenery as so many pretty little painted landscapes, which might be reduced and easily accommodated to stage scenery at a minor theatre.

On the arrival of our ghafalah at Misratah, I was introduced to the quarantine agent, Signor Francesco Regini, an Italian born in Tripoli, but under British protection, and having a Maltese wife. Regini begged me to put up in his house, and I accepted his kindly proffered invitation, when his wife cooked me a fowl and I dined like a prince. I now thought I would return to Tripoli by sea, to get a little bracing sea-air, but afterwards I determined to continue with the caravan of slaves to Tripoli, to see the last of the poor things, or accompany them till their arrival at the Tripoline market of human flesh.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FROM MISRATAH TO TRIPOLI.

The Establishment of Signor Regini.—Visit the Acting Kaed of Misratah.—Shabby Conduct of Mehemet Pasha to Regini.—Description of the Villages comprised within the Jurisdiction of Misratah.—Population and Condition of the Jews in Misratah and Tripoli.—Regini sighs for the honour of hoisting the Union Jack.—Village of Zeiten.—Leghma; and the tapping of the Date-Palm.—Corn Fields and Grain Culture in North Africa.—Manipulation.—Sahel or Salhin; its splendid Gardens.—The Eastern *Terminus* groups of Mount Atlas.—Ruins of Lebida; and other Ancient Ruins.—Monosyllabic Old Moor.—Meet the Bey of Misratah.—Wad Seid, and Plain of El-Jumr.—The Sand-Storm.—Our Slaves' first sight of the Sea.—Said left behind.—Essnousee foiled in attempting to beat one of his Slaves.—Trait of the Tender Passion in our Troop of Slaves.—Result of my Observations on the Saharan Slave Traffic.—Gardens of Tajourah.—The Gardens of the Masheeah.—Distance, Time, and Expenses of my Tour.—Disposal of Said, and the Camel.

12*th*.—EASTER SUNDAY. It is a grand *festa* with Signor Regini, and his family are dressed out in their best. They are the only family of Christians in this town, but keep the *festa* with as much religious zest and zeal as if in Malta or Rome. Poor Regini gets only twelve dollars a month from the Pasha of Tripoli for his employment of quarantine agent, and is obliged to look after three ports, for Misratah has three ports, at a considerable distance from each other, as well as several hours' ride from the town. Visited with Regini the acting Kaed or Governor of this place, and brother of the Bey, now in Tripoli. The Kaed stared stupidly at

me whilst relating to him some things about the Touaricks. He was astonished they treated me so well, instead of murdering me, as he thought they had a right, or ought to have done. This Moorish beast finished by consulting me respecting his health, and begging physic, but which I refused to give him, seeing his indisposition proceeded from sheer indolence. His people, or officers of the place, were all amazed at my travelling as I was, and wondered what I could be doing. Mr. Regini heard one say, "The Christian has written the country; the English are coming to take all this land." Another observed, "This Englishman is a dervish, and is mad. His friends send him here to get rid of him." I took no interest whatever in the interview, feeling thoroughly tired of my tour and the people. The Kaed had heard some merchants say, "The Touaricks are a people of one word," which he now repeated, and which was a good satire upon himself and his Moorish brethren, "A people of ten thousand words." The Kaed informed me of the safe arrival of Haj Ibrahim, and the rest of his party, at Tripoli.

Regini's house is a constant resort of visitors and idlers. Amongst the objects of attraction, is Mr. R.'s pretty little daughter, who turns the heads of all the Moors. Mr. R. says the Pacha is going to build him a larger house, and allow it him rent-free, as an increase of salary. This His Highness, indeed, promised to do. But Mehemet Pasha showed the usual and insulting duplicity of the Turk, for the Consul-General heard afterwards that, instead of giving Regini a new house, he increased the rent of his old one. This unhandsome conduct of the Pasha so enraged Colonel Warrington, that, on hear-

ing it, after he had invited the Bashaw to dine with him at his garden, the Colonel determined to withdraw the invitation, or rather not give the dinner. So the Pasha's dining at the British garden did not come off, much to my annoyance, for I wished to have been present at the dinner. These little bits of Turkish duplicity irritate and annoy our Consuls more than acts of tyrants like Asker Ali.

Visited the environs in the evening. Picked up some chamomile flowers, which abound in the lanes and highways. The barilla plant is also very common; it is collected and burnt, and the ashes exported in considerable quantities. Several ponds of water are found during winter in this neighbourhood, which are frequented by numerous flights of wild-duck, affording capital game for the hungry sportsman. Date-palms are now in blossom, whose flowers are all at first encased in a pod. Essnousee tells me, Abd-El-Geleel destroyed the palms of Sockna by simply cutting off the tops or heads of the palms, in the same way as people do when they tap palms for leghma. Some of them grow again, others do not, it being all a matter of chance. The date-palm is most abundantly cultivated on the Tripoline Coast, supplying the people with a full third of their food.

13*th*.—Misratah is an aggregate or series of villages, scattered about to an extent of a full day's journey, containing about 12,000 inhabitants, two-thirds Moors, the rest Arabs, Negroes, and Jews. The houses and other buildings make but a mean appearance, built of mud and stones, and some of lime-mortar. There are a few Marabets shining beautifully white in the sun, with light and chaste cupola tops. A drawing of one of these is

given, that of Sidi Salah. The Marabet is a common, but fair and picturesque, feature in coast scenery. The bazaar, or market of Misratah, is held three times a week, but in different places of the villages included within this circle of jurisdiction. The principal port is three or four hours from the central village, the inhabitants not enjoying an immediate view of the sea, so delightful on the North African Coast. The grand cultivation is dates, but not of good quality, then barley and wheat (the most of the former), olives, figs, and some other fruit-trees. Oxen, goats, and sheep, are in numbers, and there is a considerable export trade in hides and wool. The markets are pretty well stocked with provisions, and cheaper than in Tripoli. Nevertheless, the villages of Misratah are choked full of very poor destitute people, and during the past year, in the midst of comparative abundance, many of them lived almost entirely on herbs. These wretched creatures congregate in Misratah from all the neighbouring districts, the Gharian and Gibel mountains, the village of Touarghah, and other places. The same system of spoliation by Government is going on here as in other provinces of Tripoli, the inhabitants being reduced gradually to most complete beggary. Every year the number of poor increases, whilst the taxes on land, under the curse of Turkish oppression, as fatally increase, reducing all to serfdom, leaving not an acre of land in the hands of the people, excepting those lands protected by the sanctuaries of religion. The civil power in this country has no conscience; the people are alone protected from annihilation by their religion.

Fifty families of Jews are located in these villages,

occupied as brokers and petty traders, or in making essences. They pay a poll-tax of a hundred mahboubs per annum to the Pasha. They have two synagogues, and a Rabbi superintending them. Rabbi Samuel says he has heard there are Jews in Soudan. Lyon has mentioned the same report, and locates Jews south from Timbuctoo, supposing them to have gone originally from Morocco. Many of the Tripoline mountains contain Jews, and in Misratah there are a hundred families. As a specimen of the state of Biblical learning and literature amongst these Jews, I give the following conversation I had with Rabbi Samuel. He explained the 53rd chap. of Isaiah as referring to another and a past suffering Messiah, the Messiah of Ephraim, the son of Ephraim, and not the son of David, who is to be the future and conquering Messiah. To Philip's question, "Of whom speaketh the prophet this?" &c. (Acts viii. 34), he candidly answered, acknowledging that the prophet spake not of himself, but the suffering Messiah. The epithets אל גבור and אבי־עד, in Is. ix. 6, 7, the Rabbi explained, as denoting the reign of Messiah to be full of peace and happiness for all mankind, quoting Psalm lxxii., observing properly, the words first refer to Solomon, and then to the Messiah. Asking him for a passage of the Pentateuch, referring to the future state, he replied:—"Moses did not speak at all of a future state; Moses intended to have done so when he got to Jerusalem, and settled the people in the Holy Land; but having offended God, he was not permitted to enter there, and was prevented from communicating knowledge about the future world. But you will find in the commentaries all the information you require." He could not tell where the future state was

spoken of in the prophets, so I pointed out to him Daniel xii, 2, 3. Rabbi Samuel now bestowed on me the honorary title of English Marabout, earnestly recommending me to call on Rabbi Jacob at Tripoli, the mighty scholar of the Regency. He added:—"The Mussulmans say that our Messiah will conquer them first; but afterwards, they (the Mussulmans) will recover their strength and dominion, and destroy us and our Messiah. You see they are idiots." So much for Jewish learning in Tripoli.

Signor Regini is an original in his way. Speaking of an old man about taking a young wife, he observed, "Growing old, he became young." Of himself, he says, "*Noi siamo molto respetati qui* (We are much respected here)."

"So you ought to be," I replied, "for I would not live here to be despised."

"Stop, Signore Inglese," he rejoined abruptly, "I am the first man here. You are a learned man, and have travelled all over the world, and you know Latin; '*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*,' that's my motto. I only want the flag here. Get me appointed British Consul. I don't want a salary. Then shall I be a greater man than the Bey of Misratah."

I promised, as in duty bound, after this sally of modest ambition, to mention his wish to the Consul-General. The fact is, Regini is a very deserving man, and could he hoist the Union Jack, might benefit British subjects and promote British interests at the same time that he gratified his own Cæsar-like ambition.

This afternoon we left Misratah for Tripoli, our last stage. We found the gardens of Misratah very agreeable,

getting clear of them by night, and encamping in a hilly country, covered with the delicious green of spring, with nibbling snowy flocks scattered and feeding, and Arabs' tents pitched, "black, but comely." But I was surprised to see so few Arabs' tents and douwars in this Regency. In fact, the Arabs of Tripoli are nearly all located and confined to The Mountains.

14*th*.—Afternoon, arrived at *Zeitin*, a small village. The palm is abundant as usual, and the gardens are full of olive and other Barbary fruit-trees. On encamping, I purchased some *Leghma*—لقمة—according to some philologists, "tears" of the palms, and others "foam," from the fermenting quality of the sap. At this season many trees are tapped, being, indeed, the tapping season. When a tree is tapped, a small hut of palm-branches, cut from off the tapped palm, is set up close to it, which is turned into a sort of *tap*-room, or boozing-place, for drinking the leghma, and half a dozen Moorish louting fellows are always seen idling and skulking about the hut, or sweltering with intoxication inside, as long as the tree yields the spirituous juice. A tree, if a good one, will yield its sap for two months, and sometimes a few days more. You can purchase a tree, tap it and drink of its sap at your pleasure, for only a couple of dollars. And for this trifle, people will often destroy their best palms. The leghma is pleasant when quite new or fresh; when a few days old it becomes very strong and acrid drinking, continually fermenting. Moors do not understand drinking leghma, wine or spirits, for their health, considering the object of drinking fermented liquor is not attained until they become intoxicated. In these palm-booths, or huts, the Moors

occasionally bring their provisions, and here they will pass night and day for weeks together in dreamy drunken musings, each sot, shut up in himself, making himself by a drunken and delirious imagination, Kady, or Sheikh, or Sultan, or some mighty warrior, and all mankind his slaves and ardent worshippers, as the bent of mind wildly leads him. Moderation Moors cannot comprehend, they can neither drink moderately, nor eat moderately; they must either abstain altogether or eat or drink like beasts. Of course I speak of their general character. But such is the case with too many amongst us, as well as these semi-barbarians.

We encamped amidst palms and barley-fields. High wind from the east. The barley was getting ripe very fast, in some places being reaped. All these crops of grain are thin, the stalk of the barley short, the ears small—not the barley or wheat of England certainly. No part of North Africa furnishes such fine and heavy corn-fields as my own native county, Lincolnshire; I might, perhaps, add, no place in the world. The plains of Morocco furnish thousands of acres of barley*, but all straggling and thinly growing. The wheat is the same. Add to which, you will find a North African corn-field full of weeds, herbs, and wild flowers.

15th.—Helping up my little Negro to a ride this morning, as the camel ascended a hillock he was pitched off in a summerset. A slave immediately got hold of him and began to stretch his neck for fear it was broken, and otherwise pull and manipulate him, holding him up by the head and neck. Manipulation and pulling and

* On the plains of Angadda the French troops, at the battle of Isly, passed two or three days together through fields of barley.

stretching are favourite appliances of remedy in all this part of Africa. Manipulation is frequently used at the baths, and is attended with surprising cures. Every muscle of the body is stretched, and rubbed, and *coaxed*. To burning, bleeding, and charms, some Moorish doctors add manipulation, as the fourth sovereign remedy. Early, we reached Sahel (Salhin?). These cultivated lands are a continuation of Zeiten; but Sahel is in a much higher state of cultivation. The golden harvest is nodding over Afric's sunny plains. Fields of ripe barley are waving in the wind, overshadowed with splendid palms of young and vigorous growth. Besides there are most beautiful olive plantations all around us. Essnousee, who now became a little more familiar, kept crying out to me with spontaneous admiration, "This is the new world (*Dunyah Jedeed*) !" The slave-driver had heard me praise the vast fields of fertility in America. Sahel, in fact, is a country of most vigorous and teeming fertility. But, to-day, from the camel's back, I saw the sea. How rejoiced I was, after nine months *Ocean* Desert-travelling, over sands and rocks, and naked sultry plains, suffering all sorts of privations and hardships, to see once more the world of waters! And this, notwithstanding it had been so often unfriendly to me in my various travellings by land and water. I kept straining (and pumping) my lungs to breathe its pure cool air. Sahel is of considerable extent, but has no nucleus of houses in the shape of a town, consisting merely of a series of small villages and detached houses, like our cottage groups and farms, but, of course, in Moorish style. Extremely warm to-day, though near the sea. Cleared the Sahel the afternoon, and, at night, encamped amidst the

last groups of the Atlas, spreading and stretching eastwards. I had observed we were about to enter these terminus groups and links of the eastern Atlas chain, whilst at some distance, and easily distinguished them from those of the Saharan groups and ridges. Their appearance is strikingly different, being wooded and bristling on the sides, shooting up in craggy heights, hoary and white on the uppermost peaks and ridges, as if bitten by the cold and frost, and bared by the bleak winds of the sea. The Great Desert ranges, on the contrary, are naked as nakedness can be, dull, dreary, and dead, smoothed over as velvet, of black and purple hues, and look more like mountains which children might paint than the sterile realities of Old Sahara. Here, amidst the mountainous scenery of the coast, I could recognise many of the features of Virgil's description. (*Æneidos* b. iv.)

> "Jamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit
> Atlantis duri, cœlum qui vertice fulcit:
> Atlantis, cinctum assidue cui nubibus atris
> Piniferum caput et vento pulsatur et imbri;
> Nix humeros infusa tegit; tum flumina mento
> Præcipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba."

But this grand portrait of Old Atlas, whose brawny shoulders support our various globe, can only be realized (during winter) in the Morocco chain of the Atlas, whose highest peak is Miltsin, in Jibel Thelge, or "Mountain of Snow." This peak, some 15,000 feet in height, is near the city of Morocco itself. Dr. Shaw, who never visited Morocco, was puzzled to apply this classic description to the Algerian chains of Atlas. The Atlas Chain, which here terminates eastward, strikes out into

the ocean just below Santa Cruz, in Morocco, being its western termination; but, in Tunis, at many places, it is interrupted in its connecting links. I was delighted to find a number of beautiful fruit-gardens, so many Hesperian spots, in the small valleys of these Atlas groups, observing for the first time the vine cultivated in vineyards. Several pleasant fields of the vine adorned the valleys. But the date-palm disappears in these mountains, whilst the olive increases, crowning the lower groups of Atlas, or spreading in large fields in the valleys. Patches of wheat and barley are also cultivated on the mountain sides. Arab stone-built villages are seen scattered through the rising groups and valleys. I am told these gardens belong to people in Tripoli. They are the sweetest, prettiest, loveliest little things which I have seen in all my nine months' tour. Oh, that that these valleys were full of them!

At noon, we passed the ruins of Lebida (or Lebdah) on our right, situate on the sea-shore, several miles out of the line of route. What nonsense to believe Cicerones in these parts. Regini told me I should be sure to see Lebida, for it was in the road—that is to say, five or six miles off, behind sand-hills. The whole of the ground, from Sahel to these first groups of Eastern Atlas, is scattered over with Roman and Greek ruins, and, as it happens, there is a huge piece of an ancient building in the road itself, apparently a temple. I was too weak, however, to descend from the camel, to look closely at it. Many of these mountain-ridges are crowned with ancient forts, and farther on, when we arrived close by the sea-shore, we observed the remains of a Roman road,—a firm broad layer of cement and

small stones embedded in the shifting sands. This was making a road in a business-like, dominion-like style, and worthy of those once mighty masters of the world. In our traverse of the mountains we met the Bey of Misratah returning from Tripoli, full of the confidence of his Turkish master the Pasha, and very splendidly attired though *en route*, with some dozen mounted Moors, all very gay, showing themselves off on their prancing barbs. Essnousee, with all our people, descended from their camels to pay their respects to these big-wigs, and made them a present of some crushed Sockna dates, called Krum. Here new cavalry horses were feeding, attended by the Nitham, or new troops. The Turks in Tripoli have but one small troop of horse.

The old Moor with one slave, and I frequently had some serious talk together, but I could seldom draw him out. I spoke to him about Said to-day.

Myself.—"I don't know what to do with Said. If I take him to my country, the cold will hurt him, and perhaps he'll die."

Old Moor.—"Rubbee (God)!"

Myself.—"I thought of giving him my camel, and letting him turn camel-driver; but the Arabs are such thieves, they will soon steal the camel from him."

Old Moor.—"Rubbee (God)!"

Myself.—"He's such a goose, too, he gives away all he has."

Old Moor. "Rubbee (God)!"

Myself.—"Perhaps I shall leave Said at Tripoli."

Old Moor.—"If it please God."

16*th.*—All the morning we continued to traverse the

Atlas groups. I found the lesser summits of these groups also strikingly contrasted with the Saharan ridges. Here were heights crowned with fresh and green cultivation. On the contrary, the Saharan mountain tops are covered with lava and columnar green stone, and overstrewn with other loose stones, forming an extensive black and dreary plain. At noon, we got upon undulating ground, a great part of which was under cultivation, with here and there sheep and cattle grazing. Encamped in the Wady Seid (Zag). This undulating ground is sometimes called the fertile plain of El-Jumr. Wady Seid is now quite dry, but evidently has a strong and large current during the winter rains. In the course of this day's march, crossed many small but deep dry ravines, all of which have water in the winter. No hares or gazelles were started in these few days' journey from Misratah, the country being generally populated, but birds increased on every side. Noticed here, as in Tunis, a great variety of beetles. North Africa, indeed, is the classic land of beetles; also a few snakes and many lizards were observed. Our people now all shaved their heads and washed, changing their linen in preparation for our entering Tripoli tomorrow or next day. A Moor will wear a shirt three months, an Arab, six months or a year. They cannot comprehend the necessity of the frequent changes of linen by Europeans. And yet, Moors will take a bath once or twice a day, whilst they re-put on their linen for three months together.

17*th*.—When we started this morning we fully expected to reach Tripoli in the evening, at least I did,

leaving the ghafalah at Tajourah. But, after we had marched a few hours, the sky was suddenly overcast, and the wind blew until it became a horrible tempest—

> "Sudden the impetuous hurricanes descend,
> Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
> Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away."

We got safely over Wady Rumel, whose bed is covered with reeds, having besides a good deal of stagnant water. My nagah forded the river as well as any of the camels, if not better. We now entered the sands of the sea-shore, and after two hours sat down to eat a few dates. We resumed our march through the sands which line the margin of the sea, the wind meanwhile blowing a perfect gale.

Now I witnessed what I had not seen in my nine months' Saharan travel, a veritable sandstorm. The wind so filled the air with sand, that we could hardly see, or get on groping our way, and we were obliged to hold on our camels, for fear of being blown off. Our poor slaves shrunk back aghast from the tempest, whilst the sea now and then broke open upon them through the sand groups, showing, to their amazement, its most tempestuous aspect.

Assuredly this, their first sight of the sea, will be associated in memory hereafter with the greatest and most cruel sufferings of our poor slaves, for to-day they suffered unusually from the wind and cold—the tempest of sand blinding them, and the miserable creatures falling continually on the wayside. I secured my eyes and face from the sand by tying round them a dark silk handkerchief, through which I saw my way

without getting eyes, ears, and mouth full of sand. All our animals, as well as our people, had a thick coating of sand round their eyes, the cold and wind making their eyes run, and the water collecting the sand. Unable to proceed farther, we were obliged to encamp about 2 P. M., close by the sea-shore, under the shadow of a great cliff, the spray of the waves washing our feet and resting-place, and the noise of their chafing and roaring stunning our ears, whilst the sand-storm worked its way of desolation over our heads. The slaves surprised by this new sight of the sea, lashed into its wildest form, stared with wonder and horror at the tempest-tossed waters; some grinned and chattered with their teeth; others looked savage and moody, as if asking, "Whether the devils of the white men inhabited these waters?" whilst others, cowered down and sinking, hid their faces under their tattered clothes. I love to look upon the sea in its wildest shape, possessed by the tempest, and am disposed to be very poetical about it, but, mind you, rather from the land, than pitching over its briny foamy billows. We had some rain, and the cold was intense during the night. In very deed, it seemed as if heaven and earth were conspiring against the wretched slaves the nearer they approached the end of their sufferings! Still there was an end of this, as of all things, and God sent us fair weather the next day. I was grievously afflicted about Said this night. He had suddenly disappeared during the sandstorm, and what had become of him I could not tell. I kept asking myself, "Whether he was doomed to perish at the gates of Tripoli, on his return, after his painfully wearying journey?" I sent out people on all sides. No tidings

were brought of him. All was a blank. . . . . . We called, and called. . . . . . No answer.

18*th*.—Started early, but without Said. I began to be overwhelmed with sadness at his unaccountable disappearance. My impression was, when more calm, that he had overslept himself during the day, whilst we rested an hour to eat a few dates on the sand, and the slaves walking with him, or his companions, allowed him to sleep on without waking him. I missed him immediately, but was told he was a short way behind and would soon be up to us. As he was in the habit of loitering behind in this way, I saw no reason for not believing what the slaves said. However, I lectured the slaves and all the people, knowing he could not have been left behind without some trick, or connivance on their part, threatening to bring them up before the Pasha. This startled them, and they were all uneasy. Before, they seemed to care no more about it than if a dog had been left behind. But at noon, Said was brought up by an Arab who had found him on the roadside, lost and wandering about. He pretended he had been sick and stayed behind voluntarily, afraid to accuse the slaves to me of their unkindness in leaving him sleeping on the sands. Said knew very well we had fed them and clothed them often *en route*, and the sick had often been placed on my camel, whilst I walked wearily over Desert. I really felt deeply wounded at this ingratitude of the slaves, but I believe it was a trick planned by Essnousee, to give us annoyance. Poor Said had slept all night in open Desert, amidst sand and wind, and cold and rain, with nothing to

eat. His lips were blanched and his eyes streamed with water. I got him placed on a camel.

The wind continues to blow high, and the storm still lingers late, scattering about sand. Several of the female slaves are placed on the camels from utter exhaustion. Others are cruelly driven on. Just as we arrive at Tajourah, a negress of tender age falls down from exhaustion, bleeding copiously from the mouth. The Arabs on foot cannot get her along. Essnousee, seeing this, called out, "Beat her, beat her." But the people not obeying his brutal orders, he immediately jumped off the camel, taking with him a thick stick to beat her. As soon as he did this, not being able to restrain myself, I instantly also jumped off my camel, and ran after him, taking with me a stick, a match for his. When I got up to him, surrounded with a group of people, some of whom were from the neighbouring village, all striving to save the girl from his stick, I called out, "Now, stop, stop your stick, we are now in Tripoli; no more whipping on the road," holding up my stick and assuming a threatening attitude, determined to resist the slave-driver at all risks. Seeing this, he cowered back at once, and screamed out, "Oh, it's a she-devil!" The people now took courage against the monster, and said, "No, no, she's exhausted with fatigue (with the way)." Essnousee then had her carried on the back of a camel to the village, and afterwards she continued riding to Tripoli. I was just in the humour for giving this miscreant slave-driver a thrashing, and taking on him satisfaction (but a millionth part indeed), for the torments he had, during forty days inflicted upon these

wretched slaves, and should have done so had he attempted to beat the poor exhausted bleeding negress. I felt myself secure enough at the entrance of the gardens of Tripoli, and could well stand the risk of being brought up before the Pasha for flagellating an honourable man-dealer.

We sat down under some olives a minute, ate a few dates, drank a little water, and then entered the gardens of Tajourah, which offered nothing new, except that they were more richly cultivated than most of those we had seen on our way. Threading our way amidst the mud garden walls, I was gratefully soothed with the sight of increasing culture, and population. A sweet trait of the tender passion must be here recorded as taking place amidst this havoc of human cruelty, perpetrated on our sable brothers and sisters. At the side of my camel were two young things, a lad and a girl, who every now and then, when the Moors turned their heads, watching their opportunity, kept locking one another's fingers together. The lad now started off as if shot from a bow, and instantly brought some beans from a neighbouring garden, and these he presented gracefully to his lady-love. With such a little innocent incident, and there were many of the kind, I bid an eternal farewell to this slave caravan, by stating succinctly the results of my observations on the traffic in slaves, as carried on in The Great Desert of Sahara.

1*st.*—The slave-traffic is on the increase in The Great Desert; (though temporarily decreasing on the route of Bornou).

2*nd.*—Many slaves are flogged to death *en route* from

Ghat to Tripoli, and others are over-driven or starved to death.

3rd.—The female slaves are subjected to the most obscene insults and torments by the Arab and Moorish slave-drivers; whilst the youngest females (children of four or five years of age) are violated by their brutal masters, the Tibboos, in coming from Bornou to Ghat, or Fezzan.

4th.—Slave children, of five years of age, walk more than one hundred and thirty days over The Great Desert, and other districts of Africa, before they can reach the slave-markets of Tripoli to be sold.

5th.—Three-fourths of the slave-traffic of The Great Desert and Central Africa, are supported by the money and goods of European merchants, resident in Tunis, Tripoli, Algiers, and Egypt.

6th.—A considerable traffic in slaves is carried on in the Southern Provinces of Algeria, under French protection, by the Soufah and Shânbah Arabs.

7th.—At present there are no wars carried on in Central Africa, except those for the capture of slaves, to supply the markets of Tripoli and Constantinople; (so far as my information goes).

8th.—Slaves are the grand staple commerce of the Soudan and Bornou caravans, and without slaves this commerce could hardly exist. Twenty years ago, the Sheikh of Bornou reiterated to our countrymen: "You say that we are all the sons of one father; you say also, that the sons of Adam should not sell one another; and you know every thing. God has given you great talents. What are we to do? The Arabs who come here will

have nothing else but slaves. Why do you not send us merchants?"

The gardens of Tajourah are about one and a half hours' ride. There was then the break of an hour, where are pools of stagnant salt-water, with snipes running about. Afterwards we entered the gardens of the Masheeah, amongst which is the British garden, or residence of Colonel Warrington. The Masheeah is a series of mud-walled gardens, or small fields of corn, fruit, and vegetable cultivation, and houses within the enclosures. Some of them not unlike town farms. The whole stretches some ten miles along the sea-shore. The population of the Masheeah, including Tajourah, is equal to that of the city of Tripoli itself, if not greater. These suburban villages have their mosques and religious establishments. They have besides a separate Governor from that of the town, and their inhabitants exercise great political influence during a revolution. In the last, these people supported one Bashaw, or pretender against the other, or that of the city. The Masheeah is two-thirds of a mile from the gates of Tripoli. The houses and gardens being situate mostly on the east and south-eastern suburbs of the city.

We arrived in the neighbourhood of the British Consul's garden an hour before sunset. On the road, near it, are great gaping holes, very convenient for tumbling in on a dark night. These holes were dug years ago to store grain in. The Tripoline Government thinks it not worth while to fill them up. Immense fig-trees have grown up in some of these holes. I deemed it prudent to wait near the Consular Gardens till dark, having rather a dervish appearance, and being without an

European hat, cap, or shoes. Whilst waiting in a neighbouring garden, a Moor came up to me and talked, and then brought me a little cuscasou. I felt sensibly this trifling manifestation of hospitality on my return.

It is now just eight months and a half since I left Tripoli for Ghadames. I have passed eighty days, or nine hundred and sixty hours, out of this on the camel's back, and made a tour in The Sahara of some one thousand six hundred miles. I reckon my distances and days thus, averaging one with another:—

DAYS' JOURNEY.

From Tripoli to Ghadames . .	15 days
From Ghadames to Ghat . .	20 „
From Ghat to Mourzuk . .	15 „
From Mourzuk to Tripoli . . .	30 „
Total	80 „

These eighty days, at the rate of twenty miles per day, make 1600 miles. I walked every day, one day with another, about two hours, which, at the rate of two and a half miles per hour, makes the distance of four hundred miles that I went on foot through the Great Desert.

I wore out two or three pairs of shoes, but not one suit of clothes. My Moorish articles of dress I gave to Said, except the burnouse, which I gave away afterwards in Algeria. My whole expenses, including servant, camel, provisions, lodging, Moorish clothes, &c., &c., for the nine months' tour, did not exceed fifty pounds' sterling, and nearly half of this was given away in presents to the people and the various chieftains, who figure in the journal. I am sure, for I did not keep an exact account,

my expenses did not exceed the round number of fifty by more than half a dozen pounds. I hope, therefore, I shall not be blamed for want of economy in Saharan travelling, especially when it is seen that the Messrs. Lyon and Ritchie expedition cost Government three thousand (3000) pounds' sterling, whose journey did not extend further south than mine, nor did they, indeed, penetrate so completely into The Sahara as I have done. Capt. Lyon likewise writes, that without "additional pecuniary supplies," he could not think of proceeding farther into the Interior, and accordingly returned. But were a person to ask me these questions, "Did you spend enough? Did you supply all your necessary wants? Could you safely recommend others to follow your example?" I must reply negatively to them all. This tour, to have been performed properly, as undertaken only by a private individual, ought to have cost at least one hundred pounds. The reader will, perhaps, be inquisitive to know, at whose expense the journey was accomplished. On this score, I am also disposed to be as communicative as on other points, for I do not wish this or that patronage to be suspected, although certainly the spending of fifty or sixty pounds' sterling is not a very mighty business. Well, then, the expenses were paid out of the funds of a salary granted for correspondence by one of the London newspapers. So much for the aid supplied by the Fourth Estate for the prosecution of philanthropic objects and discoveries in Africa. Let our printers' devils have their due in these days of universal patronage and pretension.

I now lay down and stretched myself at full length upon the fresh herbage under a sheltering palm, watch-

ing with a silent melancholy the last departing rays of the sun. I then thought over all my journey, beginning with the beginning and ending with the end, all the incidents of the route from first to last, and all the privations and sufferings I had undergone—praying to and thanking the Almighty for having delivered me from every ill and every danger.

Postscript.—Said, on my leaving Tripoli, was committed to the care of Signor Merlato, the Austrian Consul, who promised to find him employment, or keep him in his own service. My poor camel, for which, were I a poet, I would chant a plaintive strain of adieu! I was obliged to sell. The Bengazi Arab who bought her promised me, however, to treat her lightly, and only to use her to ride upon.

> "The world and I fortuitously met,
> I owed a trifle, and have paid the debt."

THE END.

LONDON: HARRISON AND CO., PRINTERS, 45, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.